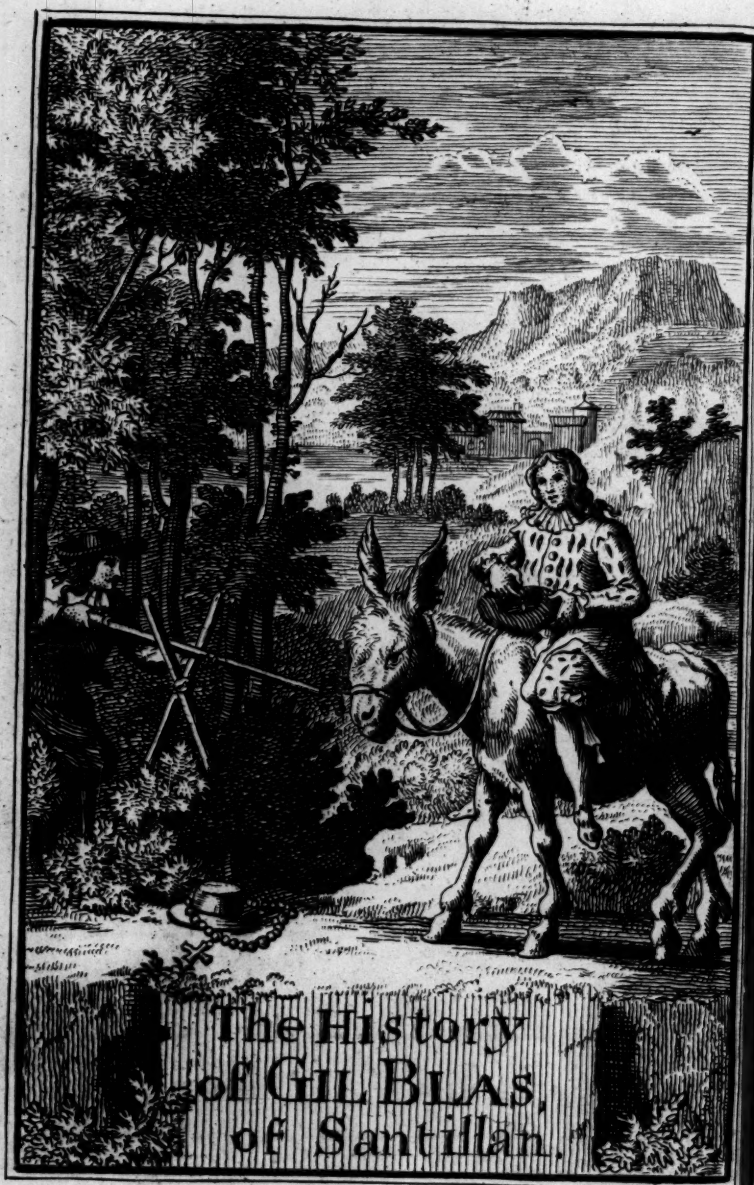
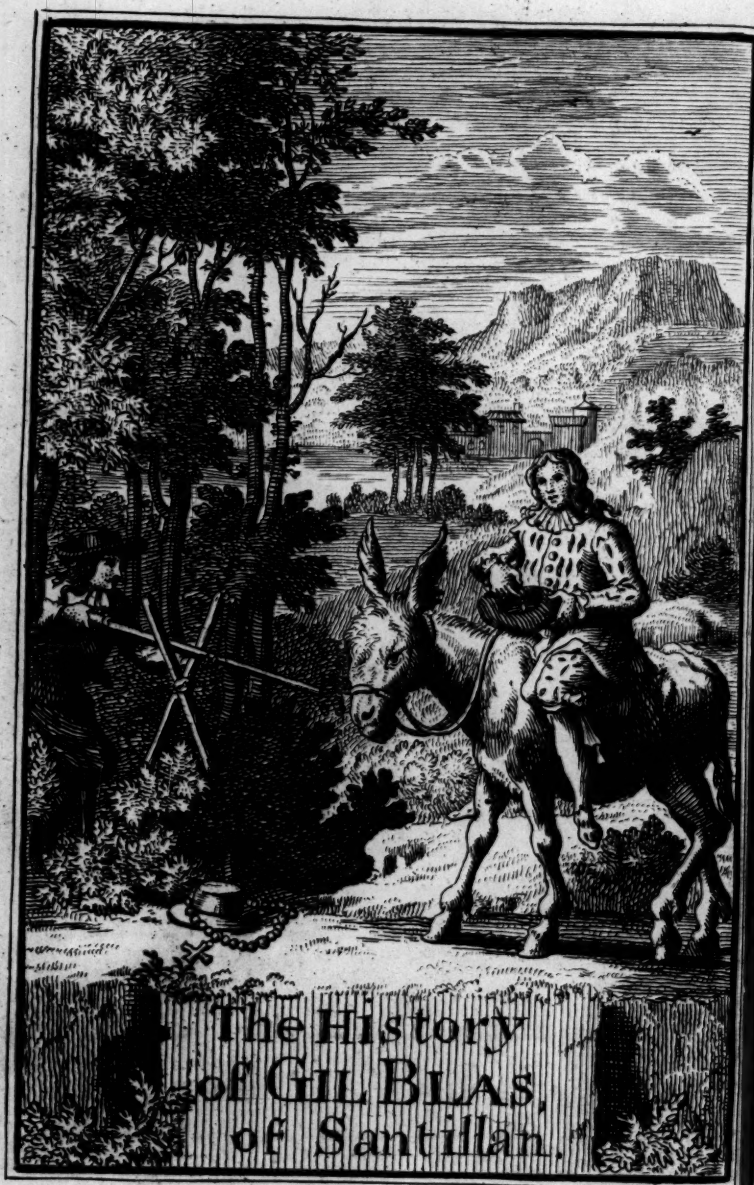








THE  
HISTORY  
AND  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
GIL BLAS  
OF  
SANTILLANE.

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VOL II.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's*  
*Head* in the Strand. 1732.





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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
GIL BLAS  
DE SANTILLANE.

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BOOK I.

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CHAP. I.

GIL BLAS, *not knowing how to digest the vicious Manners of the Actresses, quits Arsenia's Service, and gets into a more creditable Family.*



Small spark of Honour and Religion, which, notwithstanding so great a Corruption of Manners, was still left unextinguish'd in me, made me resolve not only to leave *Arsenia*, but at

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the



the same time to break entirely with *Laura*, whom yet I could not help loving, tho' I very well knew how faithless she was to me. Happy the Man who can thus make a right use of the cool Moments of Reflection, which now and then break in upon the Pleasures that too much ingross him! One Morning, therefore, I pack'd up my awls, and without making up my Accounts with *Arsenia*, who indeed hardly owed me any thing, or taking leave of my dear *Laura*, I bid adieu to that House which was full of nothing but Debauchery. I had no sooner done so good an Action, than Heaven rewarded me for it. I happen'd to meet the Steward of the late *Don Matthias* my Master. I saluted him. He remember'd me, and ask'd me who I belong'd to. I told him, that I had that Instant quitted my Place; that after having stay'd almost a Month with *Arsenia*, whose Way of Living I could not approve, I had now left her of my own accord, that my Innocence might not be tainted. The Steward, as if he too had been of a mighty tender Conscience, commended me for what I had done, and told me, that since I had such Principles of Honour in me, he himself would put me into a very advantageous Service. He fulfill'd his Promise, and placed me that very Day in the Family

of

of Don *Vincent de Gusman*, whose *Major-domo* was one of his Acquaintance.

I could not have got into a better Family. Neither, in the end, did I repent my having served in it. Don *Vincent* was a very rich old Gentleman, and had lived several Years without either Wife or Law-Suit; he was deprived of his Wife by means of the Doctors, who sent her to the other World by the Physick they gave her to cure her of a Cough, of which she might still have been in Possession, if she had not come under their Hands. Instead of looking out for a second Wife, he thought of nothing but the Education of his only Daughter *Aurora*, who was then entering into her Six and Twentieth Year, and who might really be call'd an accomplish'd Lady. Together with no common Beauty, she was Mistress of a great deal of Wit, and had spared for no Pains to cultivate it. Her Father was a Man of no very bright Parts: But he had the happy Talent of managing his Affairs with Prudence. He had one Fault, which is pardonable enough in an old Man: He was very narrative and loved to talk, especially of Wars and Battels. If any Body unluckily touch'd upon this String in his Presence, he immediately clapt the heroical Trumpet to his Mouth, and happy were

the Audience if they came off for the Relation of two Sieges and three Battles. As he had spent two Thirds of his Life in the Service, his Memory was an inexhaustible Fountain of Exploits, which nobody heard with so much Satisfaction as he related them. Add to this, that he stammer'd horridly, and was very prolix; which generally made his Stories disagreeable enough. But, taking him all together, I have known few Lords of so fair a Character. He was of an even Temper. He was neither obstinate, nor whimsical; which is pretty extraordinary in a Man of Quality. Tho' he was a good Oeconomist, yet he lived very honourably. His Servants consisted of several Footmen, and three Women that waited upon *Aurora*. I soon found that Don *Matthias's* Steward had put me into a good Place, and all my Care now was how to keep it. I apply'd my self to know how Squares stood; I studied the Inclinations of every Body in the House; and by regulating my Conduct in this manner, I soon gain'd my Master's Favour, and the Love of all the Domesticks.

I had been about a Month with Don *Vincent*, when I began to fancy that his Daughter distinguish'd me from all the Servants in the House. Exery time her Eyes hap

Chap. i. of GIL BLAS.

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happen'd to fix upon me, I thought I perceived in them a certain Complaisance which I could not find in the Looks she cast upon the others. If I had not lived among Fops and Players, I should never have taken it in my Head to imagine that *Aurora* had any kind of Thoughts of me: But those Gentlemen had almost spoil'd me; for with them the most virtuous Lady in the World, must not expect much more Mercy than the most vicious. If we may believe some of those Buffoons, said I to my self, your Women of Quality have their Whims and their Freaks as well as other People, if a Man does but know how to make right Use of them. How can I tell but my Mistress may be subject to them, as well as the rest of her Sex. But no, added I immediately, it can never be so with her. She is none of those *Messalina's* who, forgetting the Dignity of their Birth, unworthily throw away their Regards upon a Dunghill, and without Sense of Shame bring an eternal Blot upon their Honour. She is rather one of those young Ladies who are tender-hearted, tho' strictly virtuous, and who taking the utmost Freedoms that Modesty will allow of, make no Scruple of entertaining and inspiring a delicate Passion, that may amuse them without Danger.



This was the Opinion I had of my Mistress, tho' I did not well know what to think on't. Mean time, whene'er she saw me she never fail'd to give me a Smile, or some other Token of her being pleased with me. A wiser Man than my self wou'd have been insnared by such fair Appearances as these. I cou'd not, for the Soul of me, help giving Credit to them. I fancied *Aurora* was violently smitten, and I began to take my self for one of those fortunate Domesticks, whose Servitude is by Love made easy and pleasant. That I might in some measure appear less unworthy the Happiness my good Fortune intended to procure me, I began to be more careful and nice about my Person than I used to be. I laid out all the Money I could rape and rend in Linen, Washes, and Essences. The first Thing I did in a Morning, was to prink up and perfume my self, that I might not be unprepared, if I had any Occasion to appear before my Mistress. With this, and other Airs which I gave my self, I flatter'd my self that my Happiness was not very far off.

Among *Aurora's* Women, there was one called *Ortiz*. She was pretty old, and had lived above twenty Years in Don *Vincent's* Family. She had brought up his Daughter, and still retain'd the Quality of

*Dueña*;

*Dueña*; tho' she no longer perform'd the odious Duty of one. On the contrary, instead of being a Spy upon *Aurora's* Actions, as she was formerly, she now made it her Business to conceal them. One Evening, Dame *Ortiz*, having found an Opportunity of speaking to me in private, told me, with a low Voice, that if I were wise and secret, I should come into the Garden about Midnight, and that I should there be informed of some things which I should not be sorry to know. I squeezed the old Woman's Hand, and made Answer, that I should not fail to be there; and so we parted immediately, for fear of being surprized. How tedious did the Moments seem from thence till Supper, tho' we supp'd very early, and from Supper till my Master went to Bed! I thought every thing in the House was done ten times slower than ordinary. To plague me still more, when Don *Vincent* retired to his Chamber, instead of thinking of Sleep, he fell to fighting over again his *Portuguese* Battles, which he had before ding'd me o'th' Ears with a hundred times. But, which he had never told me, reserving it till that Night, was the Names of every particular Officer that had distinguish'd himself by any thing remarkable. Nay, he told me every Exploit he had perform'd.

form'd. I had hardly Patience to listen to him. However, at last he put a Stop to his Larum, and went to Bed. I flew to my little Apartment, thro' which was a Pair of Back-Stairs, that led to the Garden. I rubb'd my Body all over with Essences. I put on a clean Shirt, which I soundly perfumed; and having forgot nothing that might contribute to heighten my Mistress's Affection, away I went to the Place of Affignation.

I did not find *Ortiz* there, as I expected to do. I supposed, that having staid for me till she was quite weary of waiting any longer, she was retired to her Chamber, and that so the critical Minute was past. Upon this, I began to wish *Don Vincent* at the Devil; but as I was cursing his Wars and Campaigns, I heard it strike Ten. I thought the Clock went wrong, and cou'd not persuade my self that it was less than One in the Morning. But I happen'd to be deceived on the right Side; for full a Quarter of an Hour afterwards, I counted Ten by another Clock. Very well, quo' I to my self; I have now no more nor less than two swinging Hours to dance Attendance. However, thinks I, they can't complain of me for not being punctual. What shall I do with my self till Twelve: I'll e'en take a walk in this Garden,

Garden, and study the Part I am to play in the Scene that is approaching. 'Tis quite new to me. I have not yet been accustomed to the Crotchets of Women of Quality. I know well enough what is to be done with a common Wench, or an Actress. You accost them with an Air of Familiarity, and so come immediately to the Point: But another Conduct is to be used with a Woman of Fashion. There, I suppose, the Gallant must be all Politeness, Complaisance, Tenderness, and Respect, tho' not too timorous neither. Instead of going about to hasten his Happiness by the Violence of his Transports, he must wait with Patience for the Moment of Weakness.

These were my Arguments, and this Rule I resolved to follow in my Conversation with *Aurora*. I comforted my self as well as I could with the Hopes of seeing my self shortly at the Feet of that adorable Object, and saying a thousand passionate things to her. I call'd to mind all those Scraps of Plays which I thought might be of Service in our Conference, and increase her good Opinion of me. I concluded, that I should certainly apply them properly; and hoped to pass for a Wit, like some Players of my Acquaintance, tho' all the Wit I had was a good

B 5

Me--



Memory. In these Thoughts, which amused me more agreeably than my Master's warlike Relations, I heard the Clock strike Eleven. Upon this I took heart, and fell again to my *Reverie*, sometimes walking, and sometimes sitting down in a Green Arbour at the End of the Garden. At length, Twelve a-Clock, the Hour so long expected, came to my Relief. Some Moments after it had struck, *Ortiz*, as punctual, tho' not so impatient, as my self, appear'd. Signior *Gil Blas*, cried she, how long have you been here? Two Hours, replied I. You were resolved, I see, said she laughing, not to be too late. There's some Pleasure in having an Affignation with you. And indeed, continued she with a more serious Air, you can never make a sufficient Return for the good Fortune I come to bring you. My Mistress has a mind to talk with you in private. I shall say no more. The rest is a Secret that you must hear from no Mouth but her own. Follow me: I'll carry you to her Apartment. With this, the *Dueña* took me by the Hand, and thro' a little Door, of which she had the Key, brought me privately into her Mistress's Chamber.

## C H A P. II.

*The Reception Aurora gave Gil Blas, and the Discourse that pass'd between them.*

I Found *Aurora* in a *Dishabille*. I saluted her very respectfully, and with as much Grace as I was able. She received me with a smiling Air, made me sit down by her, notwithstanding all my Excuses, and bid her Ambassadress go into the next Room. After this Prelude, which had no ill Look: *Gil Blas*, said she to me, you must needs have perceived that I behold you with more Favour and Distinction than any other Servant of my Father's: And tho' my Looks had not informed you that I have some Kindness for you, the Step I have this Night taken ought to convince you of it entirely.

I did not give her time to proceed. I thought, that as a Man of Gallantry, I was obliged to exempt her Modesty from the Confusion of expressing her self more fully. I rose up transported, and throwing myself at *Aurora's* Feet, like a Theatrical Hero that claps one Knee to Earth before his Princess, I cried out in a vehement Tone, Ah! Madam, is it then possible that

that *Gil Blas*, hitherto the Foot-ball of Fortune, and the Outcast of the Creation, should have had the Happiness to inspire you with Sentiments——Don't speak so loud; interrupted my Mistress laughing; you'll wake my Maids, who are asleep but in the next Room. Rise, take your Seat again, and hear me out without cutting me short any more. Yes, *Gil Blas*, continued she with a graver Countenance, I bear you a great deal of Good-will; and to give you a Proof of my Esteem, I am going to intrust you with a Secret, upon which depends the Repose of my whole Life. I am in love with a young Cavalier who is very handsome, very well made, and of a Noble Family. His Name is *Don Lewis Pacheco*: I see him now and then in Publick; but have never yet spoke to him. I don't know what Character he has in the World, nor what Vices he may be guilty of: Now that is the Thing I desire to be inform'd in. I shall want some body to enquire carefully into his Manner of Living, and to give me a faithful Account of what he discovers. I choose you for this purpose: I am confident I may safely charge you with this Commission. I hope you will acquit your self of it with so much Address and Discretion, that I may not repent of having placed my Confidence in you. Here

Here my Mistress was silent, expecting what Answer I should make to what she said. I was at first a little confounded at having the Change put upon me so disagreeably; but I soon recover'd my self, and having overcome the Shame with which a Piece of Temerity that proves unsuccessful is always attended, I testify'd so much Zeal for my Lady's Interest, and devoted my self to her Service with so much Warmth, that if I did not bring her to think her self deceiv'd, when she imagined I had flatter'd my self so far as to fancy her in love with me; at least, I convinced her that I knew how to make amends for a foolish Action after I had committed it. I ask'd but two days time, to give her a full Account of *Don Lewis*. After this, she call'd *Ortiz*, who led me back into the Garden, and said to me at parting, Good-night, *Gil Blas*; I need not put you in mind of coming soon enough to the Place of Appointment: I too well know how punctual a Man you are in things of this Nature.

I return'd to my Chamber, not without some Vexation at seeing my self so balk'd. However, I had so much Sense as to reflect, that it better agreed with my Condition to be my Mistress's Confident, than her Lover. I considered, that this might come  
to



to be of some Profit to me; that Love-Brokers are generally well rewarded for their Pains; and so I e'en went quietly to Bed with a Resolution to do whatever *Aurora* should command me. I went out about this Affair the very next Morning. The House of so Noble a Cavalier as Don *Lewis*, was not hard to find. I enquired about him in the Neighbourhood; but the Persons I applied to, could not fully satisfy my Curiosity. This obliged me to renew my Search again next day. I was then more successful. I happen'd to meet a Fellow of my Acquaintance: We stood to talk a little. At that Moment there pass'd by a Friend of his, who accosted us, and told us he was just turn'd out of the Service of Don *Joseph Pacheco*, Don *Lewis's* Father, for a Terce of Wine which he was accused of having stol'n. I did not let slip so fair an Opportunity of informing my self in every thing that I wanted to know; and I ask'd so many Questions, that I returned home, hugely pleased at my being able to keep my Word with my Mistress. The next Night was the Time when I was to see her again at the same Hour, and in the same manner as before. I was not now so uneasy as I was then, and was so far from hearing my old Master's Stories with Impatience, that

I my self brought upon the Board the Subject of his Campaigns. I waited for Twelve with the most Philosophical Tranquillity in the World; and it was not till I had heard it strike by several Clocks, that I went down into the Garden, without either Essences or Perfumes about me: That Trouble too I spared my self.

At the Place of Rendezvous I found the punctual *Duegna*, who maliciously upbraided me with having slacken'd my Diligence. I made no Reply, but follow'd her to the Apartment of *Aurora*, who immediately ask'd me if I had enquired thoroughly into Don *Lewis's* Character. Yes, Madam, said I; and will in two Words tell you what I have heard. First and foremost, you must know, he is shortly to return to *Salamanca*, in order to finish his Studies. He is a Cavalier of great Honour and Probity: As for Courage, being a Gentleman and a *Castilian*, it is not possible he should want it. Furthermore, he has a good deal of Wit, and is of a very engaging Behaviour: And lastly, (which you'll go near to think the worst Part of the Story) he is too much of the Temper of most of our young Noblemen; he is a devilish Rake. Would you think it? As young as he is, he has already had two Actresses in keeping. What do I hear,

hear, cried *Aurora*? What a Character is this! But, *Gil Blas*, are you sure he is so licentious? That I do not in the least doubt of, Madam, replied I. A Servant, whom they turn'd away this Morning, told it me; and Servants are generally pretty sincere and plain, when they are telling their Masters Faults. Besides, he herds with Don *Alexo Seguiar*, Don *Antonio Centelles*, and Don *Fernando de Gamboa*. That one Thing is a plain Demonstration of his Looseness. 'Tis enough, *Gil Blas*, said my Mistress sighing: I am resolved to overcome my unworthy Affection. Tho' it has already taken root too deeply in my Heart, yet I do not despair of tearing it out. There, said she, putting into my Hand a purse that you may imagine was not empty, take that for your Trouble: Have a Care of revealing this Secret; and remember that I have depended entirely upon your Silence.

I assured my Mistress, that she might be entirely at Ease, and that I was the very  
\* *Harpocrates* of Confidents. After this Assurance, I retired; impatient to know what there was in the Purse. I found in it twenty Pistoles. Upon this, thinks I, if *Aurora* pays so well for ill News, what would she have done, had the Account I brought

\* *The God of Silence among the Egyptians.*

brought her been such as she desired? I began to repent that I did not imitate the Lawyers, who generally in their Verbal Processes conceal the real Matter of Fact. I was sorry I had nip'd in the Bud a Gallantry that might have proved so gainful to me: But however, I had the Consolation to see my self reimbursed the Charge I had so foolishly been at in Perfumes and Essences.

### CHAP. III.

*Of the great Revolution that happen'd in Don Vincent's Family; and what a strange Project Love put into Aurora's Head.*

SOME little Time after this Adventure, Signior Don *Vincent* fell sick. Had he been much younger than he was, the Symptoms of his Illness were so violent, that there was reason to apprehend some fatal Event. The Moment it took him, the two most Famous Doctors in *Madrid* were sent for. One was call'd Dr. *Andros*, and the other Dr. *Oquetos*. They examined the Patient with great Attentiveness, and after an exact Observation, they both agreed



greed that the Humours were in a Ferment; but they could agree in nothing else. I find it speedily necessary, said *Andros*, to purge the Humours, tho' crude and raw, while they are yet in a violent Agitation, as it were of Flux and Reflux, lest otherwise they should fix upon some of the noble Parts. *Oquetos*, on the other hand, maintain'd, that they ought to stay till the Humours were concocted before they made use of Purgation. But your Method, replied the First, is directly contrary to that of the Prince of Physick. *Hippocrates* advises us to purge in the most violent Fever in the Beginning of it; and says, in so many Words, that we should be sure to purge speedily, when the Humours are in *Orgasm*, that is to say, while they are in a Fermentation. Ay, that's what deceives you, replied *Oquetos*: *Hippocrates*, by the Word *Orgasm*, does not mean a *Ferment*, but a Concoction of the Humours.

And now our Doctors grow warm. One quotes the Greek Text, and brings in all the Authors that explain it as he does; the other, relying upon a *Latin* Translation, out-bawls his Adversary. Which of their Advices should we take? Don *Vincent*, for his part, had no Skill in the Dispute. However, finding himself obliged

to make choice of one, he fix'd upon him who had dispatched most Patients. I mean, the Oldest: And immediately *Andros*, who was the *Junior*, turn'd Tail and march'd off, not without casting some Reflections upon his *Senior* about the Word *Orgasm*. *Oquetos* then got the Day. As he followed the Principles of Dr. *Sangrado*, he began his Work by fetching half the Blood out of my Master's Body, meaning not to purge him till the Humours were concocted; but Death, who I suppose was afraid that a Purgation so wisely deferr'd would rob her of her Prey, was beforehand with the Concoction, and carry'd off the Patient. This was the End of Signior Don *Vincent*, who lost his Life, because his Doctor did not understand *Greek*.

*Aurora* having bury'd her Father in all the Pomp that his Birth and Quality required, took upon her the Administration of his Estate. Being now Mistress of her self, she turned off some of her Servants, with a Reward suitable to their good Service, and retired to a Seat which she had upon the Banks of the *Tagus*, between *Sacedon* and *Buenda*. I was one of those whom she retain'd, and who went with her into the Country. I had the good Fortune to become necessary to her. Notwithstanding the faithful Account I had given her of

of Don *Lewis*, she still loved that Cavalier; or rather, not having been able to vanquish her Affection, she gave her self up entirely to it: She could now talk to me freely without Fear or Precaution. *Gil Blas*, said she to me sighing, I cannot forget Don *Lewis*: do what I will to drive him from my Thoughts, he continually offers himself to them, not such as you have described him to me, plunged in Vice and Disorder; but such as I could wish him, tender, passionate, and constant. In saying these Words, she could not help shedding some Tears, which had like to have set me a crying too: I was moved at seeing her weep. I could not have made my Court to her better than by appearing concerned at her Uneasiness. My good Friend, continued she, after having wiped her charming Eyes, I see you are of a very tender Nature, and I am so well pleased with your Zeal, that I am resolved to reward it. Your Assistance, my dear *Gil Blas*, is now more necessary than ever. I'll tell you the Project I have form'd: I believe you'll think it a very whimsical one. Know then, that I design to set out as soon as possible for *Salamanca*. There I mean to disguise my self like a Cavalier, and under the feign'd Name of Don *Felix* get acquainted with *Pacheco*. I'll endeavour

your

your to win his Friendship and his Confidence: I'll talk to him often of *Aurora de Gusman*, whose Relation I will pass for. Perhaps he'll desire to see her, and that's what I drive at. We'll have two Lodgings at *Salamanca*: In one, I'll be Don *Felix*; in the other, *Aurora*; and by appearing before Don *Lewis*, at one time in the Habit of a Man, and at another in my own, I hope I may by little and little draw him into my Snare. I own, added she, my Project is somewhat extravagant; but my Love runs away with my Reason, and the Innocence of my Intentions makes me quite blind to the Folly of so rash an Enterprize,

I confess I was very much of *Aurora's* Opinion, as to the Rashness of her Design; but, however unreasonable I thought it, I resolved not to play the Pedagogue. On the contrary I fell to gilding the Pill, and undertook to prove that this wild Project was no more than a Piece of harmless Wit. This pleased my Mistress to the Heart: Lovers would have their most idle Thoughts approved and flattered. We no longer look'd upon this Undertaking as any thing else but a Comedy, which we were to play as well as we could. We chose our Actors out of our own Family, and then distributed the Parts. All this pass'd



pass'd without any Clamour or Quarrelling, because we were not Actors by Trade, It was resolv'd that Dame *Ortiz* should act *Aurora's* Aunt, by the Name of *Donna Chimena de Guzman*; that she should have a Man and a Maid; and that *Aurora* herself, in the Dress of a Cavalier, should have me for her *Valet de Chambre*, and one of her Women, disguised like a Page, to wait upon her in private. The Characters thus regulated, we return'd to *Madrid*, where we heard that Don *Lewis* still remain'd, but that he was very shortly to go to *Salamanca*. We got our acting Clothes made with all the Speed we were able. When they were done, my Mistress had them neatly pack'd up, because they were only to be worn in Time and Place. At length committing the Care of her House to her *Majordomo*, she set out in a Coach drawn by four Mules, and took the Road to the Kingdom of *Leon*, with all those Servants who had any Part to act in this Comedy.

We had now traversed all old *Castile*, when the Axle-Tree of the Coach broke: We were then between *Avila* and *Villafior*, about three or four hundred Paces from a Castle, which we could see at the Foot of a Mountain. Night approached, and we were very much at a Loss what to do.

do. But there happen'd to pass by a Countryman, who gave us some Comfort. He told us that the Castle which we saw before us, belong'd to Donna *Elvira*, the Widow of Don *Pedro de Pinarez*, and he gave us so handsome a Character of that Lady, that my Mistress sent me to the Castle, to beg a Lodging for that Night. *Elvira* did not belye the Countryman's Report. She received me with a very gracious Air, and gave me the Answer we desired. We all went to the Castle, whither our Mules with a slow Pace dragg'd the Coach. At the Gate we met Don *Pedro's* Widow, who came out to receive my Mistress. I shall pass over the Compliments they made each other upon this Occasion. I shall only say that *Elvira* was a Lady pretty well advanced in Years; but she was very well bred, and knew how to do the Devoirs of Hospitality as well as e'er a Woman in the World. She led *Aurora* into a very rich Apartment, where leaving her to take a little Repose, she came and had an Eye to see that we too had every Thing that was necessary. Afterwards, when Supper was ready, she order'd it to be served up in *Aurora's* Chamber, where they both sat down to it. Don *Pedro's* Widow was not one of those who think they perform the Honours of a Table

ble to Admiration, in assuming a grave thoughtful Air. Her Humour was gay and pleasant, and her Conversation very agreeable. She express'd her self very genteely and in choice Terms. I cou'd not help admiring her Wit, and the ingenious Turn she gave to her Thoughts. *Aurora* appear'd as much charm'd with it as I was. They contracted a Friendship with each other, and made a reciprocal Promise to hold a Correspondence by Letters. As our Coach could not be mended till next Day so that we were likely to set out very late if we went then, it was agreed we should stay at the Castle till the Day following. We the Servants were in our Turn treated with all Manner of Profusion, and our Beds proved not a bit worse than our Entertainment.

The next Day my Mistress found new Charms in *Elvira's* Conversation. They dined in a great Hall adorned with several fine Pieces of Painting. Among the rest there was one which was drawn in an exceeding masterly manner; but the Story of it was very Tragical. In it was described a dead Cavalier, lying upon his Back, all weltring in his Blood; but, dead as he was, he had a haughty menacing Air. Near him was a Young Lady in another Posture, tho' she too was extended upon the

the Ground: She had a Sword plunged into her Breast, and was just giving up the Ghost; she fixed her dying Looks upon a Young Man, who seem'd to be stung to the Heart with Grief at the Loss of her. The Painter had likewise brought into his Piece, another Figure, which did not escape my Attention. It represented an old Man, of a very handsome Presence, who look'd at the bloody Sight which lay before him, with no less Concern than the Young Man. These dreadful Images seem'd to strike them both with the same Sorrow, but they received the Impressions of it each in a different Manner. The old Man was immersed in a profound Affliction, and seem'd as if he were quite overwhelm'd with it; whereas there was a sort of Fury mix'd with the Grief of the Young Man. All these Things were painted so boldly that we could have admired them for ever. My Mistress ask'd what Story this Picture represented. Madam, answer'd *Elvira*, 'tis a too true Description of the Misfortunes of my Family. This Reply was a Spur to *Aurora's* Curiosity, and made her so desirous of being further inform'd, that Don *Pedro's* Widow could not help promising her that Satisfaction. This Promise, which was made before *Ortiz*, her Two Companions, and my self, Vol. II. C kept



kept us all four in the Hall after Dinner was ended. My Mistress would have sent us out of the Room; but *Elvira*, who perceived that we longed to know the Meaning of the Picture, was so obliging as to bid us stay, telling us, that the Story she was going to relate did not at all require Secrecy. And immediately afterwards, she began in these Terms.

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## C H A P. IV.

*The Marriage out of Revenge.*

## A N O V E L.

**R**OGERO, King of *Sicily*, had one Brother and one Sister. His Brother call'd *Manfred*, rebell'd against him, and rais'd a War that was very Bloody and Violent; but he had the ill Fortune to lose two Battles, and fall into the Hands of the King, who inflict'd no other Punishment upon him, but the Loss of Liberty. This Clemency only got *Rogero* the Name of a barbarous Tyrant among one Part of his Subjects. They said that he spared his Brother's Life, with an intent to torture him with a more slow and inhumane Revenge.

venge. All the rest, with more Grounds, imputed the hard Usage he suffered in Prison to his Sister *Mathilda*. That Princess had indeed always hated the Prince, and never gave over persecuting him till he died. She died soon after him, and her Death was looked upon as a just Punishment for her unnatural Cruelty.

*Manfred* left two Sons behind him. They were but yet in their Infancy. *Rogero* was somewhat tempted to rid himself of them by violent Means, lest when they were grown up, the Desire of revenging their Father should excite them to assemble a Party which was not so utterly depress'd, but that it was still in a Condition to give the State new Troubles. He communicated his Design to the Senator *Leontio Siffredi*, his Prime Minister, who, in order to dissuade him from it, did himself undertake to educate Prince *Henriques*, who was the Eldest, and advised him to trust the Youngest, who was called Don *Pedro*, to the Constable of *Sicily*. *Rogero*, being persuaded that these Men would instil into the Minds of his Nephews the Submission which they owed him, intrusted them to their Care, and kept his Niece, *Constantia*, in his own Hands. She was much about the Age of *Henriques*, and was the Princess *Matilda's* only Daughter. He allow'd

her Women to attend her, and Masters to instruct her, and spared for no Care in her Education.

*Leontio Siffredi* had a Castle two short Leagues from *Palermo*, in a Place called *Belmont*. There it was that he applied himself to render *Henriques* one Day fit to mount the Throne of *Sicily*. He soon observed such amiable Qualities in the young Prince, that he was as careful of him, as if he himself had had no Children. Yet he had two Daughters. The Eldest, called *Blanch*, who was younger by a Year than the Prince, was perfectly beautiful; and the Younger, named *Portia*, who by her Birth caused her Mother's Death, was yet but in the Cradle. *Blanch* and Prince *Henriques* felt a Love for each other, as soon as ever they were capable of Loving; but they were not permitted to converse together in private. However, the Prince did now and then find an Opportunity to do it. He knew so well how to make the best of those precious Moments, that he prevailed upon *Siffredi's* Daughter to permit him to put in Execution a Project he had cast in his Mind. Just about that Time, *Leontio* happen'd to be sent by the King into one of the remotest Provinces of the whole Island. During his Absence, *Henriques* had an O-

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pening

pening made in the Wall of his Apartment, which answered directly to *Blanch's* Chamber. This Opening was covered with a sliding Pannel of Wainscot, which was so nicely fixed in the Cieling, that no Eye could perceive the Artifice. A very able Architect, whom the Prince had engaged in his Interests, did the Work with as much Speed as Secrecy.

By this Means the Amorous *Henriques* got often into his Mistress's Apartment: But he did not abuse her Goodness. If she was so imprudent as to grant him a private Entry into her Chamber, she did it however upon the Assurances he gave her that he would never ask any Favours but what were innocent and lawful. One Night he found her very uneasy. She had heard that *Rogero* was dangerously ill, and that he had sent for *Siffredi*, as Chancellor of the Kingdom, to make him the Depository of his last Will. She already represented to her own Imagination her dear *Henriques* upon a Throne, and fearing she should lose him when in so high a Rank, she was in the greatest Trouble and Confusion. When he appeared before her, her Eyes were drowned in Tears. What, Weeping, Madam, said he to her? How am I to interpret the Sorrow in which I see you? My Lord, replied *Blanch*, I cannot hide my  
C 3 Fears



Fears from you. The King, your Uncle, will shortly be no more, and you must fill his Throne. When I consider how much your new Greatness will set you above me, I own it gives me some Uneasiness. A Monarch sees things with another Eye than a Lover; and that which was the utmost of his Wishes, when he knew there was a Power superior to his own, touches him but weakly when he sees himself placed in so high a Rank. Whether it be Instinct or Reason, I find such Storms in my Heart, as cannot be calm'd by all the Confidence which is due to your Goodness. I do not distrust your Firmness; I only distrust my own Fortune. Adorable *Blanch*, answered the Prince, your Fears are very obliging, and justify the Love I bear you; but the Excess to which you carry your Diffidence, does not only shock my Love, but, if I may be so bold as to say it, even the Esteem you owe me. No, no; do not think that my Destiny can ever be separated from yours. Believe rather that you shall for ever be my only Joy, and my only Happiness. Dispel these vain Alarms. Why should they disturb such gentle Moments? Ah! my Lord, replied *Blanch*, when you are crown'd, your Subjects will perhaps demand a Queen descended from a long Race of Kings, one  
by

by whose Marriage you may add new Countries to your present Dominions; and perhaps, alas! you will answer their Expectations, even at the Expence of your own Desires. What can make you so fond of tormenting your self, answer'd *Henriques*, with some Warmth, as to look into Futurity for an afflicting Thought? If Heaven takes the King my Uncle to it self, and makes me Master of *Sicily*, I here swear to give you my Hand, in my Capital *Palermo*, and in the Presence of the whole Court: And I attest whatever we esteem most Sacred to be Witness of my Oath.

*Henriques's* Protestations made *Siffredi's* Daughter take heart again. The rest of their Discourse was about the King's Illness. In this *Henriques* shewed the Sweetness of his Temper. He griev'd for his Uncle's Fate, tho' he had so little Cause to be concern'd at it; and the Force of Blood made him bewail a Prince, whose Death promis'd him a Crown. But *Blanch* did not yet know all the Misfortunes that threaten'd her. The Constable of *Sicily*, who had met her at the Chamber-Door one Day when he came to the Castle about some important Affairs, was struck with her Beauty. The next Day he ask'd her in Marriage of *Siffredi*, who gave his Consent; but the King's Sickness happening

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much

much about this time, the Match was deferr'd, and *Blanch* had as yet never heard a Word of it.

One Morning, just as *Henriques* had dress'd himself, he was surpriz'd to see *Leontio* enter his Apartment follow'd by *Blanch*. My Lord, said that Minister, the News I bring will, I believe, give you some Affliction; but the Consolation with which it is attended ought to moderate your Grief. The King your Uncle is dead: his Death has left you Heir of his Sceptre. *Sicily* is now under your Dominion. The Grandees of the Kingdom wait at *Palermo* for your Commands. They have deputed me to receive them from your own Mouth; and I come my Lord, with my Daughter, to pay you the first and sincerest Homage, which is due to you from your new Subjects. The Prince, who knew that *Rogero* had for about two Months been seized with a Fit of Illness, which by little and little wasted him away, was not at all surprized at this News. Nevertheless, being struck with so sudden a Change of his Condition, he found a thousand confused Motions rising up in his Heart. He remain'd thoughtful for some time, and then breaking Silence, he spoke to *Leontio* as follows: Wife *Siffredi*, I have always look'd upon you as my Father. It shall be my Glory to  
conduct

conduct my self by your Counsels, and you shall in effect be King of *Sicily* more than my self. At these Words, going to a Table upon which was a Standish, and taking a blank Sheet of Paper, he writ his Name at the Bottom. What is your Meaning, my Lord, said *Siffredi* to him? To give you a Proof of my Acknowledgment and Esteem, replied *Henriques*; and giving the Paper to *Blanch*, Receive, Madam, said he, this Pledge of my Faith, and of the Power I give you over me. *Blanch* took it with a Blush, and made the Prince this Answer: My Lord, I receive these Favours with all the Respect that is due to my King: But I depend upon a Father, and therefore I beg Leave to put this Paper into his Hands, that he may do with it whatever his Prudence shall direct.

With these Words she gave *Henriques's* Signature to her Father. Then *Siffredi* observed what till that Moment had escaped his Penetration. He found how the Prince's Sentiments lay, and therefore said to him; Your Majesty shall have no Cause to blame me. I will not abuse the Confidence—— My dear *Leontio*, interrupted *Henriques*, you can never abuse it. Whatever Use you make of that Paper I shall approve of it. But, continued he, I would have you return to *Palermo*; prepare what is necessary



sary for my Coronation, and tell my Subjects, that I will follow you very speedily to receive their Oaths of Fidelity, and to give them fresh Assurances of my Affection. The Minister obey'd the Orders of his new Master, and set out with his Daughter for *Palermo*.

Some Hours after their Departure, the Prince too left *Belmont*, more wrapt up in the Thoughts of his Love, than with the Throne which he was going to take Possession of. When he made his Entry into the City, nothing was to be heard but Shouts of Joy, and he went amidst the Acclamations of the People to the Palace, where every thing was already prepared for the Ceremony. He there found the Princess *Constantia* dress'd in long Robes of Mourning. She seem'd very much grieved for the Loss of *Rogero*. As they owed each other a reciprocal Compliment upon the Death of that Monarch, they both acquitted themselves of it with a great deal of Wit; but with a little more Coldness on the Side of *Henriques* than on that of *Constantia*, who, notwithstanding the Enmity between their Families, could not tell how to hate that Prince. He placed himself upon the Throne, and the Princess seated her self on one side of him, upon an Elbow-Chair which stood something lower than

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than his. The Grandees of the Kingdom took their Places, each according to his Rank. The Ceremony began; and *Leontio*, as Chancellor, and Depositary of the late King's Testament, having open'd it, read it through with an audible Voice. The Substance of this Act was, That *Rogero* seeing himself without Children, named the eldest Son of *Manfred* for his Successor, on Condition he married the Princess *Constantia*; but that if he refused her his Hand, he should be set aside, and the Crown go to his Brother, the Infant *Don Pedro*, upon the same Condition. *Henriques* was strangely surprized at these Words: They gave him an inexpressible Uneasiness; and this Uneasiness was made still greater, when *Leontio*, after having made an end of reading the Will, said aloud to the whole Assembly; My Lords, having made known to the present King his late Majesty's Intentions, this generous Prince consents to honour his Cousin the Princess *Constantia* with his Hand. At these Words, *Henriques* interrupted the Chancellor. *Leontio*, says he, remember the Writing which *Blanch* — My Lord, interrupted *Siffredi*, without giving the King time to proceed, here it is. The Grandees of the Kingdom, continued he, shewing the Note to the whole Assembly, will see by this Writing the  
Esteem

Esteem your Majesty has for the Princess, and the Deference you shew to the late King your Uncle? Having said these Words, he read over the Writing in the Terms with which he himself had fill'd it up. By it the new King did, in the most authentick Manner, make a Promise of Marriage to *Constantia*, conformable to *Rogero's* Intentions. The Hall resounded with Shouts of Joy; Long live our noble King *Henriques*, cried every body there present. As the Aversion, which the Prince had always shewn for the Princess, was commonly known to the whole Kingdom, they were justly afraid that he would oppose the Condition of the Will, and so set the Nation in a Flame. But the reading of the Note dispelling all those Fears, caused those general Acclamations, which in secret gave a thousand Wounds to the King's Heart.

*Constantia*, who both by her Love and Honour was more concern'd in this Joy than any body else, took this time to pay the King her Acknowledgments. The King, notwithstanding his utmost Efforts, could not help receiving the Princess's Compliment with Uneasiness; his Disorder was so great, that he could not so much as give her such an Answer, as even in common Civility he ought to have done. At length,  
not

not being able to contain himself any longer, he drew near to *Siffredi*, who by the Duty of his Office was obliged to be by him, and said to him in a low Voice: What are you doing, *Leontio*? The Paper which I gave to your Daughter was not intended for this Purpose. You betray—— My Lord, interrupted *Siffredi* once again, with a bold Voice, consider your own Glory. If you refuse to obey the Will of the King your Uncle, you lose the Crown of *Sicily*. He had no sooner said this, than he went away farther from the King to avoid an Answer. *Henriques* remain'd in an inexpressible Disorder. He found himself torn with a thousand contrary Thoughts. He was enraged at *Siffredi*. He could not resolve to give up *Blanch*; and being divided between his Love and his Honour, he stood a great while in suspense what to do. At last he came to a final Determination, and reckon'd he had found a way to preserve *Siffredi's* Daughter, without renouncing the Throne. He pretended to submit entirely to *Rogero's* Will, intending whilst a Dispensation for his Marriage with his Cousin was soliciting at *Rome*, to win over the Grandees of the Kingdom, and fortify his Power so strongly, as to be in a Condition absolutely to refuse to obey the Conditions that were imposed upon him.

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So soon as he had form'd this Design, he grew more calm, and turning towards *Constantia*, confirm'd what the Chancellor had before read to the whole Assembly. But in the very Moment that he was betraying his own Thoughts so far as to promise her his Faith, *Blanch* enter'd the Hall. She came by her Father's Command to pay her Devoirs to the Princess; and the first thing that struck her Ears, was the Words with which *Henriques* promised *Constantia* his Hand. To add to all this, *Leontio*, that she might not doubt her Misfortune, presented her to *Constantia*, saying, Child, pay your Homage to your Queen. Wish her the Joys of a flourishing Reign, and a happy Marriage. This dreadful Blow quite overwhelm'd the unfortunate *Blanch*. In vain she endeavour'd to hide her Concern. Her Colour went away and return'd several times successively, and all her Body trembled. Yet the Princess did not suspect any thing. She ascribed the Confusedness of her Compliment to the Perplexity of a young Person educated in a Desert, and not used to a Court. But it was not so with the young King. The Sight of *Blanch* made him change Countenance, and the Despair which he observed in her Eyes put him beside himself. He did not doubt but she judged by Appearances, and so concluded

cluded him faithless. He would have been less uneasy, could he have found an Opportunity of speaking to her; but how was that possible, when all *Sicily* had their Eyes fix'd upon him? Besides, the cruel *Siffredi* deprived him of all Hopes of doing it. That Minister, who could read the Sentiments of those two Lovers in their Faces, and was desirous to prevent the Mischiefs which the Violence of their Passion might bring upon the State, had the Cunning to take his Daughter out of the Assembly, and carry her with him to *Belmont*, in a Resolution to hasten her Marriage as fast as possible, for several Reasons.

When they were come thither, he acquainted her with all the Horror of her Destiny. He declared to her, that he had promised her to the Constable. Just Heaven, cried she in a Transport of Grief which even her Father's Presence could not restrain, To what unheard-of Wretchedness do you reserve the unfortunate *Blanch*? This Transport was so violent, that all the Faculties of her Soul were suspended by it: Her Body seem'd to be frozen; and becoming as pale as Death, she dropt down in a Swoon in her Father's Arms. He was moved with the Condition in which he saw her. Yet, tho' he was very sorry at her being so uneasy, he stuck firm to his Reso-

Resolutions. *Blanch* at length return'd to her self, more by means of the Sharpness of her Grief, than by the Water which *Siffredi* sprinkled in her Face; and when at the opening her Eyes in a languishing manner, she beheld his Care to assist her: My Lord, said she in a Voice that could hardly be heard for Sighs, I am ashamed to let you see my Weakness; but Death, which must certainly come in a short time to end all my Torments, will soon deliver you of an unhappy Daughter, who has been so bold as to dispose of her Heart without your Consent. No, my dear *Blanch*, replied *Leontio*; there's no fear of your dying; your Virtue will soon reassume its Empire over you. The Constable's Alliance is an Honour to you. He is the most considerable Match in the Kingdom—— I have a very great Esteem for his Person and Merit, interrupted *Blanch*; but, my Lord, the King had given me hopes—— Daughter, interrupted *Siffredi* in his Turn, I know as much of that Matter as you can tell me. I am not unacquainted with your Tendernefs for that Prince, nor should I disapprove of it in other Conjunctions. I should even be zealous to procure you *Henriques* for a Husband, if his own Honour, and that of the Nation, did not oblige him to marry *Constantia*. But upon  
this

this Condition alone it is, that the late King made him his Successor. Would you have him prefer you to the Crown of *Sicily*? I my self am not a little grieved to see this Misfortune fall upon you; but since there is no resisting our Destiny, I'd have you once for all make a generous Effort. What a Stain would it be to your Glory, to let the whole Kingdom observe that you have flatter'd your self with vain Expectations! Your Passion for the King would set malicious Tongues a prating; and the only way to hinder it, is to marry the Constable. In short, *Blanch*, you have no time left you to deliberate. The King gives you up for a Throne: he marries *Constantia*. The Constable has my Promise: I beg you would disengage it; and if to prevail upon you, there is a Necessity for me to make use of my Authority, I command you to do it.

Concluding with these Words, he left her to reflect upon what he had said. He hoped that when she had duly weigh'd the Arguments he had made use of to help her Virtue to get the better of her Passion, she would of her self resolve to take the Constable for a Husband. He was not deceived: But what did it cost the miserable *Blanch* before she could take this Resolution? She was in a Condition that would have



have drawn Pity from the hardest Heart. The Affliction of finding her Fears of Don *Henriques's* Infidelity turn'd into Certainties, and of being forced not only to give over all Thoughts of him, but also to marry a Man whom she cou'd not love, caused in her Heart such violent Pangs of Grief, that every Moment brought new Torments along with it: If my Misery is certain, cried she, how can I resist it and live? Pitiless Destiny, why did you feed me with such soothing Hopes, if you still meant to precipitate me into an Abyss of Misfortunes? And thou, perfidious Lover, how darest thou give thy Hand to another, when thou hadst promised me eternal Fidelity? Hast thou so soon forgot the Faith you have sworn to me? But, to punish thy Deceit, grant Heaven that the Conjugal Bed which thou art about to stain with thy Treachery, may give thee nothing but Remorse, instead of Pleasure! May *Constantia's* Embraces fill thy false Heart with mortal Poison! May thy Marriage become as gloomy and dismal as mine! Yes, Traitor, I will marry the Constable, whom I hate, to be revenged upon my self: To punish my self for having chosen Thee for the Object of my foolish Passion. Since my Religion forbids me touching my Life, the Days that I have yet to live shall

shall be but one unhappy Chain of Trouble and Sorrow. If thou still preservest for me some small Particle of Love, I shall be revenged by throwing my self into the Arms of another before thy perfidious Face; and if thou hast entirely forgot me, *Sicily* may at least boast that she has produced one Woman, who had the Courage to punish her self for having too carelessly disposed of her Heart.

In such a Condition, this melancholy Victim of Love and Duty spent the Night which preceded her Marriage with the Constable. *Siffredi* finding her next day resolved to obey his Commands, made what haste he could to take her while she was in this Temper. He sent for the Constable to *Belmont* that very day, and married him secretly to his Daughter in the Chapel of the Castle. What a Day was this to *Blanch*! She was not only obliged to renounce a Crown, to lose a darling Lover, and marry one she abhorr'd; but she was also forced to put a Constraint upon her Thoughts before a Husband who was naturally jealous, and who loved her above all Things. The Constable overjoy'd at his Happiness, was always at her Feet. He did not so much as give her the poor Consolation of bewailing her Misfortunes in Secret. When Night came, *Leontio's*  
Daugh-

Daughter found her Affliction increase every Moment more and more. What was it then, when her Women, having undressed her, left her alone with the Constable? He ask'd her kindly what was the Cause of the Dejection she seem'd to be in. This Question perplex'd *Blanch*, who pretended she was ill. Her Husband at first believed her; but he soon had other Thoughts. As he was really uneasy at the Condition in which he saw her, and press'd her to go to Bed, his Instances, which she construed to his Disadvantage, presented to her Mind so distracting an Image, that not being able to restrain her self any longer, she gave a free Course to her Sighs and Tears. What a Sight was this for a Man who thought himself now at the Top of his Wishes? He no longer doubted but his Wife's Affliction conceal'd some fatal Secret. However, tho' his Thoughts reduced him almost to as deplorable a State as *Blanch* her self, he had Strength enough to hide his Suspicions. He redoubled his Affiduities, and press'd her more and more to go to Bed, assuring her that he would suffer her to take all the Rest she had Occasion for. Nay, he offer'd to call her Women to her, if she thought their Assistance would alleviate her Illness. *Blanch*, taking Courage upon this Promise, told him,

him, that Sleep was all she wanted in her present Weakness. He pretended to believe her. They both went to Bed, and spent the Night very differently from what two Lovers that are join'd in Affection, as well as Marriage, are used to do.

Whilst *Siffredi's* Daughter gave her self up to Grief, the Constable was studying what could be the Cause of his being so unhappy. He easily imagined, that he had a Rival; but when he endeavour'd to guess who it should be, he lost himself in the Multitude of his own Ideas. He only knew, that he was the most unfortunate of Mankind. He spent two parts in three of the Night in these Agitations, when a hollow Noise struck his Ear. He was very much surprized to hear somebody tread slowly along the Room. He fancied he must be mistaken: for he remember'd he himself had shut the Door, after *Blanch's* Women were gone out of the Chamber. He drew the Curtain, that his Eyes might be Witness of the Cause of the Noise he heard; but the Light which was left in the Chimney was gone out. Soon afterwards he heard a Voice call *Blanch* several times in a feeble and languishing Tone. Then his jealous Suspicions made him almost mad with Fury; and his Honour obliging him to rise, in order to prevent an Injury, or be

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revenged for it; he took his Sword, and went towards the Place whence the Voice seem'd to come. He found a naked Sword clash with his own. He advances: The other retired. He pursues: The other gets away from his Pursuit. He searches for him who seem'd to fly from him, in every Corner of the Room, as well as he could in the Dark; but can find no more of him. He stands still; he listens a-while, but can hear nothing. What an Inchantment was here! He goes to the Door, fancying that the secret Enemy of his Honour might have escaped that Way, but that was shut and bolted as before. Not knowing what to make of all this, he call'd some of his Servants that lay nearest him, and as he opened the Door to make them hear him the better, he stood in the midst of it upon his Guard, for fear the Person he look'd for should escape him. At his Call, some of the Servants ran to him with Candles in their Hands; he takes a Light and makes a new Search in the Chamber, his Sword drawn. Yet, notwithstanding all his Diligence, he cou'd find no body, nor no Sign of any body's having been there. He could discover no private Door, nor any other Passage for a Man to get in at. Yet he was well assured, that his Ears had not been deceived. He still re-  
main'd

main'd in a strange Confusion of Thoughts. To have recourse to *Blanch*, wou'd have been in vain; it was too much her Interest to disguise the Truth, for him to expect the least Information from her. He therefore chose rather to open his Heart to *Leontio*; and so sent away the Servants, telling them he thought he had heard a Noise in the Room, but found he was deceived. He met his Father-in-law coming out of his Apartment at the Bustle he had heard, and made him a Relation of what had happen'd, with all the Disorder and Affliction that it is possible to imagine.

*Siffredi* was amazed at what he heard. Tho' he did not think such an Accident natural, yet he believed it to be true; and judging the King's Love to be capable of any thing, he was very uneasy at it. But, however, he was so far from adding to the jealous Suspicions of his Son-in-law, by telling him his own, that he represented to him, with an Air of Confidence, that the Voice he imagined he had heard, and the Sword which he thought he had clash'd with, cou'd be nothing but the Phantoms of an Imagination disturb'd with Jealousy: That it was impossible any body should have been in his Daughter's Chamber: That as for the Melancholy which he observed in her, it might be really caused by

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some

some little Indisposition: That her Honour ought not to be condemned for the Weakness of her Constitution: That Change of Condition to one who had always lived a retired Life, and saw herself suddenly deliver'd up to a Man whom she had not had Time to Know and to Love, might occasion those Tears, those Sighs, and that Affliction, of which he complain'd: That it was Time and Affiduity must kindle Love in the Heart of a Woman of Birth: That he would have him calm his Uneasiness, and redouble his Tenderness, in order to make *Blanch* give ear to his Affection; and therefore he advis'd him to return to her, and believe, that her Virtue was such as would not admit of any Suspicion.

The Constable made no Answer to these Arguments; and either did indeed begin to fancy, that in the Disorder of his Mind he might be mistaken; or else thought it better to dissemble, than vainly to endeavour to convince the old Man of an Accident so void of Probability. He return'd to his Wife's Apartment, went to Bed again to her, and endeavour'd to get some Respite from his Cares, in the Arms of Sleep. *Blanch*, on her side, the sorrowful *Blanch*, was not a whit more at Ease. She had but too plainly heard the same Things that her Husband did, and could not

not ascribe to her Imagination, an Adventure of which she knew the Secret and the Motives. She was surprized that *Henriques* should come into her Chamber, after having so solemnly given his Faith to the Princess *Constantia*. Instead of being pleased with this Attempt, or receiving any Satisfaction from it, she look'd upon it as an additional Affront, and was but the more enraged.

Whilst *Siffredi's* Daughter was prejudiced against the young King, and thought him the most guilty Traitor upon Earth; that unhappy Prince, still more entangled in her Charms than ever, was impatient to speak with her, that he might convince her how unjust she was in judging of him by Appearances. He wou'd have come sooner to *Belmont* for this Purpose, if his Affairs would have permitted; but he could not, till that Night, get away from Court. He too well knew every Corner of the Place in which he had been brought up, to find any Difficulty in stealing privately into *Siffredi's* Castle; besides, he had still the Key of a Back-door that let into the Garden. This Way he pass'd into his old Apartment, and so into *Blanch's* Chamber. You may easily imagine how much he was amazed to find a Man there, and to feel a Sword clash with his. He had



much ado to contain himself from punishing that Moment the audacious Wretch, who durst lift his sacrilegious Hand against his King: But the Complaisance he owed to *Leontio's* Daughter, suspended his Repentment. He went out in the same manner he came in, and took his Way to *Palermo*, in greater Trouble than ever. He arrived there some Moments before Day, and shut himself up in his Apartment. He was too much disturbed to think of Repose. He thought of nothing but returning once more to *Belmont*. His Safety, his Honour, and, above all, his Love, would not suffer him to defer an *Eclaircissement* of the Circumstances of such an Accident.

As soon as it was Day, he commanded his hunting Equipage to be got ready, and under Pretence of that Diversion, rode deep into the Forest of *Belmont* with his Huntsmen, and some of his Courtiers. For some time he follow'd the Sport close, the better to conceal his Design; and when he saw every body in earnest Pursuit of the Game, he turn'd aside by himself, and rode to the Castle of *Belmont* with such Speed and Impatience, that he had in a Moment run over all the Space of Ground which parted him from the Person he adored. He was studying for some plausible Pretence to speak with *Siffredi's* Daughter

in private, when crossing a little narrow Road which led to one of the Gates of the Park, he perceived sitting near the Place where he was, two Women, in Discourse with each other, at the Foot of a Tree. He did not doubt but these Persons belonged to the Castle, and was therefore in some Emotion at the Sight of them; but he was in a much greater Disorder when one of the Women turning her Head, at the Noise of a Horse's Tread, he beheld his dear *Blanch*. She was retired a little Way from the Castle with *Nisa*, the Maid in whom she placed the greatest Confidence, and came thither to have, at least, the Pleasure of bewailing her Misfortunes at Freedom.

He ran, he flew to her Feet, and was very much grieved to see in her Eyes all the Signs of a deep Affliction. Adorable *Blanch*, said he, suspend your Sorrow till you have heard what I have to say. I own, Appearances make me seem guilty; but when you know the Design I have form'd for your sake, what you think a Crime, will appear to be a Proof of my Innocence and the Excess of my Love. These Words, which *Henriques* thought were sufficient to moderate *Blanch's* Affliction, made it ten times more violent than ever. She would have answer'd, but her Sobs rose so fast,

that they stopp'd up the Organs of her Voice. The Prince, surprized at this Excess of Grief, said to her; What, Madam, will nothing calm your Uneasiness? What have I done to forfeit your Confidence, when I hazard my Crown and Life to keep my self yours? At length *Leontio's* Daughter, with the utmost Difficulty, made Answer; My Lord, your Promises are at present unseasonable: Nothing now can join my Destiny to yours. Ah! *Blanch*, cried *Henriques*, what do I hear? Who can ravish you from me? Who dares stand up against the Fury of a King, who would rather set the whole Nation in a Flame, than see himself deprived of all his Hopes? Your whole Power, my Lord, replied *Siffredi's* Daughter in a languishing Voice, is not able to remove the Obstacles that part us. I am the Constable's Wife.

The Constable's Wife, cried the Prince, starting back! He was so struck with this Blow, that he could say no more. His Strength left him. He dropt down at the Foot of a Tree which was behind him. He trembled, and turn'd pale, and had no Faculty at Liberty, but that of his Eyes, which he fix'd upon *Blanch* in such a manner, as shew'd but too plainly the Sense he had of this irreparable Misfortune. She, on her side, look'd upon him, with an As-

pect

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pect that sufficiently inform'd him, her Trouble was very little short of his; and these two unhappy Lovers kept a Silence which had something in it very dreadful. At length the Prince, with much ado, recovering from his Disorder, cry'd out with a Sigh: Ah! *Blanch*, what have you done? You have ruined me, and your self too, by your Credulity.

*Blanch* was angry at the Prince's seeming to throw the Blame upon her, when she thought she had such undeniable Proofs of his Guilt: What, my Lord, replied she, do you add Dissimulation to your Infidelity? Would you have me belye my Eyes and Ears, and think you innocent, in spite of their Evidence? No, my Lord, I own I am not capable of so great a Conquest over my Reason. But yet, Madam, answer'd the King, those Evidences which you think so certain, are what have imposed upon you. They themselves assisted to betray you; and 'tis no less true, that I am innocent and constant, than that you are the Constable's Wife. Fy, my Lord, replied she; did not I hear you confirm the Promise of your Hand and Heart to *Constantia*? Did not you assure the Grandees of the Kingdom, that you wou'd obey the late King's Will? And did not the Princess receive the Homages of your new Subjects, in



Quality of *your* Wife, and *their* Queen? Now, were my Eyes deceived, Say, say rather, faithless as you are, that you did not think *Blanch* fit to be put in the Scale against a Crown; and without debasing your self so far, as to pretend to a Passion which is now dead, or perhaps was never alive in you, confess that you thought the *Sicilian* Throne more secure with *Constancia*, than with *Leontio's* Daughter. You are in the Right, my Lord: I no more deserved a Crown, than I did the Heart of so great a Prince as you. I was too vain to dare to pretend to either; but then you ought not to have kept me in that Error of mine. You know the Alarms I had of your Ruin, which I thought infallible, if you adhered to my Interests. Why did you argue against them? Why was you so cruel as to dissipate my Fears? I should else have accused my own Fate, instead of you; and, however, you wou'd, at least, have still preserved my Heart, and hinder'd me from disposing of my Hand, which no other should ever have obtain'd of me. But it is now too late to justify your self. I am the Constable's Wife, and since this Conversation with another Man may be a Blot on my Honour, I beg your Majesty's Pardon, if I take Leave to withdraw from one whom I am not any longer at Liberty to hear.

With

With these Words she went from *Henriques*, with all the haste she was capable of, in the Condition she was in. Stay, Madam, cried he; afflict not thus a Prince, who would sooner overturn the Throne, which you upbraid him for having preferr'd to your Love, than answer his Subjects Expectations. This Sacrifice, replied *Blanch*, will now do no good. I must be parted from the Constable, before these Transports of Generosity will be of Use. Since I am no longer Mistress of my self, it matters not now what Disorders you create in *Sicily*, or to whom you give your Hand. If I have been so weak as to suffer my Heart to be surprized and caught, I shall at least have Strength enough to allay its Motions, and to shew the new King of *Sicily*, that the Constable's Wife is no longer Prince *Henriques's* Lover. Saying these Words, she enter'd suddenly with *Nisa* into the Park, which she was now come up to, and clapping to the Door, left the Prince overwhelm'd with Grief. He could not overcome the Sorrow that *Blanch* had given him by the News of her Marriage. Perfidious Woman, cried he, I see you have quite lost the Remembrance of our Engagement. 'Spite of my Oaths and yours, we are separated for ever. The Idea I had form'd of possessing your Charms, was

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then.

then but a vain Illusion. Ah! cruel *Blanch*, how dear do I pay for the Advantage of having persuaded you to receive my Addresses!

Then the Image of his Rival's Happiness offer'd itself to his Mind, with all the Horrors of Jealousy; which curst Passion got such an Ascendant over him for some Moments, that he was ready to sacrifice to his Fury, the Constable, and *Siffredi* himself. But Reason, by little and little, again calm'd the Violence of these Thoughts. Yet the Impossibility wherein he saw himself, of convincing *Blanch* of his Fidelity, almost drove him to Despair. He flatter'd himself that he should soon efface those evil Impressions, if he could but discourse with her at Liberty. To bring that about, he judged it necessary to remove the Constable out of the Way, and therefore resolved to have him seized as a suspicious Person, in the present Conjuncture of Affairs. He gave Orders about it to the Captain of his Guard, who repair'd immediately to *Belmont*, took him into Custody about Evening, and brought him to the Castle of *Palermo*.

This Incident put all the Family at *Belmont* into great Consternation. *Siffredi* went away that Moment, to be Security to the King for his Son-in-law's Innocence,

cence, and to represent to him the fatal Consequences of such an unjust Imprisonment. The King, who indeed expected that *Leontio* wou'd soon be with him, but was willing to have a free Interview with *Blanch*, before he released the Constable, had expressly commanded that no body should be admitted to him till next Morning; but *Leontio*, notwithstanding this Order, managed it so well, as to get into his Presence: My Lord, said he the Moment he enter'd, if a loyal Subject dare complain of his Master, I come to complain of you to your self. What Crime has my Son-in-law committed? Has your Majesty duly consider'd the eternal Shame with which you cover my Family, and the Consequences of an Action, which may alienate from your Interests, the Hearts of those who enjoy the highest Places in the Kingdom? I have certain Advice, replied the King, that the Constable holds a criminal Correspondence with the Infant Don *Pedro*. A criminal Correspondence! interrupted *Leontio* surprized. Ah! my Lord, believe it not. No Treachery was ever known in the Family of the *Siffredi*: The Constable's being my Son-in-law, might be enough of itself, to clear him from all Suspicion. The Constable is innocent;



nocent; but it was some private View for which you had him seized.

Since you speak so plain, replied the King, I'll do so too. How can you condemn me for your Son's Imprisonment? Have not I ten times more Reason to condemn you for your Cruelty? You it is, barbarous *Siffredi*, that have robb'd me of my Quiet, and reduced me to a Condition more miserable than that of the vilest Wretch upon Earth. For do not flatter your self that I have taken the Resolutions you imagine. My Marriage with *Constantia* is all a Fiction—— How, my Lord, interrupted *Leontio*, can you intend not to marry the Princess, after having made her so solemn a Promise, in the Face of the whole Nation? If I do balk their Expectations, answered the King, you can blame no body but your self. Why did you drive me to the Necessity of making that Promise, since I can never perform it? Why did you fill up with *Constantia's* Name, the Writing I gave your Daughter? You knew very well what I meant by it. Why did you play the Tyrant over *Blanch's* Heart, in forcing her to marry a Man she could not love? And what Right had you over mine, to dispose of it to a Princess I abhor? Have you forgot she is the Daughter of *Matilda*, that cruel *Matilda*, who  
trampling

trampling upon all the Laws of Humanity and Blood, was the Cause of my Father's ending his Days in a rigorous Captivity? And shall I marry her? No, *Siffredi*, lay aside those Hopes. Before *Hymen* lights his Torch for such a Match, you shall first behold all *Sicily* in Flames, and its Fields o'erflowed with Blood.

Do not my Ears deceive me? cried *Leontio*. Ah! Sir, what a Prospect do you shew me? What Resolves do I hear? But I am alarm'd in vain, continued he in another Tone. You have too great a Love for your Subjects, to bring such Miseries upon them. You will not suffer your self to be overcome by this foolish Passion. You will not tarnish all your Virtues, by falling into the Weaknesses of the common sort of Mankind. If I gave my Daughter to the Constable, it was to gain to your Majesty's Interests a valiant Subject, who, by his personal Bravery and Power in the Army, might defend your Cause against *Don Pedro*. I thought, that by binding his Family to mine, in so close a Chain—'Tis that Chain, cried the King, that fatal Chain, which has ruin'd me. Thou cruel Friend, to give me a Wound so incurable! Did you think I shou'd be obliged to you for strengthening my Power, at the Expence of every thing that is dear to me? Why could

could not you leave me to defend my own Cause? Have I not Courage enough to quell those who dare rise against me? The Constable himself should have found I had, if he had disobey'd me. I well know that Kings ought not to be 'Tyrants; that their People's Happiness should be their first Care: But are they, therefore, to be their Subjects Slaves? And when Heaven has once made choice of them to govern, do they forfeit the Right, which every Man has, of disposing of their own Affections? If they have not Power to enjoy them, as the poorest Subject has, take back, *Siffredi*, the Sovereignty which you were so fond of securing, at the Expence of my Repose.

You know, my Lord, replied *Leontio*, that your Marriage with the Princess was, by the late King, made the Condition of your succeeding to the Crown. And what Right, answer'd *Henriques*, had he to make such a Law? Did he receive the Succession from his Brother, King *Charles*, upon the same unworthy Conditions? How could you be so weak, as to agree to such a Piece of Injustice? For a Chancellor, you are very little acquainted with our Constitution. In a word, when I promised *Constantia* my Hand, I did it against my Will, and am resolved not to stand to the Engagement: If Don *Pedro*, upon this Refusal, endea-

endeavours to pull me from my Throne, our Swords alone, without engaging the People in our Quarrel, may decide the Contest, and shew which is most worthy to Reign. *Leontio* durst not press him any further; but contented himself with begging upon his Knees, his Son-in-law's Liberty, which he obtain'd. Go, said the King; return to *Belmont*. The Constable shall follow you presently. *Siffredi* went back directly to *Belmont*, confident that his Son-in-law would be there almost as soon as himself; but he was deceived. *Henriques* was resolved to see *Blanch* that Night, and therefore deferr'd setting the Constable at Liberty till next Day.

Mean time, the Constable had very melancholy Reflections. This Imprisonment made him guess at the true Cause why his Marriage was unfortunate. He abandon'd himself, therefore, entirely to his Jealousy; and, contrary to the Loyalty which had hitherto been so conspicuous in him, breathed forth nothing but Revenge and Fury. As he rightly imagined that the King would not fail to be with *Blanch* that Night, he begg'd the Governor of the Castle to let him out of Prison, upon an Affair of the utmost Importance, and promised to render himself up again into his Hands the very next Morning, before 'twas Light.



Light. The Governor, who was one of his Creatures, consented the more readily, because he knew that *Siffredi* had already obtained his Liberty; and, to add to the Obligation, he lent him a Horse to go to *Belmont*. The Constable being arrived there, tied his Horse to a Tree; enter'd into the Park by a little Door, which he kept a Key of, and was so lucky as to get into the Castle without meeting any-body. He went directly to his Wife's Apartment, and hid himself in the Anti-chamber, behind a Screen that stood there. From thence he thought he might see every thing that pass'd, and repair suddenly to *Blanch's* Chamber, if he heard the least Noise there. Soon afterwards he saw *Nisa* come out from thence, and go into the little Room where she lay.

*Siffredi's* Daughter, who presently guess'd at the Motive of her Husband's Imprisonment, imagined he would hardly come that Night to *Belmont*, though her Father told her that the King had assured him the Constable should set out soon after him. She did not doubt but *Henriques* would make use of such an Opportunity, to see and talk with her in private. In this Thought, she waited for that Prince, to blame him for an Action which might have terrible Consequences, with respect to her. And, indeed,

indeed, soon after *Nisa* was gone, the private Door open'd, and the King threw himself at *Blanch's* Feet. For Heaven's Sake, Madam, cried he, do not condemn me, till you have heard what I have to say in my Defence. If I imprison'd the Constable, consider it was the only Means I had left, to obtain an Opportunity of justifying my self. This Artifice is to be laid wholly to your own Charge. Why did you refuse to hear me this Morning? Alas, to morrow your Husband will be at Liberty, and I must then talk with you no more. Hear me, therefore, this last Time. Since the Loss of you will make me eternally miserable; grant me, at least, the melancholy Consolation of informing you, that I have not drawn this Misfortune upon my self by my Infidelity. If I made *Constantia* a Promise of my Hand, it was because I could not possibly avoid it in the Circumstances to which your Father had reduced me. I was obliged to deceive the Princess, both for your Interest and my own, in order to secure to you the Crown and Person of your Lover. I flatter'd my self so far, as to believe I shou'd succeed in my Design. I had already concerted Measures to break this Engagement: But you have destroy'd my Labour, and by disposing of your self upon too slight Grounds, have prepared

red irreparable Misery for two Hearts, which otherwise might have enjoy'd the greatest Content in the reciprocal Love they bore each other.

He ended these Words with such unfeigned Marks of the deepest Despair, that *Blanch* began to be moved at it. She now no longer doubted his Innocence. At first she was a little rejoiced at it; but afterwards it made the Sense of her Misfortunes more intolerable than ever. Ah, my Lord, said she to the King, when I consider how Fate has disposed of us, the finding you guiltless increases my Torment! Wretch that I am, What have I done? My Anger has ruined me. I thought my self deserted. and, in my Resentment, have accepted of the Constable, whom my Father presented to me. 'Tis I that am the Criminal; 'tis I am the sole Cause of our Misery. Alas, then, at the very Time when I accused you of Treachery, 'twas I, too credulous Fool, that broke all the Ties which I had sworn should be eternal! Do you revenge your self, my Lord, in your turn; Hate, hate the ungrateful *Blanch*. Forget —— Is it possible, Madam, for me to hate you? interrupted *Henriques* mournfully: Can I tear from my Heart a Passion, which even your Injustice could not extinguish? There is now, my Lord, replied *Siffredi's* Daughter, sighing,

sighing, a Necessity you should make that Effort — Shall you your self be capable of such an Effort? answered the King. I am not certain I shall quite conquer my Affection, replied she, but I will spare no Pains to bring it about. Ah cruel! said the Prince, if once you form such a Design, you will easily blot from your Remembrance the forsaken *Henriques*. What Opinion do you then entertain of me? replied *Blanch*, in a more resolute Tone. Do you imagine me capable of permitting you now to continue your Addresses? No, my Lord, those Hopes are vain. If I was not born to be a Queen; neither, on the other hand, did Heaven make me of a Temper to give Ear to an unlawful Passion. My Husband is, as you are, of the Noble Family of *Anjou*: And tho' my Duty to him were no Obstacle to your Love, my Honour would oblige me to reject it. I beg you would retire. I must see you no more. What Barbarity is this? cried the King: Ah, *Blanch*, is it possible you should use me with so much Rigour? Did you think the seeing you in the Constable's Arms, too little to destroy me, that you forbid me your Sight, the only Comfort I have left? Fly, rather, answer'd *Siffredi's* Daughter, shedding some Tears. The Sight of a thing we have tenderly loved, is no longer a Happiness



Happiness, when it is impossible we should possess it. Farewel, my Lord, avoid me as much as you are able. That Violence, at least, is due to your own Honour, and my Reputation. I implore it too, for the sake of my Repose: For tho' my Virtue is not at all alarm'd at the Resistance of my Heart, yet the Memory of your Love raises such violent Conflicts in me, that they are too great to be endured.

These Words she pronounced with so much Emotion, that she threw down a Taper which stood behind her upon a Table. The Fall put it out. *Blanch* took it up, and open'd the Door of the Anti-chamber to go to *Nisa*, who was not yet a-bed, to get it lighted; and, having done it, she return'd with the Light. She was no sooner return'd, than the King, who waited for her, began anew to press her to hearken to his Addresses. At hearing the King's Voice, the Constable enter'd suddenly into the Chamber, almost at the back of his Wife, with his Sword in his Hand, and advancing towards *Henriques*, with all the Fury that Resentment could inspire: This is too much to be borne, thou Tyrant, (cried he) think not I am so base, as to endure, with Patience, the Affront you have given my Honour. Ah, Traitor, replied the King, defending himself, neither

ther do you imagine you shall execute your Design with Impunity. At these Words they began a Fight, which was too hot to last long. The Constable fearing lest *Sif-fredi* and his Servants should run in at *Blanch's* Cries, and oppose his Vengeance, took no Care of guarding himself. His Rage deprived him of all his Judgment. He fought so like a Madman, that he run himself upon his Enemy's Sword. It went quite through his Body, up to the Hilt. He fell, and the King immediately stay'd his Hand.

*Leontio's* Daughter was very much grieved to see her Husband in that Condition. She surmounted the natural Indifference she had for him, and threw herself down by him to give him Assistance. But the unfortunate Husband was too much prejudiced against her, to be at all moved by the Testimonies she gave him of her Sorrow, and her Compassion. Death it self, which he found approaching, was not able to calm the Transports of his Jealousy. He thought of nothing, in his last Moments, but his Rival's Happiness; and this Idea was so tormenting to him, that calling together all the Strength he had left, he lifted up his Sword, which he still had in his Hand, and bury'd it in *Blanch's* Bosom: Die, said he, stabbing her; die, thou perfidious

perfidious Woman, since not even the Bonds of Marriage could secure me a Faith which you had promised me at the Altar. And thou, *Henriques*, continued he, shalt not now exult in thy Destiny? Thou canst not enjoy the Fruits of my Destruction. I die contented. Having spoke thus, he expired; and his Countenance, though all overspread with the Shadows of Death, had still in it something haughty and fierce. That of *Blanch* exhibited a quite different Object. The Wound she had received was mortal. She dropt down upon the dying Corpse of her Husband, and the Blood of this innocent Victim ran in one and the same Stream with that of her Murtherer, who had so suddenly executed his cruel Resolution, that the King was not able to prevent him.

The unfortunate Prince gave a loud Cry, when he saw *Blanch* fall to the Ground; and being more sensible of the Pain she felt, than she her self, was for giving her Succour; but in a dying Voice she said to him: My Lord, you give your self unnecessary Trouble. I am the Victim which unrelenting Fate was all this while procuring. May this appease its Wrath, and make the rest of your Reign peaceful and happy. As she was saying these Words, *Leontio*, drawn by the Cries she gave, when her Husband

band and the King were fighting, came into the Room; and, struck with the Objects he beheld, stood motionless. *Blanch*, without perceiving him, continued speaking to the King. Adieu, my Prince, said she; preserve my Memory with Kindness: My Tenderness and Misfortunes deserve it. Do not shew your Resentment against my Father. Have Pity on his Age and Affliction, and forgive his Zeal. But particularly let him know my Innocence: This is what I beseech you to perform, above all things. Adieu, my dear *Henriques*, ——— I die ——— receive my last Breath.

This said, she expired. The King continued, for some time, in a thoughtful Silence. At last he said to *Siffredi*, who appeared to be in the deepest Affliction: *Leontio*, behold your Work. This tragical Event is the Fruit of your officious Care and Zeal for me. The old Man was so overwhelm'd with Grief, that he made no Reply. But why should I endeavour to describe things which no Words can express? I shall only add, that when their Sorrow permitted them to break out into Exclamations of Despair, they made such Complaints as would have pierced a Heart of Brass.

The King, as long as he lived, preserved a tender Remembrance of his Mistress. He  
could



could not be prevailed upon to marry *Constantia*. The Infant *Don Pedro* joined with that Princess, and they conjointly endeavoured, by all the Means that could be thought of, to force the Execution of *Rogero's* Will; but they were at length, obliged to yield to the superior Power of *Henriques*, who quell'd all his Enemies. As for *Siffredi*, his Disturbance, upon having been sole Cause of so many Mischiefs, gave him an Aversion to the World, and made his own Country odious to him. He left *Sicily*, and sailing into *Spain*, with *Porcia*, his other Daughter, purchased this Castle. He lived here very near fifteen Years after *Blanch's* Death, and had the Consolation, before he died, to see *Porcia* marry'd. She marry'd *Don Jerome de Silva*, and I am the only Fruit of that Bed. This, continued *Don Pedro's* Widow, is the History of my Family, and a faithful Relation of the Misfortunes described in that Picture, which my Grandfather *Leontio* caused to be Painted that he might leave to his Posterity a Monument of his fatal Adventure.



## C H A P. V.

*Of Aurora's Management, when she came to Salamanca.*

**O**RTIZ, her Companions, and my self when we had heard this Relation, went out of the Hall, and left *Aurora* and *Elvira* by themselves. They spent the rest of the Day in Discourse together. They thought they could never have enough of each other's Company; and next Day, when we set forwards upon our Journey, they parted with as much Concern, as two Friends that have contracted an habituated Intimacy.

At length we reach'd *Salamanca*, without meeting with any other Accident in our Way. There we immediately hired a House ready furnished, and Dame *Ortiz*, as we had before agreed, took upon her the Name of *Donna Chimena de Gusman*. She had been a Duegna too long, not to be a good Actress. One Morning we went out with *Aurora*, a Chambermaid, and a Valet, and came to a House where we were inform'd *Pacheco* commonly lodged. She ask'd if they had any Rooms to let: They answer'd, Yes, and shew'd her a very neat one, which she hired. She gave the Landlady Earnest, telling her it was for a Nephew of hers, who was coming from *Toledo*

ledo to study at *Salamanca*, and that she expected him that very Day.

The *Duegna* and my Mistress, after having made sure of this Lodging, return'd to their t'other House, and the beautiful *Aurora*, without losing any Time, transform'd her self into a Cavalier. She cover'd her own black Hair with a false Head of white Hair; painted her Eye-brows of the same Colour, and bedizen'd her self in such a manner, that she might very well pass for a young Gentleman. Her Mien was free and easy; and, but that her Face was a little too handsome for a Man, nothing could possibly betray her Disguise. The Maid, who was to wait upon her in Quality of a Page, disguised her self too, and we did not at all suspect she would play her Part amiss: For besides that she was not over-handsome, she had a pert (not to say impudent) Air, which agreed perfectly well with the Character she was to perform. In the Afternoon these two Actresses, being confident they could safely now appear upon the Stage, *alias*, their new Lodging, set out thither in the Company of my Worship. We all three went in a Coach, and carry'd with us all the things we reckon'd we should stand in need of.

The Landlady, whose Name was *Bernarda Ramirez*, received us with abundance of Civility, and led us to our Apartment,

ment, where we began to talk with her. We agreed with her for our Board by the Month. We afterwards ask'd her if she had many Lodgers besides us. I have none at present, reply'd she: But I need not want for them, if I were willing to take in all sorts of People: For my part, I care for none but young Noblemen. This very Evening I expect one that comes hither from *Madrid*, to finish his Studies. 'Tis Don *Lewis Pacheco*: Perhaps you may have heard of him. No, reply'd *Aurora*, I have no manner of Knowledge of him; and I should take it kindly if you would give me some Account of him, since we are to lodge in the same House. Sir, reply'd the Landlady, looking stedfastly upon our pretended Cavalier, he's a very fine Gentleman, I assure you; I think he's something like your self. Ah! you'll be rare Company for one another! By St. *Jago*, I may now boast that I have the two prettiest Gentlemen in my House, of any in all *Spain*. This Don *Lewis* then, reply'd my Mistress, is without doubt, a mighty happy Man among the Ladies here? Ay, that he is, answer'd the old Woman; he is a Gallant every Inch of him. He need but shew himself, and Conquests drop in upon him thick and threefold. Among the rest, he has charm'd



a Lady here who has both Youth and Beauty. Her Name is *Isabella*. She's the Daughter of an old musty Doctor in Law. She is almost mad for him. Pray, Mother, interrupted *Aurora* earnestly, is he on his side as fond of her? He loved her very passionately, answer'd *Bernarda Ramirez*, before his Departure for *Madrid*: But I don't know whether he still continues in the same Mind; for he is a little apt to waver. He runs from one Woman to another, as your young Noblemen generally do.

The good Widow had hardly done speaking, when we heard a Noise in the Court. We presently look'd out of the Window, and saw two Men lighting from their Horses. It was Don *Lewis Pacheco*, who was just arriv'd from *Madrid*, with a *Valet de Chambre*. The old Woman left us to go to receive him; and my Mistress prepared her self, not without some Timorousness, to act the Part of Don *Felix*. Don *Lewis*, soon afterwards, came into our Apartment booted and spurred as he was. I am informed, says he, saluting *Aurora*, that there is a young Nobleman of *Toledo* lodges here. He will give me leave to express my Joy, in being under the same Roof with him. While my Mistress made a Return to this Compliment, Pa-  
checo

*checo* seem'd surprized to see so lovely a Cavalier. He could not help telling her he had never seen so handsome a Gentleman. After a great many other Compliments, Don *Lewis* retired into his Apartment.

Whilst he was there pulling off his Boots, and changing his Clothes and Linen, a sort of Page, who wanted to deliver him a Letter, happen'd to meet *Aurora* upon the Stair-case. He took her for Don *Lewis*, and giving her his Billet : There, Signior Cavalier, said he; tho' I never saw Don *Pacheco*, I don't think I need ask you if you are he. I dare say I am not mistaken. No, no, reply'd my Mistress, with an admirable Presence of Mind; you are very right : You acquit your self of your Commission to a Miracle. I will take care to send my Answer. With this the Page disappear'd, and *Aurora*, shutting her self up with her Maid and my self, open'd the Letter, and read these Words: *I was just now told that you are at Salamanca. With how much Pleasure did I hear this agreeable News! I thought I should have lost my Wits with Joy. But do you still love Isabella? Come quickly, and assure her Personally that you are still the same you was when you parted from her. I am afraid she'll die with Rapture, if she finds you constant.*

A very passionate Billet, says *Aurora*; it shews a Heart that's deeply in Love, o' my Word. This Lady is a Rival not to be despised. I must leave no Stone unturn'd, to take off Don *Lewis's* Affection from her, and to hinder him from visiting her any more. The Undertaking, I own, is somewhat difficult: But I don't despair of accomplishing my Design. With this my Mistress began to study; and a Moment afterwards she added: If they are not divided in less than four and twenty Hours, I'll forfeit my Head. In effect, *Pacheco*, having taken a little Repose in his own Apartment, came to ours, and fell again into Conversation with *Aurora* before Supper. Signior Cavalier, says he, in a jesting way, I believe the Husbands and Lovers will have no cause to rejoice at your coming to *Salamanca*: You look as if you'd give them some Disturbance. For my part, I tremble for fear of losing all my Conquests. Your Fear, answer'd my Mistress, in the same rallying Tone, is not very ill grounded. Don *Felix de Mendocia* is somewhat formidable, I can tell you that. Besides, I have a little Knowledge of the Ground here. The Women are not over-cruel. 'Tis about a Month since I rode through this Town. I stay'd here eight Days; and, under the Rose be it spoken,

ken, inflamed the Daughter of an old Doctor in Law.

I perceived that Don *Lewis* was a little uneasy at these Words: Might one ask the Lady's Name, says he, without being too presuming? What do you talk of presuming? answer'd the pretended Don *Felix*; Why should I make a Secret of such an Affair? Do you think I am more reserved than other Gentlemen of my Age? Don't have so unjust a Thought of me. Besides, between our selves, the Woman does not deserve so much Regard. 'Tis only a poor Cit. A Man of Quality is never seriously in Love with such Creatures; he thinks he does them Honour enough, in condescending to dishonour them. Be inform'd, then, without any further Ceremony, that the Doctor's Daughter is call'd *Isabella*. And the Doctor's Name, interrupted *Pacheco*, impatiently, is *Murcia de Llanna*, is it not? The same, reply'd my Mistress. Here's a Letter she just now sent me. Read it, and then you'll see whether my Princess is fond of me or no. Don *Lewis* cast his Eyes upon the Billet, and knowing the Hand, was in the utmost Confusion and Disturbance. What do I see! continued *Aurora*, in a Surprise: You change Colour: I'm afraid you have some Interest in the Lady!



if so, I am very sorry I have spoken with so much Freedom.

I am rather obliged to you for it, reply'd Don *Lewis* with Indignation and Resentment: Base Woman! Don *Felix*, I am eternally indebted to you. You have deliver'd me from an Error, in which I might still have remain'd a great while. I imagin'd that I was beloved, nay, adored by *Isabella*. I had some Esteem for that Wretch; but I find she is a meer Coquet, and deserves nothing but Contempt. I can't help approving your Resentment, answers *Aurora*, testifying in her turn a sort of Indignation. Sure a Creature of her mean Birth, might have been contented with one Nobleman at a Time, especially one so agreeable as you are! Her Inconstancy will admit of no Excuse; and I am so far from being pleas'd with her sacrificing your Love to mine, that, to punish her, I am resolv'd to contemn her Favours. For my part, answer'd *Pacheco*, I will never see her again. That's all the Revenge I mean to take. You are very much in the right, cry'd the false *Mendocia*. Yet, to shew her how little we both care for her, if you'd take my Advice, we'd each of us write her an insulting Letter. I'll seal them up both together, and send them as an Answer to her Billet. But before

before we proceed to these Extremities, do you consult your own Heart; perhaps you may ere long repent having broken with *Isabella*. No, no, interrupted Don *Lewis*, I shall never be so weak; I'll do what you propose, in order to mortify the ungrateful Woman.

Upon this I went for Ink and Paper, and they sat down to write each of them an obliging Letter to the Daughter of Dr. *Murcia de la Llanna*. *Pacheco* could not think of Words home enough to express his Mind, and he tore five or six Letters that he had begun, because they seem'd to him to be too civil. However, at last he finish'd one, with which he was well enough satisfy'd, as he had very good Reason to be. It ran thus: *I would have you learn, my Princess, to know your self better; and not to be so vain as to fancy I love you. It must be another-guess sort of Merit than yours, to engage My Affections. Your Charms are not powerful enough to amuse a Gentleman for a Moment. The veriest Scab of a Scholar in the whole University, is e'en too good a Morsel for such an one as you.* This was the gracious Billet-doux he resolv'd to send: And *Aurora*, having finish'd hers, which was of the same Strain, seal'd them both up, put them in a Case, and giving it to me: *Gil Blas*, says she, be

sure you deliver this Packet to *Isabella* this very Evening; you understand me, adds she, tipping me a Wink which I knew very well how to construe. Yes, Sir, reply'd I, you shall be obey'd to your Satisfaction, I'll warrant you.

I went about my Business that very Moment, and being got into the Street: So, Signior *Gil Blas*, says I to my self; you act the *Valet* in this Comedy, do you? Well then, Friend; give a Proof that you have Wit enough to perform so considerable a Part with Applause. Signior Don *Felix* thought it was enough to tip you the Wink. You see he depends upon your Contrivance for the rest. Is he in the wrong in so doing? No, I guess his Meaning. He would have me deliver only Don *Lewis's* Billet. That's the Interpretation of the Wink he gave me. Nothing can be more plain. I immediately therefore unsealed the Packet. I took out *Pacheco's* Letter, and carry'd it to the Daughter of Dr *Murcia*, whose House I soon found out. At the Door I met the little Page, who was sent to our Lodging. Brother, says I to him, are not you a sort of an Attendant upon Dr. *Murcia's* Daughter? Yes, replies he. You have so officious a Physiognomy, answers I, that I make bold

bold to desire you to give this Billet-doux to your Mistress.

The Page ask'd me who it came from, and I had no sooner told him from Don *Lewis Pacheco*, than he bid me follow him, for he had Orders to bring me to *Isabella* her self. I followed him into a little Chamber, in which was the Lady. I was surprized at her Beauty. I never saw more regular Features. She had a smiling childish Way with her; but for all that, I'll engage she had walk'd without Leading-Strings for thirty good Years at least. Friend, said she, with an obliging Countenance, do you belong to Don *Lewis Pacheco*? I answered, that I had been his *Valet de Chambre* for about three Weeks. And then I deliver'd her the fatal Epistle. She read it over two or three times. She cou'd hardly believe what she saw. And, indeed, she could never have expected such an Answer. She lifted up her Eyes to Heaven, bit her Lips, and shew'd in her Face the Uneasiness she felt in her Heart. Afterwards, addressing her self to me: Friend, says she, is Don *Lewis* run Mad? Tell me, if you are able, why he writes to me in so genteel a manner. What Demon is he possess'd with? If he has a mind to break with me, could not he do it without affronting me so grossly? Madam, says I, my Master is  
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certainly.



certainly in the wrong : But he was in a manner forced to do what he did. If you give me your Promise that you will be secret, I'll tell you the whole Myſtery. I promiſe you to be as ſecret as you can deſire, reply'd ſhe haſtily. I'll never betray you : Speak boldly. Well then, answer'd I, the Caſe, in two Words, is this : A Moment after he had receiv'd your Letter, there enter'd our Lodgings a Woman cover'd with a Veil to her very Feet. She ask'd for Signior *Pacheco*, talk'd to him in private for ſome time, and at laſt I heard her ſay to him ; You Swear you will never ſee her again ; but that won't ſatisfy me : Let me ſee you write her a Letter this Moment, as I ſhall dictate it : This I expect you will do. Don *Lewis* did as ſhe deſired, and, giving me the Letter, Enquire out the Houſe of Dr. *Murcia de la Llanna*, ſays he, and contrive to get this Note into the Hands of his Daughter *Iſabella*.

You ſee, Madam, continued I, this diſobliging Letter is the Work of a Rival, and conſequently my Maſter is not ſo guilty. O Heaven, cry'd ſhe, this is ſtill worſe than t'other. His Infidelity offends me more than the ſhocking Words he writes to me. Ah Faithleſs ! — But, immediately adds ſhe, with a more haughty Air, let him follow his new Miſtreſs without

out Constraint. I don't intend to disturb him in the least. Tell him I should have left my Rival a clear Stage, without his insulting me in this Manner; and that I despise to wavering a Lover too much to endeavour to keep him mine. With these Words she sent me away, and retired very much enraged against Don Lewis.

I, for my part, departed hugely well satisfied with what I had done, and I fancy'd that I might come to be a very able Trickster, if I wou'd but apply my Talents that way. I return'd to our Lodgings, where I found *Mendocia* and *Pacheco* at Supper together, conversing with as much Freedom and Familiarity as if they had been long acquainted. *Aurora* saw by my Looks, that I had acquitted my self of my Commission with Success. Well, *Gil Blas*, says she; give us an Account of your Errand. Here again my Wit was to be pumpt for a proper Answer. I said I had deliver'd the Packet with my own Hands, and that *Isabella*, having read the two Billets-doux contain'd in it, instead of seeming at all disturb'd, fell into such a Fit of Laughter, that I took her for a Mad-woman, and that when her Mirth was a little abated, she cry'd out: On my Word, the young Gentlemen have a very pretty Style. I have hardly known any body write half  
so

so agreeably as these Cavaliers. She carries it off then triumphantly, cry'd my Mistress: This is a Coquet with a Vengeance! For my part, says Don *Lewis*, I am amazed at *Isabella's* acting in this manner. She is certainly very much alter'd, during my Absence, from what she was. I own, reply'd *Aurora*, I could never have believed this of her, no more than you. But there are some Women that know how to assume all manner of Shapes. I my self have formerly been in Love with one of those Creatures, and she made a Cully of me for a long while. *Gil Blas* can tell you what a demure Air she had. 'Tis very true, says I, putting in my Oar, she had a Look would have cozen'd the wisest Man in the World. I my self should have been caught with it.

*Pacheco*, and the false *Mendocia*, laugh'd heartily at hearing me talk thus; the one laugh'd at the Testimony I bore against an imaginary Damsel, and the other at the Terms I made use of. The Discourse continued to turn upon those Women that know how to disguise both their Thoughts and Looks, and the Result of our Conference was, that *Isabella* was plainly convicted of being a Jilt. Don *Lewis* renew'd his Protestations of never seeing her again; and

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and Don *Felix*, after his Example, swore he wou'd always hold her in the utmost Contempt. In Consequence of these Protestations, they contracted a Friendship together, and made a mutual Promise of keeping nothing secret from each other. After a great many other Compliments, which pass'd after Supper, each retired to his Apartment to take Repose. I follow'd *Aurora* into hers, and gave her an exact Account of the Discourse I had with *Isabella*. I did not omit the least Circumstance. I thought my Mistress wou'd have kiss'd me for Joy: Dear *Gil Blas*, says she, I am charm'd with thy Wit. When one is unfortunately engaged in a Passion that obliges us to have Recourse to Stratagems and Artifices, what an Advantage is it to have so exact an Assistant as thou art? Cheer up, Lad. We have defeated one Rival that might have given us some Trouble. So far, so good. But as we Lovers are liable to strange Turns of Fortune, I am for making short Work on't, and bringing *Aurora de Gusman* upon the Stage immediately to Morrow. I approv'd her Resolution, and so leaving Signior Don *Felix* with his Page, retired into a little Closet, where my Bed stood.



## C H A P. VI.

*What Stratagems Aurora used to win  
the Love of Don Lewis Pacheco.*

THE two new Friends got together again next Morning. They began the day with Embraces, which *Aurora* was obliged to give and receive, in order to play the Part of *Don Felix* the more naturally. They went out to walk about the Town, and I attended upon them together with *Chilindron*, *Don Lewis's* Valet. We stopt near the University, to look upon some Titles of Books which were stuck upon the Gate. Several others were amusing themselves with reading them, and among the rest, I spied a little Man that was giving his Opinion on the several Books there advertised. The People listen'd to him with a great deal of Attention and he seem'd to think he richly deserved it. He look'd to be extremely vain, and was very positive, as your little Men generally are. That *New Translation of Horace*, says he, which is advertised there in such large Letters, is a poor Prose Piece of Business, written by an old College Pedant. The Book, indeed, is mightily esteem'd among the Scholars, who have already bought

bought up four Editions of it: But there is not one Man of Sense that will so much as look into it. He gave no better a Character of the other Books. He damn'd them all, without Mercy or Charity. I fancy it was some Author. I cou'd have been contented to hear him a little longer: But I was obliged to wait upon Don *Lewis* and Don *Felix*, who having no more Gust to his Prate, than Interest in the Books he criticis'd, e'en march'd off from him and the Univerfity too.

We return'd to our Lodging about Dinner-time. My Miftrefs fat down to Table with *Pacheco*, and cunningly turn'd the Conversation upon her own Family. My Father, fays fhe, is a younger Brother of the Family of *Mendocia*, which is fettled at *Toledo*; and my Mother is Sister to *Donna Chimena de Gufman*, who is lately come to *Salamanca* about an important Affair, with her Niece *Aurora*, the only Daughter of *Don Vincent de Gufman*, whom perhaps you may know. No, reply'd Don *Lewis*, but I have often heard fpeak of him, as alfo of your Coufin *Aurora*. May I believe what is faid of her? 'Tis reported that nothing can equal her Wit and Beauty. As for Wit, answer'd Don *Felix*, 'tis true fhe does not want for it. Her Education too, has given it no  
small

small Addition. But she is not so very handsome. They say we Two are very like one another. If so, cry'd *Pacheco*, she does not come short of her Character. Your Features are very regular: Your Cousin therefore must needs be charming. I wish I cou'd see and talk with her a little. I'll satisfy that Curiosity, reply'd the false *Mendocia*, and this very Day too. I'll carry you to my Aunt's some time this Afternoon.

After this my Mistress turn'd the Discourse another way, and talk'd of indifferent Matters. In the Afternoon, while they were preparing themselves to pay a Visit to *Donna Chimena*, I slipt out before, and ran to bid the *Duegna* make ready to receive them. I then return'd to wait upon Don *Felix*, who carried Don *Lewis* to his Aunt's House. They were scarce enter'd there, when they met Madam *Chimena*, who beckon'd to them not to make a Noise: Softly, softly, says she, in a low Voice, you will awake my Niece. Ever since Yesterday she has had a terrible Fit of the Head-ake, which has but just now quitted her, and so the poor Girl is laid down a little. I am very sorry for this Disappointment, said *Mendocia*, I was in hopes we should have seen my Cousin. I brought my Friend *Pacheco* along with me.  
purely

purely for that Purpose. There's no such mighty haste, replied *Ortiz*, smiling; you may as well put it off till to-morrow. The two Cavaliers having had a little further Talk with the old Woman, took their Leave and retired.

Don *Lewis* carried us to see a young Gentleman of his Acquaintance, call'd Don *Gabriel de Pedros*. There we pass'd the rest of the day; we sup'd there too, and did not get away till Two o'Clock in the Morning. We were about half way home, when we found two Men stretch'd out at their full lengths upon the Ground. We supposed they were some unfortunate Wretches murder'd by Villians, and therefore we stopt to give them Assistance, if it was not too late. As we were feeling if they had any Life remaining in them, the Watch came. At first they took us for the Murderers, and surrounded us; but they had a better Opinion of us when they had heard us speak, and with the Help of their dark Lanthorns, discover'd the Features of *Mendocia* and *Pacheco*. Afterwards they examined the Faces of the two Men they imagined we had kill'd, and found them to be an unwieldy Rogue of a Licentiate; with his Footman, both overtaken with Wine; or, to speak plain *English*, dead drunk. Gentlemen, cried one  
of



of the Watch, I know this great fat Fellow. 'Tis the Licentiate *Guyomar*, Rector of our University. For all he looks thus, I can tell you he's one of the greatest Scholars at *Salamanca*. There's ne'er a Philosopher of them all, but what he lays as flat as a Flounder in a Dispute. His Tongue is never tired. 'Tis a pity he's a little too much given to Wine, Women, and Law-Suits. He is just now come from his *Isabella*, and by ill Fortune, his Guide is got as drunk as himself. They are both tumbled into the Kennel. But this often happen'd to him before the good Man was Rector. Honour, you see, does not always change Mens Manners. We left the two Sots in the hands of the Watch, who took care to carry them home. We went straight to our Lodgings, and thought of nothing but taking our Repose.

About Noon Don *Felix* and Don *Lewis* arose, and *Aurora de Gusman* was the first Thing they talk'd of. *Gil Blas*, says my Mistress to me, go to my Aunt *Donna Chimena*, and ask her if Signior *Pacheco* and I can see my Cousin to-day. I went out about my Errand, or rather to consult with the *Duegna* what we should do. When we had concerted Measures together, I return'd to the false *Mendocia*:  
Sir,

Sir, says I, your Cousin *Aurora* it quite recover'd of her Illness. She her self order'd me to tell you that your Visit will be very agreeable; and *Donna Chimena* bid me assure Signior *Pacheco*, that for your Sake he shou'd always be extremely welcome to her House.

I perceived that Don *Lewis* was very much pleased with these last Words. My Mistress observ'd the same, and took it as a happy Omen. Just before Dinner, *Chimena's* Footman appear'd, and said to Don *Felix*: Sir, a Man from *Toledo* came to ask for you at my Lady your Aunt's, and left this Note for you. The false *Mendocia* open'd it, and read these Words: *If you are willing to hear News of your Father, and other important Matters, repair to the Black-Horse near the University, immediately upon the Receipt of this Note.* I'm so impatient to hear this News, says he, that I'm resolved to be gone this Moment. Signior *Pacheco*, continued he, if I am not back in two Hours, you may go to my Aunt's by your self. I'll be with you there in the Afternoon. The Message *Gil Blas* brought you from *Donna Chimena*, gives you a very good Pretence to visit there. Saying these Words he went out, and order'd me to follow him.

You

You may easily imagine, that instead of going to the *Black-Horse*, we went directly to *Ortiz's* House. The Moment we were got thither, *Aurora* pull'd off her fair Hair, wash'd her Eye-brows, put on a Woman's Habit, and became a handsome brown Lady, as she naturally was. Her Disguise alter'd her to such a Degree, that no-body wou'd ever have taken *Aurora* and *Don Felix* for the same Person. Besides, she seem'd taller in a Woman's Dress, than in a Man's. Her high-heel Shoes contributed very much to make her so. When she had added to her Charms all the Assistance that Art cou'd lend them, she waited for *Don Lewis*, in an Emotion mix'd with Fear and Hope. Sometimes she thought she might confide in her Wit and Beauty; and at others, she trembled for fear she shou'd prove unsuccessful in this her first Attempt. *Ortiz*, on her side, prepared to do her best to back my Mistress. For my part, as I was not to be seen by *Pacheco* in that House, and like those Actors, who do not come upon the Stage till the latter End of the Play, was to appear only at the End of the Visit, I went my ways as soon as ever I had dined.

At length every Thing being in a Readiness, in comes *Don Lewis*. He was received with great Complaisance by *Donna Chimena*,

*Chimena*, and had two or three Hours Talk with *Aurora*; at the end of which I enter the Chamber where they sat, and addressing my self to the Cavalier: Signior, says I, my Master Don *Felix* can't wait upon you here to Day. He begs you to excuse him. He is with Three *Toledans*, from whom he can't possibly get away. Ah, the Debauchee, cry'd *Donna Chimena*; he is fuddling, I dare lay my Life. No, Madam, replied I, they are talking about very serious Affairs. He's extremely sorry that he can't come hither as he promised. He charg'd me to tell this, both to you and to *Donna Aurora*. Indeed, says my Mistress, I shan't accept of this Excuse; he knows I have been Ill: He ought to be more tender of his Relations than this comes to. But, to punish him, he shan't see me again this Fortnight. Oh, Madam, cried Don *Lewis*, do not form so cruel a Resolution: Don *Felix* has Punishment enough already in losing the Pleasure of your Conversation this once.

They continued to talk in this manner upon the same Subject, for some Time. Afterwards *Pacheco* retired. The charming *Aurora* immediately changed her Dress, and reassumed her Cavalier's Habit. She returns to our Lodging as soon as possible:



I beg your Pardon, my dear Friend, said she to Don *Lewis*, for not coming to you at my Aunt's; I did not know how to get rid of the Company I was in. But, however, you have had the Satisfaction to gratify your Curiosity. What do you think of my Cousin? She has bewitch'd me, replied *Pacheco*. You spoke Truth when you said she was like you. I never saw Features more resembling: The very same Turn of the Face, the same Eyes, the same Mouth, the same Voice. Yet there is some little Difference: *Aurora* is taller than you: She is brown and you are fair: you are gay; she, serious. This is all there is to distinguish you one from the other. As for Wit, continued he, I don't believe a Celestial Substance it self can have more than your Cousin. In a word, she's the most compleat Woman that ever my Eyes beheld.

Signior *Pacheco* pronounced these last Words in so serious a Tone, that Don *Felix* said to him smiling, Friend, go no more to *Donna Chimena's*: I give you this Advice for your Repose. *Aurora de Gusman* might inspire you with a Passion ——— I need not see her again, interrupted he, to be in love with her. That Work is done already. I'm very sorry to hear that, replied the pretended *Mendocia*; for you are  
not

not a Man that will settle, and my Cousin is no *Isabella*. I can tell you, *Aurora* wou'd hardly receive a Lover, whose Views were not Honourable. Honourable! replied Don *Lewis*: Can any-body think of any other, to a Lady of her Birth? Alas, I shou'd look upon my self as the happiest of Mankind, if she approved of my Addresses so far, as to tie her Destiny to mine.

If you are thereabouts, replied Don *Felix*, I offer you my Assistance. I'll do you all the good Offices with *Aurora*, that I am able: And I will engage to bring over my Aunt to your Interests even by to morrow, and she has a very great Influence upon my Cousin. *Pacheco* return'd a thousand Thanks to a Cavalier, who fed him with such pleasing Hopes, and we perceived with Joy, that our Plot took as we cou'd wish. The next Day, we increased Don *Lewis's* Passion by a new Invention. My Mistress, after having been to wait upon *Donna Chimena*, under Pretence of proposing him to her, return'd to their Lodging: I have talk'd with my Aunt, says she, and had no small trouble to make her your Friend. She was violently prejudiced against you. I can't imagine who cou'd have given her such an ill Character of you: But I took your Part boldly, and have at length wiped away the  
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ill Impressions she had received of your Manners.

But this is not all, continued *Aurora*; I have a mind you shou'd have some Conversation with my Aunt in my Presence; for by that means we may secure her to our Interests. *Pacheco* seem'd very impatient to talk with *Donna Chimena*, and that Satisfaction was granted him next Morning. The false *Mendocia* carried him to Dame *Ortiz*, and they three had a Conversation together, wherein Don *Lewis* shew'd that he had suffer'd himself to be very much inflamed in a short Time. The crafty *Chimena* pretended to be moved at his Tenderness, and promised to do all she cou'd to persuade her Niece to accept of him for a Husband. *Pacheco* threw himself at the Feet of so kind an Aunt, and thank'd her for all her Favours. Upon this Don *Felix* ask'd if his Cousin was up. No, replied the *Duegna*; you can't see her now; but come again in the Afternoon, and you shall talk with her as long as you please. This Answer of *Chimena*, as you may easily imagine, gave very great Joy to Don *Lewis*, who thought that Morning very tedious. He went back to his Lodgings with *Mendocia*, who took no small Pleasure in observing him, and finding in him all the Appearances of a real Love.

They

They talk'd of nothing but *Aurora*, and when they had dined, Don *Felix* said to *Pacheco*; I have a sudden Thought come into my Head. I have a mind to go to my Aunt's a little while before you. I'll talk with my Cousin in private, and try to discover how her Heart is disposed towards you. Don *Lewis* liked the Design. He let his Friend go first, and did not set out till an Hour after him. My Mistress made such good Use of this Time, that she was quite dress'd in her Womens Clothes, when her Lover came in. I thought, said that Cavalier, after having saluted *Aurora* and the *Dueña*, I shou'd have met Don *Felix* here. You'll see him presently, replied *Donna Chimena*; he is now writing in my Closet. *Pacheco* seem'd satisfy'd with this Excuse, and fell into Conversation with the two Ladies. Yet, notwithstanding the Presence of his Mistress, he found the Hours run away, and no *Mendocia* appear'd. He shew'd some Surprise at this Disappointment, upon which *Aurora*, suddenly changing her Countenance, said laughing to Don *Lewis*: Is it possible that you shou'd never in the least suspect the Trick we have put upon you? Can a false Head of Hair, and whiten'd Eyebrows, make me so different from my self, as to deceive any-body so far as this?



Be at length disabused, *Pacheco*, continued she, resuming a serious Tone; know that *Don Felix de Mendocia* and *Aurora de Gusman* are one and the same Person.

She was not contented with having informed him of his Error: She confess'd the Weakness she had for him, and all the Steps she had taken to bring things to the Condition they were now in. *Don Lewis* was no less charm'd than surprized at what he heard; he threw himself at my Mistress's Feet, and said to her passionately; Ah, beautiful *Aurora*, may I indeed believe that I am the happy Mortal for whom you have so much Goodness? What can I do to shew my Acknowledgment? An eternal Love is not enough to repay it. These Words were follow'd by a thousand other tender Sayings, after which the Lovers concerted the Measures they should take to accomplish their Desires. It was resolved that we shou'd instantly set out for *Madrid*, where we shou'd put a Catastrophe to our Play by a Wedding. This Design was almost as soon executed as conceived: *Don Lewis*, about a Fortnight afterwards, married my Mistress, and their Nuptials were celebrated with inexpressible Magnificence and Joy.

## C H A P. VII.

*Gil Blas quits Aurora's Service, and goes into that of Don Gonzales Pacheco.*

THREE Weeks after this Marriage, my Mistress was pleased to reward the Services I had done her. She made me a Present of a hundred Pistoles, and said to me; My good Friend *Gil Blas*, I don't turn you away; you may stay with me as long as you think fit; but *Don Gonzales Pacheco*, an Uncle of my Husband's, desires to have you for his *Valet de Chambre*. I have given him so good a Character of you, that he begg'd me to make over to him the Right I had in you. He's an old Gentleman, added she, of a very easy Temper, and I believe you'll live very happy in his Service.

I thank'd *Aurora* for her Kindness to me; and since she had no further need of me, I accepted of the Place which she offer'd, and I did it the more willingly, because I shou'd not go out of the Family. One Morning, therefore, I went from the new-married Bride to wait upon Signior *Don Gonzales*. I found him a-bed, tho' it was almost Noon. When I enter'd his

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Chamber

Chamber he was eating some Soop, which a Page had just brought him in. The old Man's *Mustachios* were paper'd up to keep them in Curl; his Eyes look'd like an extinguish'd Candle; and his Face was as lean and pale as a Ghost. He was one of those old batter'd *Beaux*, who having been very loose in their younger Days, do still retain some of their former Folly. He received me very graciously, and told me, that, if I wou'd serve him with as much Zeal as I had served his Niece, he would make my Life very easy. I promised to do so, and from that Moment he made me his *Valet de Chambre*.

And now I have a new Master, but sure such a one as never was seen before. When he got up, I thought I beheld the Resurrection of *Lazarus*. His Body was so macerated, that by only seeing him naked, one might easily have learnt Anatomy. He had such spindle Shanks, that they look'd but very thin, even after he had pull'd on three or four pair of Stockings one over another. Besides, this living Mummy was very Ptisicky, and cough'd at every Word that came out of his Mouth. When he was up, he drank some Chocolate. Afterwards he call'd for Paper and Ink, wrote a Billet, which he seal'd, and sent away by the Page who had given him his Soop;  
and

and then turning to me: Friend, says he, I intend for the future to send you of my Errands, especially of those to *Donna Eufrafia*, who is a young Lady that I love, and who loves me tenderly.

Good Lord! says I to my self, why shou'd we wonder that the Young Men shou'd fancy themselves adored; when this Old Dotard believes himself beloved? *Gil Blas*, continues he, you shall go with me to see her: I sup there almost every Night; You will be charm'd with her modest, discreet Carriage. Far from being like those giddy Jil-firts, who are all for Youth, and are won wholly by Appearances, she is Sage and Judicious; she values a Man for nothing but his Sense; and prefers a Lover that knows how to love indeed, before all the Beaus and Fops in the World. Don *Gonzales* did not end his Mistress's Eulogium here; he described her as a Compendium of all Perfections; but he had an Auditor that was not so easy of Belief upon this Subject. After the Tricks which I knew the Actresses practis'd, I could not think that any old Gentleman was ever happy in his Amours. However, out of complaisance to my Master, I pretended to give credit to all he said. I did more; I cried up *Eufrafia's* good Taste. I was even so impudent as to aver that she cou'd not



have fix'd her Choice upon a more amiable Gallant. The good Man did not perceive how I cajoled him: on the contrary, my Words made him vainer than ever; so true it is, that Flattery, tho' never so gross, will go down with the Great.

The old Man, after he had writ his Letter, pull'd some Hairs out of his Beard with a little pair of Pincers: Then he wash'd his Eyes to clear away a thick Gum of which they were full. He also wash'd his Ears, afterwards his Hands, and having finished his Ablutions, he black'd over his Mustachios, his Eye-brows and his Hair. He was longer at his Toilet than an old Woman that is labouring to conceal the Havock which Father Time has made on her. He had hardly done dishing himself out, when there enter'd an old Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who was call'd the Count *de Asumar*. This Man freely shew'd the Grayness of his Hair, lean'd upon a Stick, and seem'd to do honour to his Age, instead of trying to appear Young. Signior *Pacheco*, said he at his Entrance, I am come to take a Dinner with you. You are extremely welcome, Count, replied my Master. At the same time they embraced each other, and being sat down fell to chat till Dinner.

Their

Their Conversation at first turn'd upon a Bull-Feast which there had been a few Days before. They talk'd of the Cavaliers who had distinguish'd themselves in it either by Skill or Strength; and upon this the old Count, like *Nestor*, who took occasion from every thing to praise the Times past, said fighting: Alas! I can now-a-days see no Men comparable to those I have seen formerly, neither are Tourneys held with so much Magnificence as they were when I was a young Fellow. I cou'd not help laughing to my self at the good Man's Prejudice against a thing he was past. I remember when the Fruit was brought in, and he saw among it some very fine Peaches, he said: In my Memory, Peaches used to be much bigger than they are at present. Nature grows weaker and weaker every Day. At that rate, answers Don *Gonzales* smiling, The Peaches of *Adam's* Days must have been of a prodigious bigness.

The Count *de Asumar* stay'd almost till Night with my Master, who was no sooner rid of him than he himself went out, bidding me follow him. We went to *Eufrasia's*, who lodged about a hundred Paces from our House, and we found her in an Apartment which indeed was extremely Neat. She was very well dress'd, and had an Air of Youthfulness which made me

take her for a mere Girl, tho' she had full thirty good Years over her Head. She might really be call'd handsome, and I soon admired her Wit. She was none of those flirting Coquets, whose Talk is made up of nothing but Noise, which they accompany with a loose forward Air; there was abundance of Modesty in her Action as well as in her Discourse, and she talk'd with a great deal of Wit, without seeming to value herself over-much upon it. O Heavens! said I to my self, is it possible, that one who seems so reserved, shou'd be a kept Mistress? For my part, I used to think that all your Misses must certainly be impudent. I was surprized at seeing one so modest in appearance, without considering that those Ladies know how to take any Shape that is conformable to the Humour of the Cully that falls into their Clutches. Do their Keepers love Spirit and Life? They are Brisk and Petulant: Do they love Reservedness? They adorn themselves with a Shew of Modesty. They are arrant Cameleons, and change Colour according to the Humour and Genius of the Men that visit them.

Don *Gonzales* was not one of those Gentlemen that love a high-spirited Mistress. He could not endure a haughty Beauty; a Woman to catch him must have the Look of a Vestal. This Temper of his, *Eufrosia* govern'd

govern'd her self by, and gave a Proof that there are good Actresses besides those that make Acting their Profession. I left my Master with his Nymph, and went down into a Hall, where I found an old Chamber-maid, whom I knew again for one that had been a Waiter to an Actress. She on her side remember'd me too. Are you here, Signior *Gil Blas*, says she? You have left *Arsenia* then, as I have *Constantia*? Left her, replied I! Ay, a great while ago. I have since that serv'd a Woman of Quality. The Life of those Actors does not at all hit my Taste. I quitted *Arsenia* of my own Accord, without condescending to have the least Eclaircissement with her. You did well, replied the Chamber-maid, whose Name was *Beatrice*; I left *Constantia* much after the same manner. One Morning I gave her in my Accounts with a great deal of Coldness and Indifference: She receiv'd them without saying one single Syllable, and so we parted very genteely.

I am overjoy'd, says I, to find that we are both now got into creditable Families. *Donna Eufrasia* seems to be a sort of a Woman of Quality; and is, I believe, of a very good Character. You are not in the least deceived, replied the old Trot; she comes of a very good Family, and her Hu-



mour is, I can tell you, extremely even and sweet. She is none of those passionate difficult Mistresses, who find fault with every thing, are everlastingly scolding and tormenting their Servants, and whose Service is, in short, a Hell upon Earth. She has not yet given me one angry Word. When I happen to do any thing not exactly to her Mind, she reproves me without Passion, and never gives any of those Epithets, of which some violent Ladies are so over-liberal. My Master too, replied I, is of a very quiet Disposition; he is the best temper'd Man in the World: You and I are in much better Places than when we served the Actresses. Better a thousand times, answer'd *Beatrice*; Then I lived a Life full of Noise and Tumult; whereas at present I live in a perfect Retreat. Nothing of Mankind comes hither besides Signior Don *Gonzales*. I shall see no body but you in my Solitude, and I am very glad of it. I have long had a Kindness for you, and have more than once envied *Laura* the Happiness of having you for her Lover; but now I hope I shall be as fortunate as she was. If I have not her Youth and Beauty; to make amends, I hate Coquetry; and for Fidelity, I am a perfect Turtle-Dove.

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As the kind-hearted *Beatrice* was one of those Females, who are obliged to offer their Favours, because no body thinks it worth while to beg them, I was not in the least tempted to catch at her Advances. However, I was not willing she shou'd perceive my Contempt of her, and therefore I was so complaisant as to talk to her in such a manner as not to deprive her of all Hopes of engaging me to love her. I imagined, I had made a Conquest of this old Waiting-maid; but I was deceived again on this Occasion. She did not care for me so much for any extraordinary Beauty that was in me; her Design was to inspire me with Love, in order to bring me into her Mistress's Interests, for which she was so zealous, that she did not care what it cost her, so she could but serve them. I found my Error the very next Morning, when I carried a *Billet-doux* from my Master to *Eufrosia*. Her Ladyship gave me a mighty gracious Reception, said a thousand obliging things to me, and the Maid join'd in with the Mistress in praising me. One admired my Face, the other my Wisdom and Prudence. Believe them, and Signior Don Gonzales possess'd, a Treasure in his *Valet de Chambre*; in a word, they gave me such extravagant Commendations, that I began

began to suspect there was something more in it than ordinary. I soon guess'd the Motive; but I received all they said with the Simplicity of an Idiot, and by that means turned the Jest upon themselves: At length they pull'd off the Mask, and shew'd themselves in their true Colours.

Take my Advice, *Gil Blas*, says *Eufrosia*, and it shall be your own Fault if you don't make your Fortune. Let us all act in concert. *Don Gonzales* is old, and of so crazy a State of Health, that the least Fit of Illness, with the Assistance of a good Doctor, will carry him off. Let us make good Use of the few Moments he has to live, and work him up to leave me the Bulk of his Estate. I will give you good Part of it. I promise you to do it, and you may depend upon this Promise as firmly as if it were made in the Presence of all the Notaries in *Madrid*. Madam, answered I, dispose of your Servant as you please; Do but let me know what you wou'd have me do, and I'll engage to satisfy you. Well then, replied she, watch your Master narrowly, and give me an Account of every thing he does. Whenever you talk with him, be sure to turn the Conversation upon Women, and from thence take occasion artfully to commend me. Cry up *Eufrosia* to him as much as you are  
are

are able: Then I wou'd have you attentively mind every thing that passes in the Family of the *Pacheco's*. If you find that any Kinsman of *Don Gonzales* is very assiduous about him, and has an Eye to his Estate, let me know it immediately. I desire no more. I'll soon do his Business for him. I know the Characters of all your Master's Relations, and how to make them ridiculous to him: And I have already put all his Nephews and Cousins quite out of his Favour.

By these Instructions, and others which *Eufrasia* added, I guess'd that this Lady was one of those who traded in old Cul-  
lies. She had not long since prevail'd upon *Don Gonzales* to sell an Estate, the Purchase Money whereof she swept into her own Pocket. She every day got something valuable from him; and hoped, besides, that he would not forget her in his Will. I pretended my self very willing to do any thing she desired of me, and, not to lye for the Matter, was in some Doubt, as I went home, whether I shou'd help to cozen my Master, or try to undeceive him about his Mistress: The latter seem'd the honestest Resolution, and I found my self more inclined to do my Duty than betray it. Besides, *Eufrasia* had promised me nothing certain, and that perhaps was the  
Reason



Reason my Fidelity was not corrupted. I resolved therefore to serve Don *Gonzales* zealously, and was persuaded that if I cou'd bring him off from his Idol, I shou'd be better rewarded for so good an Action, than for the ill ones which it was in my Power to do.

To compass this Design I feign'd my self entirely devoted to Donna *Eufrasia's* Service. I made her believe I was always talking of her to my Master, and thereupon told her a thousand Lies, which she greedily swallow'd. I so well insinuated my self into her good Opinion, that she thought me wholly in her Interests. The better to impose upon her, I pretended Love to *Beatrice*, who, overjoy'd to have a young Man in her Chains at her Age, never in the least suspected that I put upon her. When my Master and I were with our Princesses, you might have seen two very different Pictures, though both of the same kind. Don *Gonzales*, pale and shrivel'd, as I have described him, when he cast Sheeps Eyes at his Mistress, look'd just like a Man that was giving up the Ghost: And my sweet Creature, whenever I grew passionate, assumed a childish Air, and run over all the Grimaces of an old Coquet: And indeed she was forty Years old the least Penny. She had improved

Chap. 7. of GIL BLAS. III

proved mightily in the Service of some of those Heroines of Gallantry, who know how to please even in their old Age, and who die, laden with the Spoils of two or three Generations. I was not contented with going to *Eufrasia's* every Night with my Master, I went sometimes in the day-time by my self. But go to her House at what Hour I wou'd, I cou'd never see any thing of a Man there, nor even a Woman that look'd suspiciously. I cou'd not discover the least Footsteps of Infidelity in her: Which surprized me not a little; for I cou'd not believe that so handsome a Woman was strictly constant to Don *Gonzales*. I was not deceived in my Opinion; and the beautiful *Eufrasia*, as you shall soon be inform'd, that she might wait for my Master's Death with the more Patience, had provided her self of a Lover, whose Age was more suitable to her own.

One Morning I carried a Note to her as usual. While I was in her Chamber, I spied the Feet of a Man hidden behind the Hangings. I went out again without letting her see that I had minded it: But tho' it was no more than I ought to have expected, and was besides no Bread and Butter of mine, I could not help being disturbed at it. Ah, perfidious, said I to my self, wicked

wicked *Eufrafia*! Not contented to impose upon a good old Man, by pretending to love him, must you also entertain another, to complete your Treachery! What a Fool was I to argue in this manner? I shou'd rather have laugh'd at the Adventure, and look'd upon it as a Compensation for the Lothsomeness there was in the Embraces of my Master. At least, I had better have said nothing of the Matter, than taken this Opportunity to shew my self an honest Servant. But instead of moderating my Zeal, I enter'd warmly into Don *Gonzales*'s Interests, and made him a faithful Relation of what I had seen. To this I added the Temptations *Eufrafia* had offer'd, in order to seduce me. I conceal'd nothing from him that she had said to me; and it was entirely his own Fault that he did not see thoroughly into his Mistress's Character. He was astonish'd with what he heard, and a little Transport of Anger made me fancy that her Ladyship wou'd not escape unpunish'd for her Infidelity. 'Tis enough, *Gil Blas*, says he to me; I am very sensible of the Zeal with which you serve me, and I highly approve of it. I will go this Moment to *Eufrafia*. I will not spare her in the least, but break with her for ever. At these Words he went to her indeed, and gave me leave to stay behind, that I might avoid the scurvy Figure I must infallibly

fallibly have made in the Scene of their Expostulation.

I waited for my Master's Return with the greatest Impatience in the World. I did not doubt but he wou'd now be entirely freed from the Power of his Nymph's Attractions, having such just Reason to be provoked with her. In this Thought, I rejoiced mightily at what I had done. I represented to my self the Satisfaction it wou'd be to the lawful Heirs of Don *Gonzales*, when they shou'd be inform'd that their Kinsman was no longer a Slave to a Passion so contrary to their Interests. I flatter'd my self how much they wou'd be obliged to me for this Service, and I fancied I should be distinguished far above all other Valets, who are generally more willing to keep their Masters in Debauchery, than to work them out of it. I was mighty fond of Honour, and imagined with great Pleasure that I should be reckon'd the very *Coryphæus* of Servants: But all these agreeable Ideas vanish'd away in Smoke a few Hours afterwards. My Master return'd. My good *Gil Blas*, says he, I have had a sharp Conflict with *Eufrafia*. She avers that what you have told me is all false. If I wou'd believe her, you are an Impostor, and devoted entirely to my Relations, for whose sake you  
are



are resolved to try all Means to set me at Variance with her. I saw her shed unfeigned Tears. She swore to me by every Thing sacred, that she never made you any Proposal; and that she admits of no Man's Visits but my own. *Beatrice*, who seems a very honest Woman, protested the same thing to me; so that my Anger is appeased, do all I can.

How, Sir, interrupted I, very much dejected, do you doubt my Sincerity? Do you distrust——No, my good Lad, interrupted he in his turn, I must needs do you Justice. I don't think you are in League with my Nephews. I am persuaded you are concern'd only for my Interests, and I am therefore very much obliged to you; but Appearances are deceitful: perhaps you did not really see what you fancied you saw, and in that Case consider how displeasing your Accusation must be to *Eufrasia*. Be it as 'twill, she is a Woman I can't possibly help loving. I must unavoidably make her the Sacrifice she demands of me, and that Sacrifice is parting with you. I am very sorry for it, *Gil Blas*, continued he, and I assure you I did not consent to do it without a great deal of Regret: But I can't tell how to help it. You need not, however, be very uneasy at it, for I don't mean to turn you off  
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unrewarded. Besides, I will place you with a Lady of my Acquaintance, where you will live very agreeably.

I was very much mortified to see the Tables turn'd upon me in this manner. I curs'd *Eufrafia*, and pitied *Don Gonzales's* Weakness. The good old Gentleman was very sensible that, in turning me away only to please his Mistress, he perform'd no very manly Action; and therefore, to make Amends for his Folly, and sweeten the Pill a little, he gave me fifty Ducats, and carried me next day to the Marchioness of *Chaves*. He told that Lady in my Presence, that I was a young Fellow of very good Qualities; that he lov'd me very much, and being obliged to part with me for some Family Reasons, begged her to take me into her Service. From that Moment she received me into the Number of her Domesticks: So that I presently saw a new House over my Head.



## C H A P. VIII.

*The Character of the Marchioness of Chaves, and the Persons that commonly visited there.*

THE Marchioness of *Chaves* was a Widow about five and thirty Years old, handsome, tall, and well-shaped. She had an Estate of ten thousand Ducats *per Ann.* and had no Children. I never saw a Woman more serious, or that talked less. Yet she was accounted one of the wittiest Ladies in all *Madrid*. The great Concourse of Persons of Quality, and Men of Letters, that flock'd thither every day, contributed, perhaps more than her own Conversation, to gain her that Repute. However, I shan't presume to decide what it was. I shall only say, that her very Name carried along with it the Notion of a superior Genius, and that her House was call'd, by way of Distinction, the Court of Judicature for Productions of Wit.

And indeed, there was either a Play, or some other Poem, read there every Day. But none besides serious Pieces could get Audience here. Comick Writings were looked upon with Contempt. The best Co-

Comedy, or the most diverting Romance, was thought but a very weak Performance, not worthy of any Praise; whereas the least Work, if serious, an Ode, an Eclogue, a Sonnet, was judged as the greatest Effort of human Wit. It often happened that the Publick did not confirm the Decrees of the Court, and impolitely hiss'd the Pieces which had been there cry'd up to the Skies.

I was Chamber-Keeper in this House; I mean it was my Business to prepare every thing in my Mistress's Apartment for the Reception of the Company, to set Chairs for the Men, and Stools for the Women: After which I stood at the Door of the Chamber to tell my Mistress who enquired for her, and to introduce the Visitants. The first Day I was in my Post, the Governor of the Pages, who by chance was then in the Anti-chamber with me, agreeably gave me the Character of every Body that came. His Name was *Andrew Molina*. He was naturally Phlegmatick, a mighty Rallier, and did not want for Wit. A Bishop was the first that made his Entry. When he was gone in; This Prelate, says the Governor, is of a very odd Character. He has some little Interest at Court; but he would fain have you believe he has a vast deal. He makes Offers



of Service to all the World, and serves no Body. One Day he met a Gentleman at Court, who saluted him: He stops him, loads him with Compliments, and shaking him by the Hand: I am, Sir, says he, entirely devoted to you. I beg you would but try me. I shall not die contented, if I have not some Opportunity of obliging you. The Gentleman thank'd him in a very grateful Manner; and, when his Back was turn'd, the Prelate said to one of his Servants; I think I know that Man, I have a confused Idea of having seen him somewhere before.

A Moment after the Bishop, the Son of a Grandee appear'd; and when I had introduced him into my Mistress's Chamber; This Gentleman, says *Molina*, is another Original. He often goes into a House in order to talk with the Master of it about some important Affair, and comes out again without remembring to say a Word concerning it. But, added the Governor, seeing two Women coming in, here comes Donna *Angela de Penafiel*, and Donna *Margarita de Montalvan*. These two Ladies are not at all like one another. Donna *Margarita* sets up for a Philosopher. She'll hold you a Dispute with the learned'st Doctor in *Salamanca*, and never recede an Inch from her Argument, let him push her never so

so home. As for Donna *Angela*, she does not pretend to Scholarship, though she is extremely well educated. She talks justly, her Thoughts are ingenious, her Expressions delicate, choice, and natural. This last Character is very amiable, says I to *Molina*; but the other does not in my Opinion agree in the least with the Nature of the Fair Sex. 'Tis true, says he smiling, but there are some of ours whose Philosophy sits full as ill upon them. Our Mistress, continued he, is a little given to Philosophy; What Disputations shall we have here by and by! Pray Heaven, Religion do not come into the Scrape.

As he ended these Words, there comes in a little thin Man, with a mighty grave crabbed Look. My Governor gave him no more Quarter than the rest. This, says he, is one of those serious Gentlemen, who, by Means of a few Sentences out of *Seneca*, would fain pass for prodigious Genius's, but who are no better than Sots and Pedants, if you look farther into them. Afterwards came a Cavalier very genteel, and of a Greek Mien, that is one who seem'd to be mighty-well pleased with himself. I ask'd who it was? This, says *Molina*, is a Dramatick Poet: He has in his Life-time made a hundred thousand Verses that have not got him a Groat; but, to make A-  
mends

mends for that, he has lately with six Lines of Prose, made his Fortune at one clap.

As I was about to desire him to explain this Riddle. we heard a great Noise upon the Stair-case. Oh, cries the Governor, here comes the Licentiate *Campanario*. You may know him by the Bustle he makes before he appears. He begins to talk the Moment he enters the Doors, and never gives over till he goes out again. - Indeed, we were almost stunn'd with the eternal Larum of the Licentiate, who enter'd the Antichamber with a Batchelor of Arts of his Acquaintance; and never gave his Tongue the least Intermission till the Visit was ended. Signior *Campanario*, says I to *Molina*, is, I suppose, a very great Wit. Ay, replies my Governor, he has sometimes very Brilliant Thoughts, and out-of-the-way Expressions. He is good Company enough. But then, besides his being an everlasting Talker, he is often forced to repeat what he has said before, or else he'd be sometimes at a loss for Prate; to tell you my Mind, I fancy the comical Look with which he seasons every Thing, is the greatest Part of his Merit. There are very few of his Sayings would do well in a Jest-Book,

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There afterwards came several other Persons, whom *Molina* described to me in the same Manner. He did not forget to give me the Marchioness's Picture among the rest. Our Mistress, says he, has a good deal of Sense, notwithstanding her Philosophy. She is not very hard to please, which makes her Service agreeable and easy. She is one of the most reasonable Women of Quality that I know. She has no Manner of Passion. She loves Play no more than she does Gallantry : Her whole Pleasure is in Conversation. Few Ladies would like to live as she does. This *Elogium* gave me a mighty good Opinion of my Mistress. Yet, a few Days afterwards I could not help suspecting that she was not quite so averse to Love as he described her to be; and the Cause of my Suspicion was this.

One Morning, while she was at her Toilet, there comes to me a little Man about Forty Years Old; he was the most disagreeable Figure I ever saw in my Life; more greasy than *Pedro de Moya* the Author, and extremely hump-back'd into the bargain. He told me he wanted to speak with her Ladyship. I ask'd him who he came from. From no Body, reply'd he sternly. Tell her I am the Cavalier about whom she talk'd with Donna *Anna de Ve-*



*lasco* Yesterday. I desired him to walk in, and then went to tell my Mistress who was there. The Marchioness burst out immediately into an Exclamation, and, in a Transport of Joy, bid me bring him in. She not only received him favourably, but obliged all her Women to leave the Room; so that my Lord Crump, more happy than a Man of Merit, remain'd with her alone. The Maids and I could not help laughing at this Adventure: He stay'd with her almost an Hour, after which my Mistress waited upon him out with such Civility and Compliment as shew'd she was wondrously pleas'd w'th him.

And indeed she had taken such a liking to his Conversation, that at Night she said to me in private: *Gil Blas*, when the Hump-back'd Gentleman comes again, bring him up to my Apartment as privately as ever you can. I obey'd. When the little Cavalier came next, which was the very Morning following, I carry'd him into my Lady's Chamber by a back Pair of Stairs. I very piously did the same Thing two or three Times, without imagining there could be any Gallantry between them Two. But the Malignity so natural to Mankind, soon gave me strange Fancies, and I concluded that the Marchioness had either very

ry odd Inclinations, or else this Spark was a Sort of a Go-between.

In this Opinion I often said to my self: If my Mistress is in love with any handsome Gentleman, I forgive her: But if she can like such a nasty Baboon as this Fellow, her Depravation of Taste is unpardonable. How much I was out in my Conjecture! The little Man it seems was a Pretender to Magick, and having been mightily cry'd up to the Marchioness, who was easily bubbled by such sort of Quacks, she was extremely desirous of talking with him in private. He shew'd Things in a Glass, and for Money reveal'd all the Mysteries of the *Cabala*: or, to speak more truly, he was a Juggler that maintain'd himself at the Expence of credulous People, and by the Contributions of several foolish Women of Quality.

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## CHAP. IX.

*What Accident obliged Gil Blas to leave the Marchioness de Chaves, and the Course he took afterwards.*

I Had now lived Six Months with the Marchioness *de Chaves*, and I own I

was very well satisfied with my Condition. But Fate, which must be obey'd, wou'd not suffer me to stay any longer in the Family of that Lady, nor even at *Madrid*. The Adventure which obliged me to leave both was as follows.

Among my Mistress's Women there was one whose Name was *Porcia*. She was not only young and handsome, but of so good a Character, that I was resolved to make my Addresses to her, not knowing her Heart was to be disputed for before it was won. The *Marchioness's* Secretary, a proud jealous-pated Coxcomb, was in love with my Goddess. He no sooner discover'd my Passion, than, without trying to find out how *Porcia* received it, he resolved to fight me. With this Intent he challenged me to meet him one Morning in a very private Place. As he was a short Man, and hardly reach'd up to my Shoulders, I did not look upon him as an Adversary at all to be fear'd: I repair'd boldly therefore to the Field of Battle. I was confident of gaining the Victory, and hoped it would make me more agreeable in the Eyes of *Porcia*: But the Event did not answer my Expectations. The little Secretary, who had been three Years at the Fencing-School, disarm'd me in a Moment, as if I had been a mere Infant, and put-

putting his Sword to my Throat : Prepare your self, says he, to die this Instant, or give me your Word of Honour, never to think any more of *Porcia*, and to leave the *Marchioness's* House this very Day. I made him the Promise he demanded, and kept it without Regret. I was ashamed to appear again before my Fellow-Servants, after having been so shamefully defeated, and particularly before the beautiful *Helen*, who had been the Subject of our Dispute. I went Home to fetch my Money and Clothes, and directed my Steps towards *Toledo* that very Day ; my Purse very well furnish'd, and my Back laden with a Bundle, consisting of what few Things I had. Tho' I was not under any Obligation to leave *Madrid*, yet I thought 'twou'd be best to do so, at least for a few Years. I form'd a Resolution of travelling over all *Spain*, and staying a little while at every Town. The Money I am Master of, says I to my self, will go a great way. I won't lay it out profusely. And when 'tis gone, I can but return to Service. A Man of my Capacity need not fear getting Places enow, whenever he thinks fit to look out for them.

I had a particular Desire to see *Toledo*. I arriv'd there in Three Days. I took a Lodging in a very good Inn, where I pass'd for a Cavalier of Figure, by means



of the fine Clothes I wore, and the Airs I gave my self. I might, if I pleased, have had Affairs with several handsome Women that lived in the Neighbourhood; but knowing that such Things were very chargeable, I put a Bridle upon my Desires; and having always an itch for rambling, after I had seen every Thing in *Toledo*, that is worth the Sight, I left it one Day very early in the Morning, and took the Road to *Cuenca*, with a Design to go to *Arragon*. On the second Day, I went into an Inn which I saw on the Road, and while I was refreshing my self, there came in a Company of *Alguazils*. These Gentlemen call'd for Wine, and fell to Drinking. Whilst they were at this agreeable Diversion, I heard them describe a young Man whom they had Orders to Arrest. The Cavalier, says one of them, is not above Three and Twenty. He has long Black Hair, a *Roman* Nose, is well-shaped, and rides upon a Bay Horse.

I heard them, without seeming at all to mind what they said, and indeed, it was none of my Business. I left them in the Inn, and continued my Journey. I was hardly got half a Mile further, when I met a young Cavalier very genteel, and mounted upon a Chestnut-Colour Horse. I'll be hang'd, says I to my self, if this is not  
not

not the Man the *Alguazils* are in quest of. He has long black Hair, and a *Roman* Nose. Perhaps I may do him a good Office. Sir, says I, give me leave to ask you if you have not upon your Hands some Affair of Honour. The young Man look'd at me without making any Reply, and seem'd very much surprized at my Question. I assured him it was not Curiosity only that made me so impertinent. He was thoroughly convinced it was not, when I had told him what I heard in the Inn. Generous Stranger, says he, I can't help owning to you that I have Cause to believe it is me the *Alguazils* are searching for. Therefore I'll immediately take some other Road to avoid them. 'Tis my Advice, replied I, that we seek out some Place where you may be in Safety, and which may shelter us both from a Storm of Rain which I see in the Air, and which looks as if it wou'd soon fall. At the same Time we reach'd a Row of thick-spreading Trees, which led us to the Foot of a Mountain, where we found a Hermitage.

It was a large deep *Grotto*, which Time had made in the Mountain, and to which the Hand of Man had added a sort of a Front, made of Stones and Shells, and cover'd all over with Turf. The Ground

all about it was embroider'd with a Thousand sorts of Flowers, which perfumed the Air, and near the *Grotto* there was a little Opening, out of which gush'd a Spring of Water that ran in Streams all along a Meadow. At the Entry of this solitary Lodging, stood a Holy Hermit, who seem'd depress'd with extreme old Age. With one Hand he lean'd upon a Stick, and in the other he held a Rosary, of at least Twenty Strings of large Beads. His Head was buried in a Cap of brown Cloth with long Ears to it, and his Beard, which was whiter than Snow, fell down to his Girdle. We went up to him: Father, says I, permit us to beg a Shelter of you against the Storm which threatens us. Come in, my Children, replied the *Anchoret*, after having look'd wistly upon me: This Hermitage is open to you, and you may stay in it as long as you please. As for your Horse, added he, shewing us the Out-front of the Cell, it will stand there very dry. The Cavalier who was with me, put his Horse where he was directed, and we follow'd the Hermit into the *Grotto*.

We were no sooner got in, than there fell a great Shower of Rain, mix'd with a terrible Storm of Lightning and Thunder. The Hermit fell upon his Knees before an Image of St. *Pacomo*, which was fasten'd  
to

to the Wall, and we, following his Example, did the same. The Thunder soon gave over. We got up; but as the Rain continued, and Night was not very far off, the old Man said to us: Children, I wou'd not advise you to continue your Journey through so much Rain, unless your Affairs are very pressing. We answered, that we had none to hinder us from staying there, and that if we did not incommode him, we shou'd be glad to pass the Night in his Hermitage. You won't in the least incommode me, replied the Hermit. You will be the Persons most uneasy. You will have but an ill Lodging, and I have no better than an Anchoret's Repast to offer you.

After having said this, the holy Man made us sit down at a little Table, and presenting us some Onions, with a Morsel of Bread, and a Jugg of Water: My Sons, says he, you see my ordinary Sustenance; but for your sake I will indulge my self a little to-day. With this he fetch'd out a Slice of Cheese, and two Handful of Nuts, which he spread upon the Table. The young Gentleman, who had no great Appetite, did not praise this Food much by his eating. I see, says the Hermit, you have been used to far better Tables than mine; or, to speak more properly, Sensu-



ality has corrupted your natural Taste. I have lived in the World, as you do now. The most delicious Meats, the most exquisite Ragouts were hardly good enough for me; but since I have lived in this solitary Course of Life, I have restored my Taste to its original Purity. I have no *gusto* now for any thing but Roots, Milk, and the Fruits of the Earth; in a word, for nothing but what our first Fathers lived upon.

While he was thus speaking, the young Gentleman fell into a deep musing. The Hermit perceived it: My Son, says he, you have something lies heavy upon your Mind. May not I know what it is? Unbosom your self to me. It is not Curiosity that induces me to press you thus. I do it out of pure Charity. My Age enables me to give Advice, and perhaps your Circumstances stand in need of it. Yes, Father, replied the Cavalier, sighing, I have too surely need of it, and since you are so kind as to offer me yours, I will take it. I dare say I may safely venture to discover my self to so holy a Man as you are. You may do it, my Son, said the old Man, without any Apprehension. I am not used to reveal any Secrets that are intrusted to me. With this Assurance the Cavalier begun in these Words.

CHAP.

## C H A P. X.

*The History of Don Alphonso, and the beautiful Seraphina.*

I Shall hide nothing from you, Father, nor from this Gentleman. After the Generosity he has shew'd me, I shou'd be the most ungrateful Man upon Earth to distrust him. I'll relate to you all my Misfortunes. I am of *Madrid*, and my Origin is this: An Officer of the *German Guard*, call'd the *Baron de Steinbach*, as he was going into his own House one Night, perceived at the Foot of the Staircase a Bundle of white Linen. He took it up and carried it into his Wife's Apartment, where he found it to be a new-born Child, wrapt up in a very neat Toilet, with a Note, which declared that it belong'd to Persons of Quality, who would some time or other make themselves known, adding, that it had been Baptized, and was named *Alphonso*. I am that unhappy Child, and that is all I know of my Birth. I know not but that my Mother may have exposed me to conceal her unlawful Amours; or else, being seduced by a perjured Lover, was fatally engaged in the cruel necessity of disowning me.

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However it be, the Baron and his Wife were moved at my Fortune, and having no Children, resolved to bring me up by the Name of Don *Alphonso*. In proportion as I advanced in Years their Kindness for me increased. My innocent endearing Actions made them be every Moment caressing me. In short I was so happy as to gain their Love. They had me taught by all sorts of Masters. My Education became their only Study; and far from being impatient to have my Parents discover themselves, they seem'd rather to wish that my Birth might always remain a Secret. As soon as the Baron saw me of an Age fit to bear Arms, he put me into the Service. He obtain'd a Colours for me, gave me a suitable Equipage, and to encourage me to search out Opportunities of acquiring Glory, he represented to me that the Race of Honour was free to all the World, and that I might gain in War a Name so much the more glorious, as I shou'd owe it to nothing but my own Merit. At the same time he reveal'd to me the Secret of my Birth, which till then he had kept hid from me. As I pass'd in *Madrid* for his Son, and did really take my self to be such, this Discovery gave me a great deal of Uneasiness. I cannot think of it even yet without Shame. The more my Sentiments assure me that I am of a  
noble

noble Descent, the more Confusion it gives me to reflect, that I am abandon'd by my Parents.

I went to serve in *Flanders*, but a Peace was concluded soon afterwards; and *Spain* having no more Enemies to deal with, I return'd to *Madrid*, where the Baron and his Lady gave me fresh Marks of Tenderness. I had been return'd about Two Months, when one Morning a little Page came into my Chamber, and deliver'd me a Letter, written, if I forget not, in these Words: *I am neither ugly nor ill shaped, and yet you often see me at my Window without taking any Notice of me. This Proceeding suits ill with the Galantry of your Looks, and I am so vex'd at it, that to be revenged, I should be glad to make you in love with me.*

When I had read this Billet, I did not doubt but it came from a Widow named *Leonora*, who lodged over-against our House, and who had the Reputation of being a very great Coquet. I ask'd the little Page whether I had guess'd right? At first he acted the Reserved, but for a Ducat which I clapp'd into his Hand he satisfied my Curiosity. He even undertook to give her my Answer, in which I told his Mistress that I acknowledged my Crime, and that I found she was already half revenged.



I own I was a little taken with this sort of Courtship. I did not go out all day, but was very careful to stand at my Window to watch the Lady, who did not fail to be at hers. I express'd my self to her by Gestures. She answer'd them, and the very next day sent me Word by her little Page, that if I wou'd be in the Street that Night between Eleven and Twelve I might talk with her at the Parlour Window. Tho' I was not mightily smitten with so forward a Widow, yet I return'd her a very passionate Answer, and waited for Night with as much Impatience as if I had been really in Love. When it came, I went to walk in the *Prado* till the Hour of Appointment. I was no sooner got thither, than a Man, mounted upon a fine Horse, alighted by me, and accosting me very roughly: Cavalier, says he, are not you the Son of Baron *Steinbach*? I am, answer'd I. You are he then, that are to talk with *Leonara* to-night at her Window: I have seen her Letters and your Answers. Her Page shew'd them me all, and I have follow'd you from your House hither, to teach you that you have a Rival who scorns to have you dispute a Heart with him. I need say no more. We are here private enough. Draw, unless to avoid your Punishment you promise to break entirely with *Leonora*.  
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Sacrifice to my Demands the Hopes you have conceived, or you die this Moment. You shou'd have begg'd this Sacrifice, said I, and not have demanded it in so haughty a manner. I might have granted it to your Request; but to your Threats I refuse it flatly.

Well then, said he, having tied up his Horse, the Sword must decide it. It does not become a Person of my Quality to descend so low as to beg any thing of one of yours. Some of my Equals, if they were in my place, would be reveng'd of you in a less honourable Manner. These last Words shock'd me very much; and seeing that he had already drawn his Sword, I drew mine too. We fought with so much Rage that the Controversy was soon decided. Whether he engaged me with too much Fury, or I had most Skill, I soon gave him a mortal Wound: I saw him stagger and fall. After this, thinking of nothing but how to make my Escape, I took the Horse he came upon, and turn'd into the Road that leads to *Toledo*. I durst not go back to the Baron *de Steinbach*, because I knew this Accident wou'd only afflict him; and when I consider'd the Danger I was in, I thought I cou'd not get from *Madrid* soon enough.

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With these, and other melancholy Reflections, I travell'd all the rest of the Night and next Morning. But about Noon I was forc'd to stop to give my Horse some Rest, and to avoid the Heat which grew insupportable. I staid in a Village till Sunset. After which having a mind to get to *Toledo* without baiting any more, I continu'd my Journey. I was come two Leagues beyond *Illescas*, when about Midnight a Storm, like this to-day, caught me in the middle of a Field. I rode up to the Walls of a Garden which I spied at some distance, and not finding any better Shelter, stood with my Horse as close as ever I cou'd to the Door of a Summer-house which was at the End of a Wall, and over which was a Balcony. As I lean'd against the Door I found that it was open, which I ascrib'd to the Negligence of the Servants. I alighted, and less out of Curiosity than to be out of the Rain, (which was very troublesome notwithstanding the Balcony that was over my Head) I enter'd into the Summer-house with my Horse which I led by the Bridle.

During the Storm I took notice of the Place where I was; and tho' I cou'd see nothing of it but by the help of the Lightning, yet I found that the House must certainly belong to no mean Person. I wait-  
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ed till the Rain should give over, that I might be moving forward; but a great Light which I perceiv'd a pretty way farther, made me take other Resolutions. I left my Horse in the Summer-house, and to secure him shut the Door. I advanc'd towards the Light, hoping to find somebody up in the House, that I might beg a Lodging there for that Night. Having gone thro' several Allies of Trees, I came to a Hall, the Door of which was likewise open. I went in, and having by means of a noble Crystal Branch, lighted up, which hung in the midst, observ'd that this House was very magnificent, I did not doubt but it belong'd to some Person of Quality. The Pavement was of Marble; the Wainscot admirably well wrought and artfully gilt, and the Cieling seem'd to be the Work of the skillfullest Painters. But what I observ'd most particularly, was a great Number of Busts of *Spanish* Heroes, which stood all round the Hall upon little Pedestals of *Jasper*. I had full time to take particular notice of all these things, for tho' I listen'd very attentively, I cou'd not hear any body stirring.

On one side of the Hall there was a Door which stood upon the Jar. I push'd it open and saw a long Row of Chambers, which had not the least Light in any but the



the last. What shall I do now? said I to my self: Shall I go back to my Horse, or be so bold as to venture quite to that Room? I thought indeed that the wisest thing I cou'd do was to go back; but I could not resist my Curiosity, or rather the Force of my Stars, which hurried me along in spite of my Reason. I advance: I go through all the Rooms, and at length come to that in which there was a Candle burning upon a Marble Table in a Silver Candlestick gilt. The Furniture was all extremely noble and elegant; but my Eyes were soon drawn off from that, when looking upon a Bed that had the Curtains half open because of the Heat, I saw a young Lady, who notwithstanding the Noise of the Thunder, which was very dreadful, was buried in a profound Sleep. I stept softly towards her, and by the Light which was in the Room, discover'd such Features, and such a Complexion as surpriz'd me with Wonder. My Spirits were all disorder'd at the Sight of so much Beauty. I soon found how deeply I was smitten; but whatever Constraint I put upon my self, the Opinion I had of the Nobleness of her Blood hinder'd me from forming a rash Thought; and my Respect got the better of my Passion. While I was indulging in the Pleasure of viewing her, she awak'd.

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You may easily imagine how much she was surprized at seeing a strange Man in her Chamber in the Dead of Night. She gave a loud Cry the Moment she saw me. I endeavour'd to appease her, and setting one Knee to Earth: Madam, said I, be not afraid. I do not come hither to injure you. I was going on; but she was in such a Fright, that she did not hear me. She call'd her Women, and no body answering her, took a Night-Gown which lay upon her Bed, jumps out and runs thro' all the Apartments which I had come in by, calling to her Maids and a younger Sister who was under her Care. I every Moment expected to see all the Servants upon me, and to be punish'd without so much as being heard; but by good Fortune, no body came, at all her Calling, but an old Man, who cou'd have given her no great Assistance if there had been any Danger. However, being somewhat encourag'd by his Presence, she ask'd me sternly who I was, and how I durst break into her House. Upon this I began to justify my self: But I had no sooner told her that I found the Summer-house Door open, than she cried out: Good Heavens! what a Misfortune do I suspect!

Saying this, she took the Candle off the Table and ran over every Room in the House,

House, but could find neither her Sister nor any of her Women. She observ'd too that they had carried off all their Things. Then her Suspicions appear'd but too certain: She came to me with a great deal of Anger: Traitor, says she, don't add Hypocrisy to your Villany. It was not by Chance you got into the House. You belong to Don *Fernando de Leyva*, and have a Hand in his Treachery. But don't hope to escape. I have still People enow left to seize you. Madam, answer'd I, do not confound me among your Enemies. I don't so much as know Don *Fernando*, neither did I ever see you before this Accident. I am an unhappy Wretch driven from *Madrid* by an Affair of Honour; and I swear by all that's sacred, that had I not been catch'd in the Rain, I shou'd never have set foot into your House. Instead of thinking me an Accomplice in offending you, believe me rather desirous to revenge your Cause. These last Words, and the manner in which I pronounc'd them, pleas'd the Lady, who no longer look'd upon me as an Enemy; but if she dismiss'd her Anger, it was only to give the greater vent to her Grief. She wept bitterly. I was mov'd with her Tears, and was no less afflicted than her self; tho' I did not yet know the Cause of her Sorrow. I was not contented with only join-  
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ing with her in her Grief; impatient to revenge her Injuries, I was seiz'd with a sort of Fury: Madam, cried I, what Wrong have you receiv'd? Speak. I espouse your Cause. Wou'd you have me pursue Don *Fernando*, and pierce him to the Heart? Name me all those you wou'd sacrifice to your Resentment. Give me your Commands. Whatever Dangers, whatever Misfortunes lie in the way, this Stranger, whom you suspect for an Accomplice of your Enemies, will gladly run thro' them all for your sake.

This Transport surprized the Lady and stop'd the Course of her Tears. Ah, Sir, cried she, ascribe that Suspicion to the Condition I am in. These generous Offers have undeceiv'd *Seraphina*. They even hinder me from being asham'd of having a Stranger Witness to the Affront which is done my Family. Yes, Sir, I own my Fault, and do not refuse your Assistance. But the Death of Don *Fernando* is not what I ask. Well then, Madam, replied I, what other Service can I do you? Sir, replied *Seraphina*, the Injury I have receiv'd is this: Don *Fernando de Leyva* is in Love with my Sister *Julia*, whom he saw by Chance at *Toledo*, where we generally reside. About three Months ago, he ask'd her in Marriage of the Count *de Polan* my Father, who



who refused his Consent, because of an ancient Enmity which has been between our Families. My Sister is not yet Fifteen. She has certainly been so weak as to follow the pernicious Advice of my Women, whom Don *Fernando* has corrupted; and that Cavalier, being inform'd that we were by our selves in this Country-house, has taken the Opportunity to run away with *Julia*. I wou'd at least know whither he has carried her, that my Father and Brother, who have been two Months at *Madrid*, may take their Measures accordingly. For Heaven's sake, added she, take the pains to search all the Country about *Toledo*. Let my Family be indebted to you for this Piece of Service.

The Lady did not consider that the Employment she allotted me was by no means proper for one who could not get out of *Castile* too fast; but how shou'd she think of that, when I myself forgot it? Charm'd with the Happiness of being necessary to the most amiable Woman in the World, I gladly accepted of the Commission, and promised to acquit my self of it with as much Zeal as Dispatch. And in Effect, I did not defer the Execution of my Promise even so long as till it was Day. I that Moment left *Seraphina*, begging her to forgive the Fright I had put her into, and  
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assuring her she should quickly hear from me. I went out the same way I came in, but with my Thoughts so full of the Lady, that it was but too plain I was deeply in Love. I perceiv'd it too by the Joy with which I serv'd her, and the amorous Chimeras I form'd in my Mind. I fancied that *Seraphina*, tho' plung'd in Grief, might have observ'd my growing Love, and perhaps observ'd it with some little Pleasure: And I imagin'd, that if I cou'd bring her certain News of her Sister, and this Affair shou'd come to a happy Conclusion, the whole Honour of it wou'd be mine.

Here Don *Alphonso* interrupted the Thread of his Story, and said to the old Hermit: I beg you wou'd pardon me, Father, if my Passion makes me dwell upon Circumstances, which without doubt seem tedious to you. No, no, Son, replied the Anchoret, not at all. I am rather glad I know how far you are taken with this young Lady, because I shall the better know how to give you Advice.

With my Head full of these vain Imaginations, continued the young Gentleman, I was two Days together upon the hunt after *Julia's* Ravisher; but notwithstanding all my Diligence I could not find the least Footstep of him. Very much mortified to see all my Care so fruitless, I return'd

turn'd to *Seraphina*, whom I fear'd I shou'd find in the greatest Uneasiness. But she was more calm than I could hope. She told me she had been more successful than I; that she knew what was become of her Sister; that she had receiv'd a Letter from Don *Fernando* himself, wherein he told her, that after having been privately married to *Julia*, he had placed her in a Convent at *Toledo*. I have sent his Letter to my Father, added *Seraphina*. I hope this Business will be concluded to our Wishes, and a solemn Marriage put an end to the Hatred which has so long divided our Families.

When she had told me this, she spoke of the Trouble she had given me, and the Danger she had imprudently exposed me to, in desiring me to pursue a Ravisher, without considering I had told her that an Affair of Honour obliged me to fly my Country. She made Excuses for this Fault in the most obliging Terms. As I wanted some Repose, she carried me into a Parlour, where we both sat down. She had on a Night-gown of white Taffety striped with black, with a little Hat of the same Silk adorn'd with black Feathers, which made me suppose she was a Widow. But she seem'd so young, that I hardly knew how to think her so. If I was desirous to be

be inform'd about her Condition, - she was no less curious to know who I was. She begg'd me to tell her my Name; because, she said, my noble Mien, and especially the generous Pity I had shewn for her Concerns, made her almost sure that I was of some considerable Family. The Question perplex'd me. I blush'd and was confounded; but thinking it less shameful to lye than to own the Truth, I answer'd that I was the Son of the Baron *de Steinbach*, an Officer in the *German Guard*. And what is the Affair which obliges you to leave *Madrid*, said she? I may venture to promise you what Interest either my Father or Brother *Don Gaspard* have at Court. This is the least I can do for a Gentleman, who to serve me has neglected even the Care of his own Life. I did not at all scruple to relate to her the whole Circumstances of my Duel. She blam'd very much the Man I had kill'd, and promised me the Intercession of all her Family.

When I had satisfied her Curiosity, I desired her to do the same by mine. I ask'd her if her Faith were engaged or free. 'Tis now three Years, replied she, since my Father obliged me to marry *Don Diego de Lara*, and I have been a Widow.



fifteen Months. Madam, said I, what Misfortune deprived you of your Husband so soon? I will tell you, Sir, answer'd the Lady, in return of the Confidence you have repos'd in me.

Don *Diego de Lara*, continued she, was a very fine Gentleman; but tho' he had a violent Passion for me, and put in practice to please me, all the Arts which the most tender Lover can think of to make himself agreeable to the Woman he loves; in short, tho' he had a thousand good Qualities, he could not touch my Heart. Love is not always the Effect of long Affiduity or well-known Merit; but alas! added she, one that we do not know often enchants us at the first sight. I cou'd not therefore love him. I was more confounded than charm'd with the Marks of his Passion; and if I sometimes in secret accused my self of Ingratitude, I cou'd not help thinking that I too was very much to be pitied. To his Torment and my own, his Delicacy exceeded his Love. From the minutest Words or Actions he construed my most private Thoughts. He was every Moment complaining of my Indifference; and thought himself the more unhappy in not being able to win my Heart, because he knew that no Rival had  
pre-

prevented him in the Conquest; for I was hardly yet Sixteen, and before he made his Addreses to me, he had been in see with all my Women, who assur'd him that no body else had been beforehand with him in my Affection. Yes, *Seraphina*, wou'd he often say to me, I cou'd wish you were prepossess'd in favour of some other, provided that were the only Cause of your Coldness to me. My Tenderness and your Virtue wou'd triumph over such a Passion; but I now despair of winning your Heart, since all the Love I have shew'd you has had no manner of Effect upon it. Being weary of hearing the same things so often repeated, I told him that instead of troubling his own Repose and mine by too much Delicacy, he had better leave it to Time. And indeed, at my Age I was not very capable of tasting the Refinements of so delicate a Passion, and Don *Diego* wou'd have done very well to have taken my Advice; but at a whole Year's End, finding himself just where he was at first, he lost all Patience or rather all Reason; and pretending to have an important Affair at Court, he went to *Flanders* a Volunteer, and soon obtain'd what he desir'd; namely, the End of his Life and Miseries.

After the Lady had made me this Relation, our Discourse turn'd upon the singular Character of her Husband. We were interrupted by the Arrival of a Messenger who deliver'd to *Seraphina* a Letter from the Count *de Polan*. She begg'd Leave of me to read it; and I observ'd that as she read it she trembled and grew pale. After having finish'd it, she lifted up her Eyes to Heaven, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and in a Moment her Cheeks were drown'd in Tears. I cou'd not see her Grief without Uneasiness. I began to be troubled, and as if I had foreseen the Misfortune which was approaching, a deadly Terror froze up all my Spirits. Madam, said I with a great deal of Emotion, may I ask what new Calamity that Note acquaints you with? There, Sir, answer'd *Seraphina* mournfully, and giving me the Letter; do you your self read what my Father says to me. Alas! you are but too nearly concerned in it.

I took the Letter trembling, and read these Words in it.

**Y**OUR Brother, *Don Gaspard*, fought a Duel Yesterday in the Prado. He received a mortal Wound, of which he died this Day; and he declared at his Death that the Gentle-

Chap. 10. of GIL BLAS. 149

*Gentleman who kill'd him is Son to the Baron de Steinbach, an Officer in the German Guard. To add to my Sorrow, the Murderer is escaped me. He is fled; but let him hide himself where he will, I don't doubt discovering him. I am now writing to some Governors who won't fail to seize him, if he passes through any Town in their Jurisdiction, and by this means I hope to stop up all the Roads he can possibly take.*

Count de POLAN.

I leave you to judge what Disorder this Letter threw me into. I remain'd for some Moments without either Sense or Motion. I consider'd what an irreparable Blow the Death of her Brother gave to all my Hopes. This Thought run me to Despair. I threw my self at *Seraphina's* Feet, and offering her my naked Sword: Madam, said I, save your Father the Trouble of pursuing a Man, who may else escape his strictest Search. Do you your self revenge your Brother. Sacrifice to him his Murderer with your own Hand. Strike. Let this very Sword, which deprived him of Life, become fatal to his wretched Enemy. Sir, replied *Seraphina* something moved at this Action, I loved *Don Gaspard*. Tho' you

H 3                      kill'd



kill'd him fairly, and he pull'd his Death upon himself, yet you must needs believe I join with my Father in his Repentment. Yes, Don *Alphonso*, I am your Enemy, and will perform every thing that the Friendship I owed my Brother requires of me. But I will not take Advantage of your ill Fortune, notwithstanding it delivers you into my Hands. If Honour arms me against you, it at the same time forbids me revenging my self basely. The Rights of Hospitality ought to be inviolable, and I will not repay the Services you have done me, with taking away your Life. Fly, and if possible escape our Pursuit and the Rigor of the Laws, and save your Head from the Danger that threatens it.

What, Madam, replied I, have you it in your Power to revenge your self, and do you appeal to the Laws which perhaps will deceive your Repentment? Ah! pierce a Wretch that does not deserve your Pity. No, Madam, do not observe so noble and generous a Proceeding towards me. Do you know who I am? All *Madrid* believes me the Son of the Baron *de Steinbach*, and I am only a Creature he has brought up out of Compassion. Nay, I do not so much as know who are my Parents. No Matter, interrupted *Seraphina* with Precipitation,

pitation, as if these last Words had given  
 her fresh Uneasiness, were you the very  
 Outcast of Mankind, I wou'd do what  
 Honour commands me. Well then, Ma-  
 dam, said I, since not even a Brother's  
 Death will provoke you to shed my Blood,  
 I will stir up your Hatred by a new Crime,  
 the Boldness of which I hope you will ne-  
 ver excuse. I adore you. I cou'd not be-  
 hold your Charms without being struck  
 with them, and spite of the Obscurity of  
 my Birth I entertain'd Hopes of seeing you  
 mine. I was so far in Love, or rather  
 besotted, as to flatter my self that Heaven,  
 which perhaps does me a Kindness in con-  
 cealing my Family from me, wou'd one  
 Day reveal it, and that I might without  
 Blushing discover my Name to you. Af-  
 ter so bold a Confession as this, will you  
 still scruple to punish me?

This Presumption, answer'd the Lady,  
 wou'd certainly have offended me at any  
 other time; but now I ascribe it to the  
 Disorder you are in. Once more there-  
 fore, Don *Alphonso*, added she, shedding  
 some Tears, be gone. Fly from a House  
 which you fill with Mourning: Every  
 Moment you stay here increases my Dis-  
 turbance. I no longer disobey, Madam,  
 replied I rising. I must avoid your Sight.

But do not imagine I shall be so careful of a Life which you abhor, as to endeavour to find a Place where I may lie conceal'd. No, I am wholly devoted to your Resentment. I will go to *Toledo*, and impatiently wait there for the Destiny you shall please to allot me, and by delivering myself up to your Pursuits, hasten as much as possible the End of all my Miseries.

Having said this, I retired. My Horse was given me, and I went straight to *Toledo*; where I staid eight days, and where indeed I took so little Care to hide my self, that I wonder I was not seized; for I cannot believe the Count *de Polan*, who had been so careful to shut up all the Roads against me, should have no manner of Suspicion of my being at *Toledo*. At length, Yesterday I left that City, where I seem'd to be weary of being at Liberty, and without minding where I went, am come to this Hermitage, like a Man that had nothing to fear. This, Father, is what makes me melancholy. I beg you to assist me with your Advice.

C H A P. XI.

*Who the old Hermit appear'd to be,  
and how Gil Blas found that he was  
among his old Acquaintance.*

WHEN Don *Alphonso* had ended the melancholy Relation of his Misfortunes, the old Hermit said to him: My Son, you were very imprudent in staying so long at *Toledo*. I look with another Eye upon every thing else that you have told me. Your Love for *Seraphina* is mere Madness. I would have you by all means endeavour to forget that Lady, since she can never be yours. Do not think to oppose the Obstacles which part you from her, but yield to your Stars, which seem to promise you Adventures enow. No doubt you will meet with some young Lady or other, who will make the same Impression upon you, and whose Aversion you will not have incurr'd by killing a Brother.

He was going to proceed in his Exhortations to Don *Alphonso*, when there enter'd the Hermitage, another Hermit laden with a Wallet soundly stuff'd. He

H 5 had



had been making a plentiful Gathering of Alms in the City of *Cuenca*. He seem'd younger than his Companion, and had a very thick red Beard. Welcome, Brother *Anthony*, said the old Anchoret, what News from Town? Bad enough of all Conscience, replied Brother Sorrel-pate, giving him a Paper done up in form of a Letter; that Note will inform you further: The old Man open'd it, and having read it with all the Attention it deserv'd, cried out: God be praised for every thing! Since the Plot's discover'd, we must take our Course. Let us now talk in another Stile, continued he: Signior Don *Alphonso*, you behold a Man, who, like your self, is the Foot-ball of Fortune. I hear from *Cuenca*, which is a Town about a League off, that somebody has blacken'd me to the Magistracy, and that the Rabble of Serjeants, Alguazils and Archers, are to set out to-morrow to lay hold of my Worship in this Hermitage. But they will hardly find the Hare in her Form. This is not the first time I have been in the like Perplexity: But, thank God! I have generally brought my self off like a Man of Wit and Contrivance. I must now appear in a new Shape; for, let me look how I will,

I am no more an old Man than I am a Saint.

Having said this, he pull'd off his long Gown, and underneath it appear'd a Wastecoa of black Serge, with the Sleeves cut. Then he pull'd off his Cap, untied a Pack-thread which held on his false Beard, and took the Shape of a Man of about eight and twenty or thirty Years old. Brother *Anthony*, after his Example, threw off his Hermit's Dress, pull'd off his red Beard in the same manner as his Companion, and took out of an old wooden Box a short shabby Cassock which he put on. But imagine my Surprize when in the Person of the old *Anchoret*, I saw Signior Don *Raphael*, and in Brother *Anthony*, my dear trusty *Valet Ambrose de Lamela*. Heyboys! cried I; I find I am among old Acquaintance. You are so, Signior *Gil Blas*, said Don *Raphael* laughing, you have here met with a couple of your Friends, when you least expected it. I own you have some little Reason to complain of us; but forget what is past, and let us return Thanks to Heaven for bringing us together again. *Ambrose* and my self are entirely at your Devotion, and our Services are not so very contemptible. Don't look upon us as Rogues and Villains. We  
nei-

neither bid any body stand upon the Highway, nor commit Murder. We only endeavour to live at other Peoples Expence; and if stealing is an unjust Action, Necessity in some manner diminishes the Crime. Associate your self with us, and live a wandering Life. I can tell you 'tis very pleasant, when one knows how to manage himself with Prudence. 'Tis true, in spite of all our Prudence, a long Chain of secondary Causes, does now and then bring upon us a few unlucky Businesses: But, no matter; we meet with good Success, more than enough to outbalance that. We are accustomed to Change of Weather, and Variety of Fortune.

Signior Cavalier, continued the false Hermit, speaking to Don *Alphonso*, we make you the same Offer, and I don't think you ought to refuse it in the Circumstances you seem to be in; for not to speak of the Affair which obliges you to conceal your self, I dare say you are not Master of a great deal of ready Cash. No really, said Don *Alphonso*, and that, I own, increases my Uneasiness. Well then, replied Don *Raphael*, join with us: You can't do better. You shall want nothing, and we'll engage to frustrate all the Pursuits of your Enemies. We are so used to  
rambling,

rambling, that we are acquainted with every Inch of Ground throughout *Spain*. We know all the Woods, Mountains, and other Places where a Man may be safe from the Brutality of Justice. Don *Alphonso* thank'd them for their Good-will; and being indeed without either Money or Refuge, resolved to accompany them. I came into the same Design, because I did not care to quit that young Man, for whom I found in my self a very great Kindness and Affection.

We all four agreed to go together, and not to part. It was afterwards deliberated whether we shou'd begin our Travels immediately, or first have a Stroke or two at a Vessel full of excellent Wine, which Brother *Anthony* had brought the Day before from *Cuenca*: But *Raphael*, who had more Experience in these Affairs than any of us, represented that we shou'd first of all take care of our Persons; that we had better travel all Night in order to get to a very thick Wood, which was between *Villardeſa* and *Almodabar*; that there we might halt, and spend the Day in Rest and Quietness. This Opinion was follow'd. The false Hermits made a couple of Bundles of what Things and Provisions they had there, and put them like Panniers upon

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Don



Don *Alphonso's* Horfe. This being done with very great Dispatch, we began to be jogging away from the Hermitage, leaving to Justice the two Hermits Gowns, with the white Beard and the red Beard, two little Beds, a Table, a nasty rotten Box, two old matted Chairs, and the Image of *St. Pacomo*.

We travell'd all that Night, and began to grow very weary, when at break of Day we saw the Woods to which we directed our Steps. The sight of Port gives new Vigour to Mariners fatigued with a long Voyage. We redoubled our Speed, and came at length to the End of our Stage before Sun-rise. We pierced into the thickest of the Wood, and stopp'd in a very agreeable Place, upon a green Spot of Grass, surrounded by several large Oaks, whose interwoven Branches form'd a Shade which the Sun, in its greatest Heat, was not able to break through. We unbri-dled the Horfe, after we had unloaded him, to let him feed. We sat down. We took out of Brother *Anthony's* Wallet some great Pieces of Bread, with several Bits of roasted Meat, and to it we fell, as if we tried who cou'd eat fastest. Yet, though our Appetite was very poignant, we made it be contented to stay a little now and then, while

while we attack'd the Wine, which never stood still, but pass'd round incessantly from one to t'other.

When we had finish'd our Meal, Don *Raphael* said to Don *Alphonso*, Signior Cavalier, after the Confidence you have reposed in me, it is but just I tell you the Story of my Life with the same Freedom. I shall hear it with a great deal of Pleasure, said the young Gentleman: And as for me, cried I, I am impatient to know your Adventures. I dare say they are very curious. So they are, I can promise you, replied *Raphael*, and I intend to write them when I am grown old; but I am young as yet, and willing to swell the Volume a little bigger. But we are all fatigued. Let us take a Nap for an Hour or two. While we three sleep, *Ambrose* will be upon the Watch, for fear of some Surprise, and then he may sleep in his turn. Tho' I believe we are very safe in this Place, yet 'tis good to be upon one's Guard. Having said this, he stretched himself out upon the Grass. Don *Alphonso* did the same, and *Lamela* stood Centinel.

Don *Alphonso*, instead of taking his Repose, fell to ruminating upon his Misfortunes; and I, for my part, could not sleep

a wink. As for *Don Raphael*, he soon fell to snoring. But he awaked an hour afterwards, and seeing us in a readiness to listen to him, he said to *Lamela*: Friend *Ambrose*, you may now have your Nap, if you have a mind to it. No, no, replied *Lamela*: I am not at all disposed to sleep, and tho' I already know every Action of your whole Life, yet they are so instructive for Men of our Profession, that I cannot hear them too often. *Don Raphael*, therefore, immediately began the Story of his Life in these Terms.





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
GIL BLAS  
DE SANTILLANE.

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BOOK II.

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CHAP. I.

*The Story of Don Raphael.*



Y Mother was a Player at *Madrid*; fam'd for her active Qualifications, but much more for her passive: Her Name was *Lucinda*. As for a Father, I shou'd be very bold to say it was this or that Man. A certain Person of Quality was.



was indeed in love with my Mother at the time of my Birth; but to fix upon that date, would be no convincing Proof that he was the Author of my Birth: A Woman of my Mother's Profession is so little to be trusted, that at the very time when she seems to have all the Fondness in the World for her Keeper, 'tis a hundred to one she finds him a Journeyman for his Money.

There's nothing like setting one's self above Scandal. *Lucinda*, instead of bringing me up at home in Obscurity, took me by the Hand, and without any Ceremony led me to the Play-house; not troubling her Head in the least about People's Talk. In short, I was fondl'd and carest by all the Men that came to the House. Perhaps 'twas because they thought they had a hand in getting me.

I was suffer'd to spend the first twelve Years of my Life in all manner of Idleness. They scarce taught me to write and read; much less to know the Principles of Religion. All I learnt was to Dance, Sing, and play on the Guitar. This was the Sum of my Qualifications, when the Marquis de Leganez wou'd needs have me to be with an only Son of his, a Youth much about my Age. *Lucinda* readily yielded  
to

to it, and then it was I began to have serious Thoughts. The young Gentleman was no greater a Proficient than my self: he was not cut out for a Philosopher. He cou'd hardly say his Christ-cross-row, though he had had a Preceptor Fifteen Months. His other Masters made no better a Hand on't: He quite tir'd them out. They were not suffer'd to use any Severities with him: they were order'd to instruct him, but not lay a Finger on him; and this Prohibition, join'd to little Master's natural Indisposition to Science, render'd all their Endeavours perfectly abortive.

But the Preceptor hit upon a pretty Expedient to frighten the Young Lord without contravening his Father's Orders. He took a Resolution to whip Me, forsooth, whenever young *Leganez* deserv'd the Rod; nor did he fail to do as he resolv'd. I did not at all relish this Expedient of his. So I ran away, and complain'd to my Mother of so unjust a Treatment. Whatever natural Fondness she had for me, she was so discreet, as not to be overcome by my Tears: And esteeming it a great Advantage for her Son to live with the Marquis of *Leganez*, she had me presently carried back. And now you see me once again in  
the

the Preceptor's Clutches! The good Man finding his Stratagem had produced a good Effect, went on in his old Trade of flogging me instead of my Lord, and, in order to make the deeper Impression upon his Lordship, he laid it on upon my Worship thick and threefold. Poor Pilgarlick went to pot once a Day to be sure. I can safely say my young Master did not learn one Letter of the Alphabet but what cost me a hundred Lashes at the least; judge you how much his Grammar stood me in.

Whipping was not the only Mortification I was to endure in this Family: As I was known to every body, the meanest of the Servants, the very Scullions, twitted me in the teeth about my Birth. This so vex'd me, that one Day I e'en brush'd off with what Ready-money I met with belonging to the Preceptor: It might amount to about a hundred and fifty *Ducats*: And thus I reveng'd my self for the undeserved Jerkings he had given me. This Trick, tho' 'twas the first I ever tried my Hand at, I manag'd with a great deal of Subtilty; and had the Cunning to elude the strict Search that was made for me two Days running. I hasten'd from *Madrid*, and went to *Toledo*, without seeing any-body at my Heels.

I was

I was then entring into my fifteenth Year. O what a Pleasure 'tis to be, at that Age, independant, Lord of one's self, accountable to none, like the first Man in Paradise alone! I scrap'd Acquaintance with some young Fellows, who took me in, and soon help'd me off with my *Ducats*. I afterwards associated my self with the Knights of the Industry, who so well cultivated my happy Dispositions, that in a short time I was at the head of that Noble Order. At five Years end, the Toy took me i' th' Head to travel: I took leave of my Comrades, and being desirous to begin my Travels through *Estremadura*, I set my Face towards *Alcantara*, but ere I got thither, an Occasion offer'd of exercising my Talents, and I did not let it slip. Being a-foot, and loaded too with a plaguy heavy Knap sack, I stopt every now and then to rest me under the Trees, which invited me with their shady Boughs at some little Distance from the Road.

I found a couple of young Striplings conversing very pleasantly together, and taking the fresh Air upon the Green Grass. I saluted them with abundance of Civility, and enter'd into Discourse with them, which they did not seem at all displeased with. The oldest of the two was not  
fifteen.



fifteen. They wery very frank with me: Signior Cavalier, said the youngest to me, we are Sons of two rich Citizens in *Placentia*. We are very desirous to see the Kingdom of *Portugal*, and to satisfy our Curiosity, have made bold to borrow each of us a hundred *Pistoles* of his Father. Tho' we go afoot, this Money will carry us a great way, as we shall manage it. What think you? If I had as much, said I, I should know no end of my Travels. I wou'd see every Quarter of the World. The Deuce! two hundred *Pistoles*! Why 'tis an immense Sum of Money. 'Twill last you for ever. If you've a mind to it, Gentlemen, adds I, I'll do my self the Honour to accompany you as far as the City of *Almerin*, where I am going to take Possession of the Goods and Chattles of an Uncle who went and settled there about twenty Years since.

My young Cits told me they shou'd be very glad of my Company. Therefore when we had rested our selves a little, we directed our March to *Alcantara*, whither we arrived long before Night. We went to a very good Inn. We ask'd for a Room, and they shew'd us one wherein was a Closet which had a Lock and Key to it. We order'd Supper, and while it was getting

getting ready, I propos'd to go take a little Walk in the Town. They readily agreed. We lock'd up our Knap-sacks in the Closet, of which one of the Cits took the Key, and out we went. We look'd into several of the Churches, and while we were in the greatest, I pretended suddenly to have forgot a very important piece of Business. Gentlemen, said I to my Comrades, I have this Moment bethought myself that a Friend of mine at *Toledo*, charged me to deliver a certain Message to a Tradesman that lives near this Church. I beg you'd stay for me here. I'll be back in a Moment. With this I left them. I run to the Inn; fly to the Closet; force open the Lock, and searching in the Knap-sacks of my young Sparks, find all their Pistoles. Poor Souls! I did not leave them one to pay for their Lodging. After this, I made all the Haste I cou'd out of the Town, and took the Road to *Merida*, without troubling my Head about what became of them.

This Adventure enabled me to travel very agreeably. Tho' young, I found myself capable of managing prudently. I may say, that for my Age I was as apt as any body. I turn'd my Knap-sack into a Port-mantle, and began to take a little  
more

more upon me. The third Day I overtook a Man who was singing Vespers very heartily in the open Road. I guess'd him presently to be a Chanter, and thereupon said to him: Courage, Signior Batchelor, you sing well. I find your Heart's upon your Business. Signior, replied he, I am a Chanter at your Service, and I am willing to exercise my Voice, for fear of losing it.

In this manner we enter'd into Conversation. I soon perceiv'd that I was got in Company with a very witty Fellow, and a boon Companion I warrant him, He was about four or five and twenty. He being afoot, I rode but slowly, that I might have his Company. Among other things, we talk'd of *Toledo*. I know that City perfectly well, said the Chanter; I have lived there a considerable time. I have some good hearty Friends there too. In what part of *Toledo* did you live? interrupted I. In the new Street, answer'd he, I lodged with Don *Vincent de Buena Garra*, Don *Mathias de Cordel*, and two or three other honest Cavaliers. We slept, we eat together, and pass'd away the Time very agreeably. These Words surprized me, for you must observe that these Gentlemen were the very Sharpers I had quitted at *Toledo*.  
Signior

Signior Chanter, cry'd I, these very Gentlemen are all of my Acquaintance, and I my self have lived with them in the *New-Street*. I understand you, reply'd he, smiling; I suppose then that you were a Member of the Society since the three Years I have quitted it. Yes, reply'd I, I have just left those Cavaliers, because I have a mighty itch for travelling. I intend to make the tour of all *Spain*. I shall be a greater Master of my Business when I have more Experience. Certainly, said he, the best way to perfect oneself, is to travel. That's the Reason too why I left *Toledo*, tho' I spent my Time there very agreeably. I return Thanks to Heaven, continued he, for throwing in my Way a Knight of my own Order, when I least expected it. Let us join our Forces, and travel together: Let us make Irruptions into the Purse of our Neighbour, and catch hold of all Occasions that offer, to exercise our Talents.

He made this Proposal so heartily, and with so good a Grace, that I immediately accepted it. He won my Confidence entirely, by giving me his. We open'd our Hearts to one another. I gave him an Account of my Adventures, and he frankly told me his. He inform'd me that he



came from *Portalegro*, from whence a piece of Knavery, which unluckily happen'd to be discover'd, obliged him to remove, with all the haste he could, under that Disguise. After he had given me a full Relation of his Affairs, we resolv'd to go try our Fortune at *Merida*, there give some Proof of our Skill, and then be gone somewhere else. From that Moment our Goods became common between us both. 'Tis true, *Morales*, which was the Name of my Companion, was in no very flowing Circumstances. All he had was five or six *Ducats*, and a few Things which he carry'd in a Wallet; but if I was richer than himself in Ready-Money, he was more consummate than I in the Art of Sharping. We rode upon my Mule by Turns, and arriv'd in this Manner at *Merida*.

We stopt at an Inn in the Suburbs, where my Comrade took out of his Wallet a Suit of Clothes, which he had no sooner put on, than we went out to see the Town, and to look out for a Job. We took notice of every thing we saw. *Homer* would have compar'd us to two Kits prying about in the Fields for Birds which they might make a Prey of. In short, we begg'd Fortune to give us some Opportunity of employing our Industry, when  
sud-

suddenly we spy'd in the Street a Cavalier, gray with Age, who was fighting Sword in Hand with three Men that push'd him vigorously. This unequal Combat shock'd us, and, as I naturally love Fighting, I flew to the Assistance of the old Man. *Morales* follow'd my Example. We charged the Cavalier's three Adversaries, and soon put them to Flight.

The old Man return'd us a Million of Thanks. We are extremely glad, said I, that we were here so luckily to help you: But pray let us know at least whom we have been so fortunate as to serve; and do us the favour to inform us why those Three Men would have murthered you? Gentlemen, reply'd he, I am too much obliged to you to refuse to satisfy your Curiosity. My Name is *Jerome de Moyadas*, and I live in this Town upon what I have. One of those Assassins is a Lover of my Daughter's. He ask'd her of me a few Days ago, and because I refused him my Consent, he attack'd me thus, haply to be revenged. May one be so bold as to enquire, reply'd I, what was the Reason of your refusing this Cavalier your Daughter? I will tell you, said he, I had a Brother a Merchant here in this Town, his Name was *Austin*. About Two Months ago being at *Calatra-*

va, he lodged in the House of *Juan Velez de la Menbrilla*, his Correspondent. They were intimate Friends; and my Brother, to strengthen their Friendship more than ever, promised *Florentina*, my only Daughter, to his Correspondent's Son, not doubting but I would stand to his Promise. And indeed, my Brother being return'd to *Merida*, had no sooner nam'd this Match to me, than for his sake I agreed to it. He sent *Florentina's* Picture to *Calatrava*; but Alas! he had not the satisfaction of finishing the Work he had begun; he dy'd about Three Weeks ago. Upon his Death-bed he begg'd me not to dispose of my Daughter to any but the Son of his Correspondent. I promis'd him I wou'd not; and this is the Reason why I wou'd not give *Florentina* to the Cavalier who just now attack'd me, tho' else he would be a very advantageous Match. My Word is my Bond; I expect the Son of *Juan Velez de Menbrilla* here every Day that he may have my Daughter, tho' I never yet saw him any more than his Father. I hope you'll excuse the Tedioufness of this Story, continued *Jerome de Moyadas*, with which I should not have troubled you, if you had not desired it.

I listen'd

I listen'd very attentively to this Relation, and having hit upon a Design which I was mightily tickled with, I affected a great Amazement. I lifted up my Eyes to Heaven. Then turning to the old Man I said in a pathetick Tone: Ah! Signior *de Moyadas*, is it possible that at my very Arrival to *Merida*, I should be so happy as to save my Father-in-law's Life? These Words strangely surpriz'd the Old Man, and *Morales* no less, who testify'd by his Countenance, that he thought me a very extraordinary Knave. What do I hear, reply'd the old Man? Is it possible you should be the Son of my Brother's Correspondent? Yes, Signior *Ferome de Moyadas*, reply'd I very impudently, and throwing my Arms about his Neck, I am the happy Mortal for whom the adorable *Florentina* is decreed. But before I shew the Joy it gives me to be ally'd to your Family, permit me to shed in your Bosom the Tears which the Memory of your Brother *Austin* brings afresh to my Eyes. I should be the most ungrateful Wretch upon Earth, if I were not deeply concern'd for the Death of a Man to whom I owe the whole Happiness of my Life. With this I again embraced the good Man, and put Finger in Eye as to wipe away my Tears. *Morales*, who



soon conceived the Advantage we might make of this Business, did not fail to second me. He made as if he were my Valet, and began to grieve with me for the Death of Signior *Austin*. Ah! Signior *Jerome*, cry'd he, what a Loss you have had in that Brother of yours? The honestest Man! The very Phoenix of Merchants, a disinterested Merchant, an honest Merchant, a Merchant that has left few behind him that can compare with him.

The Man we had to deal with was simple and credulous: far from suspecting any Roguery, he put a helping Hand to the Plot. Why, said he, did not you come directly to my House? I wonder you would go to lodge in an Inn. What need was there of Ceremony between us Two? Sir, said *Morales*, taking upon himself to speak for me, my Master hates to be rude. Besides, he is very excusable for not caring to be seen by you in the Condition he is in at present. We were robb'd by the way. All our Things in general were taken from us. My Man tells you nothing but the Truth, Signior *de Moyadas*, interrupted I. This Accident was the reason I did not come to your House. I durst not appear in this Dress before a Mistress who has not yet seen me, and therefore I waited for the return

turn of a Servant whom I have sent to *Calatrava*. Pugh, says the old Man, this ought not to have hinder'd you from lodging in my House: but I am resolved now not to go home without you.

Having said this, the old Man carried me to his House; but in the way thither we talk'd of the pretended Robbery I had met with; I told him that what griev'd me most was my having lost *Florentina's* Picture among the rest of my Things. Upon this the good Man said laughing, that this Loss was easily repair'd, and that the Original was better than the Copy? The Moment we were come to his House, he call'd his Daughter, who was not above Sixteen, and was extremely handsome: You see the Wife, said he, that my Brother promised you. Ah, Signior! cry'd I, with a passionate Air, you need not tell me that this is the charming *Florentina*. That beautiful Face is deeply engraved in my Memory, but much more in my Heart. If the Picture, I have lost, which was only a weak Sketch of all these Charms, could inflame me so violently, judge what Transports I must feel now! This Flattery is too great, said *Florentina*; neither am I vain enough to imagine I deserve it. Well, I'll leave you to your Compliments, interrupted the Fa-

ther. At the same time he left me alone with his Daughter, and taking *Morales* aside: Friend, said he, you have lost all your Things you tell me; and your Money without doubt among the rest? Yes, Sir, reply'd my Comrade, I don't know how many Banditti set upon us near *Castil-Blazo*, and left us nothing but the Clothes upon our Backs; but we shall soon receive some Bills of Exchange which will put us in *statu quo*.

But till those Letters of Exchange arrive, answer'd the old Man, pulling out his Purse, here's a hundred Pistoles for you. Oh! Sir, cry'd *Morales*, my Master will never take them. You don't know him, I find. No, no, he is very cautious in Cash Affairs. He is none of your young Heirs, that so they have but Money don't care how they come by it. He don't love to run in Debt. He had rather beg Alms than borrow a Farthing. I am glad to hear it, said the good Man; I like him the better. I hate to see People load themselves with Debts. But your Quality will do it, and so 'tis in vain to talk. I won't force your Master in any thing against his Inclinations; if, as you say, it is an Affront to offer him Money, let it pass. With this he was putting up his Purse into his Pocket,

Pocket, but my Companion held his Arm. Stay, Signior *de Moyadas*, said he, whatever Aversion my Master may have for borrowing, I don't despair to get him to accept of your Hundred Pistoles. He only hates to borrow of Strangers. He is not so scrupulous among his own Family. Nay, of his Father he can beg what Money he wants as well as any body. He knows how to make Distinctions; and you know, Sir, he is to look upon you as a second Father.

By this means *Morales* got Possession of the Purse of the Old Man, who came back to us, and found his Daughter and my self engaged in Compliments. He interrupted us. He told *Florentina* the Obligation he lay under to me, and return'd me Thanks in Terms which shew'd what a grateful Sense he had of it. I catch'd at this Opportunity. I told him that the greatest Mark of Acknowledgment he could shew me, was to hasten my Marriage with his Daughter. He yielded kindly to my Impatience. And assured me, that in three Days at utmost, I should be *Florentina's* Husband, and that instead of the six thousand Ducats he had promised for her Portion, he wou'd give me ten, to let me see how deeply he was affected with the Service I had done him.

I 5

Thus



Thus *Morales* and I were treated at the good Man's House like Lords, and had besides the agreeable Prospect of fingering Ten Thousand Ducats, with which we proposed to leave *Merida* as fast as possible. But a spice of Fear disturb'd this Joy in some measure: We dreaded, lest, before the Three Days were at an end, the true Son of *Juan Velez de la Menbrilla* shou'd come and cross all our good Fortune. This Fear was not ill-grounded. The very next Day a sort of a Peasant came to *Moyada's* House. I was not then at home, but my Comrade was. Signior, said the Peasant to the old Man, I belong to the Gentleman of *Calatrava*, who is to be your Son-in-law, I mean Signior *Pedro de Menbrilla*. We are just now arrived. He will be here in a Moment. I came before to give you notice. He had hardly done speaking when his Master appear'd: Which very much surprized the old Man, and put poor *Morales* to a Non-plus.

*Pedro* was a very handsome Young Man. He address'd his Speech to the Father of *Florentina*: But the good Man did not give him time to finish what he had begun to say: he turn'd to my Companion, Pr'ythee now, says he, what does all this mean? Then *Morales*, who could boast of as good

an Assurance as e'er a Man alive, put on a confident Look, and said to the old Gentleman: Sir, these two Fellows belong to the Gang that unharness'd us upon the Road. I know them again perfectly well, particularly him who has the Impudence to call himself the Son of Signior *Juan Velez de Menbrilla*. The good Man believed *Morales*, and being persuaded that these New-comers were Rogues, he said to them: Faith Gentlemen, you are come too late: *Pedro de Menbrilla* is here before you. He has lodged in my House ever since Yesterday. Have a care what you say, answer'd the Young Man of *Calatrava*. That *Pedro* who lodges in your House must be some Impostor. *Juan Velez de Menbrilla* has no Son but my self. You may e'en march off, reply'd the old Man, I know well enough who you are: Don't you remember this Man's Face here, and have you forgot that you robb'd his Master? If it were not in your House, said *Pedro*, I would punish this Villain as he deserves for calling me Thief. He may thank your Presence for restraining my Anger. Signior, continued he, you are imposed upon. I am the Young Man to whom your Brother *Austin* promised *Florentina*. Shall I shew you all the Letters he wrote to my Father about

about this Match? Will you believe your Daughter's Picture which he sent me a little before he died?

No, interrupted the Old Man, I care no more for the Picture than I do for the Letters. I know very well how you came by them, and therefore I advise you as a Friend to be trooping from *Merida* as soon as possible. This is too much, interrupted the young Cavalier in his Turn. I will not tamely endure to be robb'd of my good Name, and treated as a Highwayman. I am acquainted with some Persons in this Town. I will go and return with them to confound this Impostor who has given you a Prejudice against me. Having said this he and his Servant retired, and *Morales* remain'd Conqueror. Nay, this Accident made *Jerome de Moyadas* resolve to conclude the Marriage that very Day. He went out therefore that Moment to give Orders about what was necessary for that Purpose.

Tho' my Comrade was very glad to see *Florentina's* Father so favourably disposed to our Advantage, yet he was not perfectly easy. He was apprehensive of what *Pedro* would do, and wish'd impatiently for my Return, that he might inform me of what had passed. I found him very thoughtful.

ful. What's the Matter, said I? You seem melancholy. And good Reason I have for it, answer'd he. At the same time he told me all that had happen'd. Now do you be judge, added he, whether or no I have cause to be uneasy. 'Tis your rash Project has brought us into this Perplexity. The Enterprize, I own, was noble, and wou'd have made your Name immortal, had it succeeded; but now in all Appearance it will have a very quere Catastrophe; and to prevent any further Confusion I think we can't do better than pack up our Awls and be gone with the Feather which we have pluck'd out of the old Man's Wing already.

Monfieur *Morales*, replied I, you are very soon dishearten'd. You are no manner of Credit to Don *Matthias de Cordel*, and the other Cavaliers with whom you lived at *Toledo*. When one has served a 'Prenticeship under such famous Masters, one ought not to be so easily alarm'd. As for me, who intend to follow the Steps of those Heroes, and shew my self a worthy Disciple, the Obstacle which you are so terrified at, makes me only the more resolute; and I am fully determined to remove it. If you do that, said my Companion,  
I'll



I'll set you above all the Great Men in *Plutarch*.

Just as *Morales* had done speaking, enter'd *Jerome de Moyadas*. You shall be my Son-in-law this very Night, said he. Your Man, I suppose, has told you what has happen'd. Are not you amaz'd at the Rogue's Impudence, to think to persuade me he was the Son of my Brother's Correspondent. Signior, replied I in a dejected Tone, and with the most ingenuous Air I cou'd possibly put on, I find I am not capable of carrying on a Piece of Treachery. I am resolved to confess all to you. I am not the Son of *Juan Velez de la Menbrilla*. What do I hear? interrupted the old Man very much surprized: What! are not you the young Man to whom my Brother gave a—— I beg, Sir, you'd hear me out, interrupted I in my Turn. I have been eight Days in love with your Daughter, which has kept me at *Merida*. Yesterday, after having saved your Life, I was just about to ask her of you in Marriage, when you stopp'd my Mouth by telling me, you had promised her to another. You told me that your Brother upon his Death-bed conjured you to give her to *Pedro de la Menbrilla*, that you had promised you wou'd, and that  
your

your Word was your Bond. This, I own, made me despair of all Success : But Love inspired me with the Stratagem which I made use of. 'Tis true, I could not without Uneasiness impose thus upon you ; but I hoped you wou'd forgive me when I discovered to you the whole Matter of Fact, and inform'd you moreover that I am an *Italian* Prince travelling *Incognito*. My Father is Sovereign of certain Vallies that lie between *Switzerland*, the *Milaneze*, and *Savoy*. I imagin'd you wou'd be agreeably surprized when I revealed my Birth to you, and I meant to keep it in Reserve, as a particular Pleasure to declare it to *Florentina* after I had married her. But Heaven, continued I in another Tone, would not suffer me to be so happy. *Pedro de la Menbrilla* appears. I must now restore him his Name, let the Restitution make me never so miserable. Your Promise binds you to make him your Son-in-law ; you are obliged to prefer him to me without having any Regard to my Quality, or Compassion of the Torments you will thereby give me. I will not suggest to you that your Brother was only your Daughter's Uncle ; that you are her Father, and that it is more just you should acquit your self of the Obligation you have to me,

than

than be so nicely scrupulous in keeping a verbal Engagement, which is but a very weak Tye upon your Will.

More just! cried *Jerome de Moyadas*; ay, a thousand Times, I shall hardly be long a choosing between you and *Pedro de la Menbrilla*. If my Brother *Austin* himself were alive, I am sure he wou'd not be at all displeased at my giving the Preference to One who has saved my Life, and who tho' a Prince does not disdain my Alliance. I must be my own Enemy, a mere Fool, if I did not give you my Daughter, nay, press you to take her. Yet, Signior, replied I, do nothing hastily. I wou'd have you consult your own Interest, and notwithstanding the Nobleness of my Birth

————— You jest sure, interrupted he! ought I to hesitate a Moment? No, my Prince; I beg you wou'd honour the happy *Florentina* with your Hand this very Night. Well then, said I, be it so. Do you your self go carry her the News, and let her know her glorious Destiny.

While the good Man ran to tell his Daughter that she had conquered a Prince, *Morales* who had been by in all this Conversation, fell upon his Knees before me, and said: Monsieur the *Italian* Prince, Son of the Sovereign of the Vallies which lie

be-

between *Switzerland*, the *Milaneze*, and *Savoy*, give me leave to throw my self at your Highness's Feet as a Testimony of my Amazement. Upon the Word of a Sharper I think you a Prodigy. I used to believe my self the Top of my Profession; but I own I must strike to you, tho' you have less Experience than my self. Your Fears are dispell'd then, are they? said I. Quite and clean, answer'd he. I don't now care a Pin for Signior *Pedro*. Let him come as soon as he will. Thus *Morales* and I thought our selves tight in our Stirrups. We began to lay out the Course we shou'd take with the Portion, of which we imagin'd our selves as secure as if it had been in our Pockets. But alas! it was not yet come to that, and the End of this Adventure did not answer our Expectations.

The Young Gentleman of *Calatrava* soon return'd. He brought with him two Citizens and an *Alguazil* as venerable for his Mustachios and the Blackness of his Beard, as for the Dignity of his Office, *Florentina's* Father was with us. Signior *de Moyadas*, says *Pedro*, I have prevail'd upon these three honest Gentlemen to come along with me: They know me, and can tell you who I am. Ay, that we can, cried,



cried the Alguazil. I do hereby certify to all the World that I know you. Your Name is *Pedro*, and you are the only Son of *Juan Velez de la Menbrilla*, Whoever dares maintain the contrary, is an Impostor. I believe you, Signior Alguazil, says *Jerome de Moyadas*. I don't at all doubt your Testimony, nor that of those Gentlemen who are with you. I am fully convinced that the young Cavalier who has brought you hither, is the only Son of my Brother's Correspondent. But what is all that to the Purpose? I have at present alter'd my Resolution of giving him my Daughter.

Oh, that's another Case; says the Alguazil. All I come for, is to tell you that I know this young Gentleman. You are Master of your own Daughter, and nobody can force you to dispose of her contrary to your Inclinations. Neither will I pretend to it, interrupted *Pedro*. But Signior *de Moyadas* will give me leave to ask him, Why he has changed his Mind? Has he any thing to object against me? Since I must give up the pleasing Hopes of being his Son-in-law, at least I shall be glad to hear that I have not lost them by any Fault of mine. I have nothing to object against you, replied the old Man; nay, which is more,

more, I am extremely sorry, that I am forced to break my Word with you; and beg you wou'd forgive me. I dare say you have too much Generosity in you to take it ill that I should prefer to you a Rival who has saved my Life. This is the Gentleman, said he, pointing to me, who did me that good Office; and for my further Excuse know, he is an *Italian Prince*.

These last Words struck *Pedro* dumb. The two Citizens began to open their Eyes and stare: But the *Alguazil*, always accus-tom'd to take Things by the worst Handle, suspected this wonderful Adventure to be some Cheat that might make work for him. He view'd me very attentively; and as my Features, which he was unacquainted with, frustrated his good Intentions, he fell to examine the Face of my Companion: un-luckily for my Highness, he knew *Mora-les*, and remembering to have seen him in the Prisons of *Ciudad Real*; Ha, ha, cried he, here's a Job for me. This Gen-tleman I am perfectly well acquainted with, and let me tell you he is one of the com-pleatest Sharpers in all the Kingdoms and Principalities of *Spain*. Not too fast, good Mr. *Alguazil*, says *Jerome de Moyadas*; this Man whom you paint in such coarse Colours, is a Servant of the Prince's. Very well,

well, replied the *Alguazil*. That's what I intend to steer my Course by. I judge of the Master by the Man. I don't doubt but these Sparks are a couple of Tricksters that have join'd their Forces to impose upon you. I am not often deceived in these Affairs; and to shew that these Wags are what I tell you, I'll carry them away to Prison this Moment. They shall have a little Talk with Signior *Corregidor*; and afterwards a few Jerks to inculcate what Instructions he may give them. Hold, hold, cried the Old Man. Don't let us out-run our Discretion. You Officers of Justice don't care what you do, nor who you abuse. Pray mayn't the Servant be a Knave without the Master's being one too? Is it any Thing extraordinary to see a Rogue in the Service of a Prince? I think the Man's mad, with his Princes, interrupted the *Alguazil*. This Fellow I dare swear is a Sharper, and I arrest him in the King's Name, and his Comrade too. I have twenty Serjeants at the Door that shall drag them to Prison if they don't go along with me quietly. Come, will your Highness troop?

At these Words our Hearts sunk almost into our Breeches, and this our Confusion made *Jerome* begin to suspect us, or rather en-

entirely convinced him what we were. He then believed that our Design was to trick him. However, he behaved himself very generously upon this Occasion; Mr. *Alguazil*, says he, your Suspicions may yet be false; tho' perhaps they are but too true. Be that as 'twill, let us search this Matter no further. Let these two young Men go about their Business. I beg you wou'd not deny me this Request, and thus I shall repay the Obligation I lie under to them. If I did my Duty, answer'd the *Alguazil*, I shou'd put these Gentlemen in Prison without giving any Heed to what you say: but for your sake I will stretch my Duty a little, upon Condition they leave the Town this Moment; for if I find them here to-morrow, I know what I know.

When *Morales* and I heard we were free, we began to take Heart a little. We wou'd have spoke boldly and averr'd that we were Men of Honour; but the *Alguazil* look'd upon us askew, and struck us dumb. 'Tis strange what an Ascendant those People have over us. We were forced therefore to give up *Florentina* and her Portion to *Pedro de la Menbrilla*, who without doubt became the Son-in-law of *Jerome de Moyadas*. I retired with my Comrade. We took our way to *Truxilla*,  
with



with the Consolation, however, of having got a hundred Pistoles by this Business. An Hour before Night we were going by a little Village, designing to take up our Lodging in some Town beyond. We spied an Inn of a very good Appearance for such a Place as that. The Host and Hostess were sitting at the Door upon long Stones. The Host, an old fat Fellow, was fumbling upon a sorry Guitar to divert his Wife, who seem'd to hearken to his Musick with Pleasure. Gentlemen, cried the Host when he saw we past by his House, I advise you to stop where you are. 'Tis three long murdering Leagues to the very next Village, and I can tell you, you won't be half so well accommodated there as in my House. Be advis'd and come in. You shall be well us'd, and cheap enough. We were perswaded to do so. We went up to the Host and Hostess; we saluted them, and sitting down by them, began all four of us to talk of Things indifferent. The Host said he was an Officer of the Holy Brotherhood, and the Hostess was a fat merry Woman, and knew how to make the best of her Markets.

Our Conversation was interrupted by the arrival of twelve or fifteen Cavaliers mounted some upon Mules, and some upon

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on Horses, and follow'd by a matter of thirty Mules laden with Packs. A brave Troop, my Lads, cried the Host at the Sight of so many People! Where shall I put them all? In an instant the Village was fill'd with Men and Beasts. By good luck there was near the Inn a vast Barn, in which they put the Pack Mules. The Mules and Horses of the Cavaliers were crowded into other Places. As for the Men they did not take so much care about getting of Beds, as what Supper they shou'd have. The Host, Hostels, and a young Maid of theirs went to work about it tightly. They fell without Mercy upon all the Poultry in the Yard. This with some Fricassees of Rabbits and Cats, and a whole Sea of Soup made of Mutton and Cabbage, furnish'd Victuals enough for the whole Company.

*Morales* and I look'd at these Cavaliers, who now and then gave us too a View. At last we fell into Conversation, and we told them that if they pleased we wou'd sup with them. They answer'd that they wou'd take it kindly. Down therefore we sat. One there was among them that gave Orders, and to whom the others, tho' else they all seem'd to be very free, shew'd some Deference. This Man indeed carried it  
above

above them all. He talk'd loud. He sometimes contradicted the Opinions of the rest, who far from returning it, seem'd to have a respect for what he said. The Discourse happen'd to fall upon *Andalusia*, and as *Morales* praised *Seville*, the Man I just now spoke of, said to him: Signior Cavalier, I was born in the very Town you commend, at least in the Neighbourhood of it, for the *Bourg de Mayrena* is the Place of my Nativity. And of mine too, answer'd my Companion. I am also of *Mayrena*, and I am sure then your Parents can't be unknown to me. Whose Son are you? The Son of an honest Notary, replied the Cavalier; his Name is *Martin Morales*. Faith, odd enough! cried my Comrade in some Surprize. You are then my Elder Brother *Manuel Morales*? The same, said the other, and I suppose you are my little Brother *Lewis* whom I left in the Cradle when I went from my Father's House? Right, quo' my Comrade. At these Words they both rose from Table and embraced one another over and over. Afterwards Signior *Manuel* said to the Company: Gentlemen, this Accident is a perfect Miracle! Chance throws in my way a Brother whom I have not seen these twenty Years. Let me present him

him to you. Then all the Cavaliers, who out of Civility were standing, saluted young *Morales*, and almost choaked him with Embraces. After this, we sat down again to Table, where we continu'd all Night, without going to Bed. The two Brothers sat next to one another, and talk'd to themselves of their Family, while all the rest push'd about the Glass and made merry.

*Lewis* had a great deal of Talk with *Manuel*, and afterwards taking me aside he said to me: All these Cavaliers are Servants to the Count *de Montanos*, whom the King has lately appointed Viceroy of *Majorca*. They are convoying the Viceroy's Equipage to *Alicant*, where they are to take shipping. My Brother, who has attain'd to be that Nobleman's Steward, has offer'd to take me along with him, and upon my being unwilling to leave you, he told me that if you would go with me, he would take care to get you some good Employment. My dear Friend, continu'd he, I would not have you despise this Opportunity. Let us go to the Island of *Majorca* together. If we like the Place, we'll stay there; if not, we can but return to *Spain*, and be just where we were.



I readily agreed to the Proposal. Young *Morales* and my self put our selves into the List of the Count's Officers, and we set out with him from the Inn before the Sun was up. We came by long Stages to the City of *Alicant*, where I bought a Guitar, and made up a very handsome Suit of Clothes, before we embark'd. My Thoughts ran upon nothing but the Island of *Majorca*, and *Lewis Morales* was as much tickled with it as my self. We now seem'd to have renounced all manner of Sharping. To speak the Truth, we were willing to keep our Credit among these Cavaliers, and that put a Constraint upon the natural Bent of our Genius. At length we went joyfully on Ship-board, and flatter'd our selves that we shou'd be soon at *Majorca*; but we were hardly got out of the Gulph of *Alicant*, when a dreadful Storm arose all of a sudden. I have here a rare Opportunity to make a florid Description of a Tempest, to paint the Air all on Fire; to make the Thunder grumble, the Winds rattle, the Waves roar, and so forth: But skipping over all those Flowers of Rhetorick, I shall only tell you that the Storm was violent, and obliged us to cast Anchor at the Island de *la Cabrera*. 'Tis a small Island strengthen'd  
with

with a little Fortrefs, which was then gar-  
rison'd by five or fix Soldiers and an Officer,  
who gave us a very civil Reception.

As we were to spend some Days here  
to mend our Sails and Tackle, we used se-  
veral sorts of Recreations to pass away the  
Time. Every one follow'd his own Inclina-  
tions : Some play'd at *Primero*, and  
others amused themselves other ways ; I  
for my part used to walk about in the  
Island with those among our Cavaliers that  
loved Walking. We jump'd from Rock  
to Rock, for the Ground was very uneven,  
hardly any thing but Stone to be seen, and  
very little Earth in it. One Day, as we were  
viewing this dismal Place, and reflecting up-  
on the Caprice of Nature, who shews her-  
self fruitful or barren when she pleases, our  
smelling Faculty was all of a sudden seized  
with a very agreeable Odour. We turn'd  
towards the East, from whence this Odour  
came, and were surprized to see in the mid-  
dle of some Rocks, a large Spot of Earth  
cover'd with fine Grass, and perfumed  
with Honeysuckles more beautiful and  
sweet, even than those which grow in  
*Andalusia*. We immediately directed our  
Steps to those charming Bushes which per-  
fumed the Air all around, and we found  
they grew about the Mouth of a very deep

Cave. This Cave was broad, and not very dark. We went down to the very bottom of it by Stone Steps, which at each end were adorn'd with Flowers, and which form'd a sort of natural Stair-case. When we were below, we saw serpentizing, upon a Sand more yellow than Gold, several little Streams produced by the Drops of Water which the Rocks incessantly distill'd into the Cave, and which lost themselves in the Ground. The Water look'd so clear, that we drank of it, and found it so fresh, that we resolv'd to come thither again next Day, and to bring with us some Bottles of Wine, being persuad'd that we should drink them with abundance of Pleasure in so charming a Retreat.

We could not leave this agreeable Place without Reluctance, and when we were come back to the Fort, we did not fail to boast to our Companions of our Discovery; but the Captain of the Fort told us, that he would advise us as a Friend, to go no more to the Cave we were so delighted with. Why so, said I? Is there any Danger in it? A great deal, reply'd he. The Corsairs of *Algier* and *Tripoly* do often land in this Island, and go to the Spring to take in fresh Water. They one Day surpriz'd two Soldiers of my Garrison

in that Place, and made them Slaves. The Officer, tho' he spoke very seriously, could not make us believe him. We thought he did but jest, and so the very next Day I return'd to the Cave with three of the Cavaliers. We went without the least Fire-Arm, to let them see we fear'd nothing. Young *Morales* did not care to go with us; but chose to stay with his Brother in the Fort.

We went down to the bottom of the Cave, as we had done before, and cool'd some Bottles of Wine, which we had brought with us, in the Spring. While we were drinking deliciously, playing upon the *Guitar*, and conversing jovially, we saw at the Mouth of the Cave several Men with thick *Mustachios*, *Turkish* Dresses, and Turbans. We fancy'd that some of our Companions, and the Captain of the Fort, had disguised themselves in that manner to frighten us. In this Thought we fell a laughing at them, and suffer'd ten of them to come down, without thinking of defending our selves. We were soon undeceived to our Sorrow. We found we were fall'n into the Clutches of a Pirate, who came with his Men to seize us: *Yield, Dogs*, cry'd he to us, in the *Castilian* Language, *or you die this Moment.* With



that they clapt their Carabines to our Breasts, and Sorrow had been our Sops, if we had made the least Resistance. We chose Slavery rather than Death. We gave our Swords to the Corsair, who loaded us with Chains, and carried us to his Ship, which was not far off. Then hoisting Sail, he steer'd towards *Algier*.

Thus were we punish'd for not taking the Advice the Captain of the Garrison gave us. The first thing the Pirate did was to search our Pockets, and ease us of our Money. A rare Windfall for him! The two hundred Pistoles of the young Cits of *Placentia*, the hundred which *Morales* had received of *Jerome de Moyadas*, and which I unluckily had about me; all this went at one Sweep. My Companions too had their Pockets very well lined. In short, it was a plentiful Harvest for the Pirate, who was overjoy'd at his good Luck; and the Brute not contented to take our dear Money from us, insulted us with Railleries, which wou'd not have been very biting, but for the Necessity we lay under of enduring them. After a thousand pitiful Jokes, he call'd for the Bottles of Wine we had cool'd in the Fountain, and which his Men had been very careful to bring into Captivity with us. He began to empty them with his Sailors,

Sailors, and drank to our Healths by way of Derision.

My Companions all this while look'd with Countenances that shew'd their Vexation and Sorrow. They were the more mortify'd with their Slavery, because they had entertain'd delicious Hopes of going to the Island of *Majorca*, where they thought they should live like Princes. For my part, I had so much Firmness as to take my Resolution at once, and therefore I began to talk with the waggish Corsair. I jested with him with a very unconcern'd Air: He liked this. Young Man, said he, I love People of your Temper. And in the main, 'tis better to arm ones self with Patience, and fall in with the Times, than stand sighing and groaning, which will do no good. Come, play us a little Tune, continu'd he, observing that I had a Guitar with me. Let us hear what a Master you are. I obey'd the Moment he had order'd me to be untied, and began to strike my Guitar in such a manner as won me his Applause. Indeed, I had learn'd of the best Master in all *Madrid*, and play'd tolerably well on that Instrument. I sung him an Air too, and he was equally pleased with my Voice. All the *Turks* in the Ship, by their Gestures, shew'd the Delight I gave them;

by which I found they had no great Skill in Musick. The Pirate told me in my Ear that I should be no unhappy Slave, and that I might be sure my Talents wou'd procure me an Employment that would make my Captivity very supportable.

These Words gave me some little Comfort; but yet I cou'd not help being a little uneasy at seeing my self in so pitiful a Condition, as to want such an Employment. When we arriv'd at the Port of *Algier*, we found a great Number of People gather'd together to receive us, and we were no sooner landed, than they rais'd a thousand Shouts for Joy. Add to this, that the Air resounded with the confused Noise of Trumpets, Morisco Flutes, and other Instruments used in that Country, which form'd but an odd kind of Consort. The Cause of all this Rejoicing was a false Report that had been spread in the City. The People had been inform'd that the *Renegade Mahomet*, which was the Name of our Pirate, had been kill'd in the Attack of a great *Genoese* Ship; so that all his Friends, when they heard of his Return, strove who shou'd receive him with most Joy.

I was carried with all my Companions to the Palace of the *Bashaw Solyman*, where

where a Christian Scribe examining us apart, ask'd us our Names, our Ages, our Country, our Religion, and what we cou'd do. Then *Mahomet*, shewing me to the Bashaw, cry'd up my Voice to the Skies, and told him, that I play'd upon the Guitar to a Miracle. This was enough to make *Solyman* choose me for his Service. I remain'd therefore in his Seraglio. The other Captives were carried to a Publick Market, and sold according to Custom. What *Mahomet* had foretold to me in the Ship, did really come to pass. I liv'd happily. I was not deliver'd over to the Keepers of the Prisons, nor put to any hard Labour. *Soliman Bashaw* caused me to be put into a particular Place with five or six Slaves of Quality, who were to be speedily ransom'd, and who were employ'd in very easy Work. My Business was to water the Orange-Trees and Flowers in the Garden. I cou'd not have had a more gentle Task.

*Soliman* was about forty Years old, handsome enough, and very polite for a Turk. His favourite Mistress was a *Cachimirian* Woman, who had gain'd an absolute Power over him by her Wit and Beauty. He loved her to Idolatry. He every Day gave her some Diversion or other : At one time



a Consort of Voices and Instruments, and at another a Play, after the *Turkish* Manner : That is, Dramatick Poems, wherein the Rules of Modesty and Decency are no more regarded, than those of *Aristotle*. The Favourite, whose Name was *Farrukbnaz*, loved these Shows passionately ; so much, that sometimes she made her own Women act *Arabian* Pieces before the *Bashaw*. She her self wou'd play a Part in them, and charm all the Spectators by the Gracefulness and Life with which she perform'd them. One Day when I was among the Musicians in one of these Representations, *Soliman* order'd me to play upon my Guitar, and sing alone in an Interlude. I had the Happiness to please. Every-body applauded me, and the Favourite, as I thought, regarded me with no unkind Eye.

The next Day, as I was watering my Orange-trees in the Garden, there pass'd by me an Eunuch, who without stopping to say any thing to me, dropt a Note at my Feet. I took it up in a Confusion mix'd with Hope and Fear. I laid my self flat upon the Ground, for fear of being seen from the Windows of the Seraglio, and hiding my self behind some Orange-Pots, open'd the Note. I found in it a  
Diamond

Diamond of considerable Value, and these Words in good *Spanish*: *Young Christian, return Thanks to Heaven for thy Captivity. Love and Fortune will make it happy; Love, if thou canst be moved with the Charms of a handsome Lady, and Fortune, if thou hast Courage enough to despise all sorts of Dangers.*

I did not doubt in the least that the Letter came from the Favourite Sultana; the Style and the Diamond convinced me that it must be so. Besides that I am not naturally inclin'd to be timorous; the Vanity of having an Affair with the Mistress of so great a Man, and above all, the Hopes of getting four times as much Money from her as was necessary to pay for my Ransom, made me resolve to try this Adventure, let the Dangers that stood in the way be what they would. I went on with my Work, studying how I should get into *Farrukhnaz's* Apartment, or rather waiting till she her self should direct me; for I rightly imagin'd that she would not stop there, but be her self the Contriver of our Meeting. I was not deceived. The same Eunuch that had pass'd by me return'd an Hour afterwards: *Christian, says he, have you consider'd; and shall you be bold enough to follow me? I answer'd Yes. Well then, reply'd he, Heaven preserve you*

you. You shall see me again to-morrow Morning. Having said this he retir'd. I accordingly saw him again about eight a-Clock next Morning. He beckon'd to me to come to him. I went, and he led me into a Hall where there was a great long Roll of Cloth, which another Eunuch and himself had just brought thither, and which they were to carry to the Sultana's Apartment to serve for the Decoration of an *Arabian* Play, which she was then preparing for the Bashaw.

The two Eunuchs unroll'd the Cloth, made me lie down in it at my full length, and then to the evident Hazard of stifling me, roll'd it up again with me in it. Afterwards taking each of them an end, they brought me safe into the Chamber, where lay the beautiful *Cachimirian*. She was alone with an old She-Slave devoted to her Pleasure. They two unroll'd the Cloth; and *Farrukhnaz* shew'd such Transports of Joy at the Sight of me, as discover'd the Temper of the Women of her Country. Bold as I was, I could not see my self thus suddenly transported into the secret Apartment of the Women, without some little Terror. The Lady took notice of it, and to dissipate it; Young Man, said she, fear nothing. *Soliman* is just now gone to his Country-

Country-House. He will be there all this Day. We may converse together here in safety.

These Words gave me Courage, and made me put on a Countenance which redoubled the Joy of the Favourite. You have pleased me, said she, and I intend to soften the Rigour of your Slavery. I believe you worthy of the Sentiments I have conceived for you. Tho' you are in the Habit of a Slave, yet you have a Greatness in your Looks which makes me believe you are no mean Person. Speak freely. Tell me who you are. I very well know that Prisoners of Quality disguise it as much as they can, that their Ransom may be the easier; but you need not use that Caution with me; nay, it wou'd very much offend me, since I promise you your Freedom. Be sincere therefore, and confess to me you are nobly born. Indeed, Madam, replied I, it wou'd be ungrateful to repay your Goodness with Dissimulation. Since you absolutely command me to tell you my Quality, you must be obey'd. I am the Son of a Grandee of *Spain*. I don't know but I told truth. At least the Sultana believed me, and rejoicing that she had pitch'd her choice upon so worthy a Cavalier, she assured me that it should not be her Fault if we did not see  
one



one another often in private. We had a great deal of Conversation together. I never met with a Woman more amusing. She understood several Languages, particularly *Spanish*, which she talk'd tolerably well. When she judg'd it time to part, I was put by her Order into a great Offer-Basket cover'd by a piece of Embroider'd Silk wrought with her own Hands. Then the two Slaves that had brought me in were call'd, and they carried me back again as a Present from the Favourite to the Bashaw; which made it Sacred against all the Men appointed to guard the Women.

*Farrukhnaz* and I found other means of seeing one another; and that amiable Captive did by degrees inspire me with as much Love for her as she her self had for me. Our Intelligence was secret during two Months, tho' 'tis no common thing for the Mysteries of Love to be kept long from the Eyes of the *Argusses* which are in a Seraglio. But an unlucky Accident overthrew all our Happiness, and my Fortune alter'd its Face entirely. One day, when I had been brought into the Sultana's Apartment, in the Body of an Artificial Dragon design'd for one of our Plays, while I was conversing with her, *Solyman*, whom I thought employ'd out of Town,

Town, surprized us. He came so suddenly into his Favourite's Chamber, that the old Woman had hardly time enough to tell us of his Arrival, and much less time had I to hide my self. Thus I was the first thing the Bathaw cast his Eyes upon.

He was very much amazed to see me, and his Eyes were immediately red with Fury. I look'd upon my self as a Man on the Brink of Destruction, and imagined my Tortures were already begun. As for *Farrukhnaz*, I perceived, indeed, that she was surprized; but instead of owning her Crime and begging pardon, she said to *Soliman*: My Lord, before you pronounce Sentence upon me, be pleased to hear me. Appearances indeed condemn me, and any body wou'd think I have committed such a Treachery against you as deserves the severest Punishment. I have had this young Slave in my Apartment, and to bring him hither employ'd all the Contrivances and Stratagems I shou'd have used if I had been violently in love with him. Nevertheless, I attest our mighty Prophet, that notwithstanding all this, I am not faithless to you. I had a mind to talk with this Christian Slave to convert him from the Errors of his Sect, and bring him over to that of the Faithful. I found in him  
all.

all the Opposition I expected; yet at length I have overcome all his Prejudices, and he has made me a Promise to embrace the Mahometan Religion.

I own I ought to have contradicted the Favourite, without any regard to the apparent Danger I was in: But my Senses were all so distracted, and I was so terrified at the Death which threaten'd both my self and the Woman I loved, that I remain'd confounded, and was not able to utter a Word. The Bashaw, perswaded by my Silence that his Mistress told him nothing but what was true, was immediately appeased. Madam, replied he, I am willing to believe that you have not dishonour'd me, and that the desire of performing a Deed so agreeable to our Prophet engaged you in this nice Affair. I excuse your Imprudence therefore, provided this Captive take the Turban this Moment. Immediately he call'd for a Marabou. They dress'd me in a *Turkish* Habit. I did what they wou'd, without having the least power to oppose it. Or to speak better, I did not know what I did in the Disorder I was in. How many Christians would have been as weak as my self upon such an Occasion?

After the Ceremony, I went out of the Seraglio, with the Name of *Sidy Hally*, to  
exer-

exercise a little Employment which *Solyman* gave me. I never saw the Sultana afterwards: but one Day an Eunuch of hers came to me. He brought me Jewels to the value of Two Thousand Sultanines of Gold, with a Letter, wherein she assured me that she shou'd never forget the generous Complaisance I shew'd in turning *Mahometan* to save her Life. And indeed, besides the Presents I received from *Farrukhnaz*, I obtain'd by her means an Employment more considerable than the former, and in less than seven Years time I grew one of the richest Renegadoes in all *Algier*.

You will easily imagine, that if I assisted at the Prayers, which the *Mussulmen* make in their Mosques, and did the other Duties of their Religion, it was nothing in me but Grimace. I kept a firm Resolution of entering again into the Bosom of the Church; and for that purpose, I intended as soon as possible to get over into *Spain* or *Italy* with the Wealth I had amassed. In the mean while I lived very agreeably. I had a fine House, pleasant Gardens, a great Number of Slaves, and very handsome Women in my Seraglio. Tho' the *Mahometans* are forbid the use of Wine, yet most of them will take the liberty to drink it in secret. For my part,

I



I drank it without any fear or precaution, as all the Renegades do. I remember two Pot-Companions, with whom I often pass'd away a Night very merrily. One was a *Jew*, and the other an *Arabian*. I took them for good honest Fellows, and therefore was not under the least Constraint in their Company. One Night I invited them to sup with me: A Dog of mine which I loved passionately happen'd to die that very Day; we wash'd his Body, and interr'd it with all the Ceremonies used in the Funerals of the *Mahometans*. We did not do this to ridicule the Mussulman Religion, but only for a Frolick, and to satisfy a foolish Whim, which took us in our Cups to pay the last Duties to my Dog.

This Action had like to have ruined me. The next Day there came a Man, who said to me, Signior *Siddy Hally*, an important Affair brings me to you. His Lordship the Cady wou'd speak with you. Pray take the Pains to come to him immediately. An *Arabian* Merchant who sup'd with you last Night, has inform'd him of a certain Impiety committed by you with relation to a Dog, which you buried. This is the Occasion of my summoning you to appear before the Judge. If you fail to appear, I give you notice that a Process will be

be issued out against you. Having said this he went his ways, and left me Thunder-struck at his Summons. The *Arabian* had not the least Cause to complain of me, and I cou'd not imagine why the Villain had betray'd me thus. The Business, however, required my deepest Attention. I knew the Cady to be a Man severe in Appearance, but not very scrupulous at the Bottom. I put two hundred Sultanines of Gold into my Purse, and went to the Judge: He had me into his Closet, and said to me with a stern Countenance: You are an impious, sacrilegious, abominable Wretch. You have buried a Dog like a Mussulman, profane as you are! Is this the Respect you have for our most Holy Ceremonies? and did you turn *Mahometan* only to make a Jest of our Practices of Devotion? My Lord, replied I, the *Arabian* who gave you this wrong Information, that false Friend, is an Accompliee in my Crime, if it be a Crime to grant the Honours of Burial to a faithful Servant, to a poor Creature that had a thousand good Qualities. He was so fond of Men of Worth and Distinction, that even at his Death he was resolved to give them Proofs of his Friendship. He leaves them all his Wealth by a Will which he made, and of which I  
am.

am Executor. To one he bequeaths Twenty Crowns, to another Thirty, and he has not forgot your Lordship, continued I pulling out my Purse; here are Two Hundred Sultanines of Gold which he charged me to give you into your own Hands. The Cady at this Discourse of mine laid aside all his Gravity. He cou'd not help laughing for the Life of him, and as we were alone, he took the Purse without any more to do, and sent me away saying: Go Signior *Sidy Hally*, you did very well in interring with Pomp and Honour a Dog that had so great Respect for Persons of Merit.

By this means I got rid of this ugly Business, and if it did not make me wiser, at least it made me more cautious. I drank no more with the *Arabian*, nor even with the *Jew*. I chose for my Companion a young Gentleman of *Leghorn*, who was my Slave. His Name was *Azarini*. I was not like the other Renegades who impose more Hardships upon their Christian Slaves than the Turks themselves do. All mine waited very patiently for their Ransom. And indeed, I used them so kindly, that they themselves told me they were more apprehensive of changing their Master than continuing in Slavery, notwithstanding the Charms there are in Liberty.

One

One Day the Bathaw's Ships came in with some considerable Prizes. They brought above a Hundred Slaves of both Sexes which they had taken upon the Coasts of *Spain*. *Solyman* kept but a very small Number for himself and the rest were sold. I went to the Place of Sale, and bought a *Spanish* Girl between Ten and Twelve Years of Age. She wept and took on at a violent rate. I was surprized to see one so young, and yet so afflicted at her Captivity. I spoke to her in *Spanish* to moderate her Affliction, and assured her she was fall'n into the Hands of a Master who was not without Humanity tho' he wore a *Turban*. The little Husky was so full of her Grief that she did not mind me. She did nothing but sigh and sob, and now and then cried out: Oh Mother, why are we parted? I shou'd be contented, if we were but together. In saying these Words she turn'd her Eyes upon a Woman between Forty and Fifty, who stood at some little distance off, and who with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground waited in silence 'till some body purchased her. I ask'd the Girl, if the Person she look'd at were her Mother? Alas! yes, Sir, answer'd she, for God's sake don't let her be taken from me. Well! Child, said I, if your being together



ther will give you Comfort, you shall soon be satisfied. At the same time I approach'd the Mother to bargain for her; but I had no sooner look'd upon her Face, than with the utmost Emotion I beheld the Features, the very Features of *Lucinda*. Just Heaven, said I to my self, 'tis my Mother! I remember her perfectly. For her part, whether her Misfortunes made every body about her seem her Foes, or whether my Dress disguised me, or that I was really alter'd in the Twelve Years that I had been absent from her, she did not know me again. After having bought her too, I carried her with her Daughter to my House.

There it was that I meant to surprize her with informing her who I was: Madam, said I to *Lucinda*, is it possible you shou'd have no Remembrance of my Face? Can a *Mustachio* and a *Turban* make you forget your own Son *Raphael*? At these Words my Mother started up, view'd me attentively, knew me again, and we tenderly embraced each other. Afterwards I embraced her Daughter, who perhaps no more knew she had a Brother, than I did that I had a Sister. What say you? said I to my Mother, can all your Plays shew a Meeting between two Friends so true and natural as this? Son, replied she sighing, I

at

at first rejoiced to see you; but my Joy is turn'd into Sorrow. In what a Condition, alas! do I find you? My Slavery gives me a thousand times less uneasiness than the odious Habit —. Heyday, interrupted I laughing, this is fine i'faith! Who'd have look'd for this Conscientiousness in an Actress? You are alter'd indeed, Mother, if my Metamorphosis is so extremely offensive to you. Instead of being shock'd at my Turban, look upon me as an Actor that plays a *Turkish* Part. Tho' I am a Renegade, yet I am no more a *Mussulman* than I was in *Spain*; I am as strict an Adherent to Christianity as ever. When you know all the Adventures that have happen'd to me in this Country you will excuse me. Love is the Cause of my Apostasy. I am a Sacrificer to that little God. I take that from you. There is another Reason, adds I, why you shou'd not be so much concern'd at seeing me in this Dress. You expected to have endured a rigorous Captivity, and instead of that have met in the Person of your Master a Son who is full of Tenderness and Respect, and who is rich enough to maintain you here in Ease and Plenty, 'till an occasion offers of returning into *Spain* with safety. You ought to confess the Truth of the Proverb, which says, *'Tis an Ill Wind blows no-body good.*

My

My Son, answer'd *Lucinda*, since you intend to return again into your Country, and there to abjure *Mahometanism*, I am satisfied. Thank Heaven, continued she, I may then carry back to *Castile* your little Sister *Beatrice*, safe and sound as I brought her away. Yes, Madam, said I, you may so. We will all three of us, as soon as possible, go home to the rest of our Family; for I suppose you have other Tokens of your Fruitfulness left in *Spain*. No, replied my Mother, I have no other Children besides you two; and *Beatrice*, I would have you to know, is the Fruit of a lawful Marriage. Ah! cried I, why did you give my little Sister that Advantage over Me? How cou'd you endure the Thoughts of Marriage? I have in my Infancy heard you say a thousand times, that for a handsome Woman to take a Husband is unpardonable. That was a great many Years ago, answered she, I have since alter'd my Mind; even Men, let their Resolutions be never so firm, are apt to change them; and how then can you think a weak Woman should be immoveable in hers? I will tell you the History of my Life, continued she, since the time that you left *Madrid*. Then she made me the following Relation, which I shall never forget. I will not deprive you of the Pleasure of hearing so curious a Story.

If

If you remember right, said my Mother, it is almost thirteen Years since you quitted young *Leganez*. About that time the Duke *de Medina Celi* told me he wou'd sup with me in private some Evening or other. He set the Day. I waited for him. He came and liked me. He desir'd I wou'd for his sake turn off all his Rivals. I granted him his Request, hoping he wou'd pay me well for it. He did so. The very next Day I received Presents from him, which were afterwards follow'd by a great many others. I fear'd I shou'd not be able to hold long in my Chains a Man of his Quality; and I was the more apprehensive, because I knew he had escaped from several famous Beauties, who lost him almost as soon as they had him. Yet, the Pleasure he took in my Complaisantness was so far from decreasing, that he seem'd to be more and more delighted with me every Day. In short, I hit upon the Art of amusing him, and hinder'd his Heart, which was naturally wavering and inconstant, from giving the Reins to its Inclinations.

He had now lov'd me three Months, and I had reason to flatter my self that his Passion wou'd be of long continuance, when a Gentlewoman of my Acquaintance, and



my self, went to a Confort of Musick where he happen'd to be with his Dutcheſs. We chanced to place our ſelves pretty near her Ladyſhip, who took it in her Head to be offended at my daring to appear in the Place where ſhe was. She ſent one of her Women to bid me go out that Moment. I gave her Meſſenger a rough Answer. The Dutcheſs was ſo provok'd that ſhe complain'd to her Husband, who came himſelf and ſaid to me: *Lucinda*, go out. When a Nobleman condeſcends to converſe with ſuch a thing as you are, ſhe ought not therefore to forget her ſelf. If we love you more than our Wives, at leaſt we honour our Wives more than you; and as often as you have the Insolence to ſet your ſelves up againſt them, you will always have the Confuſion to be treated with Contempt.

By good luck the Duke made me this ſhocking Speech in ſo low a Voice, that nobody elſe heard it. I retired with the utmoſt Shame, and cry'd for Madneſs at having been ſo dreadfully mortify'd. To add to my Vexation, the Players got an inkling of this Affair that very Night. One wou'd think thoſe People had a Demon among them that takes delight in telling the one what happens to the other. Has an Actor, for Example, committed ſome Extravagancy

travagancy in a Debauch; or an Actress had a Quarrel with her Galant? All the Company are immediately inform'd of it. All the Actors therefore knew what had happen'd at the Consort, and I'll leave you to judge how free they were in laughing at my cost. There reigns among them a Spirit of Charity which is sure to manifest it self upon such Occasions. But I despised all they cou'd say, and comforted my self as well as I cou'd for the Loss of the Duke *de Medina Celi*, who never visited me again, and I was inform'd shortly after that he was fal'n into the Snares of a Nymph of the Opera.

When an Actress is so happy as to be in Vogue, she can't want for Sparks; and the Love of a Nobleman, tho' it last but three Days, adds hugely to her Value. I was presently besieged with Galants, when it was known in *Madrid* that the Duke had quitted me. The Rivals I had sacrificed to him, were now more taken with my Charms than before, and return'd to my Chains in whole Crowds: I received the Homage of a thousand other Hearts. I was never so much in fashion. Of all the Men that put in for my Favours, none seem'd so zealous as a lusty German belonging to the Duke of *Offuna*. He was no

very fine Gentleman indeed; but he won me by a thousand Pistoles, which he had scraped up in his Master's Service, and of which he was wond'rous generous, to gain the Honour of being in the List of my fortunate Lovers. This *Adonis's* Name was *Brutandorf*. As long as his Money lasted, I gave him the best Welcome I was able; but when that was gone, he found my Door shut. This Proceeding of mine anger'd him at Heart. He came to me at the House in the middle of the Play. I was behind the Scenes. He began to upbraid me. I laugh'd in his Face. He flew into a Rage, and gave me a Box o' the Ear, like a true *German* as he was. I set up a loud Cry. The Play was interrupted. I came upon the Stage, and addressing myself to the Duke of *Ossuna*, who happen'd to be there that Night with his Dutcheſs, I demanded Satisfaction for the High-*Dutch* Usage his Gentleman had given me. The Duke order'd the Play to go on, and said he wou'd hear both Parties, when it was done. The Play concluded, I came before the Duke, and told him my Grievances in a very passionate Manner. As for the *German*, he used but two Words in his Defence. He said, that instead of repenting of what he had done, if it were

to do again, he wou'd do it. The Duke of *Ossuna*, having heard us both, said to the *German*: *Brutandorf*, I discharge you my House, and forbid you appearing before me any more; not for having given this Actress a Box o' the Ear, but for having been disrespectful to your Master and Mistress, and putting a stop to the Play in their Presence.

This Sentence vex'd me heartily. I was very much provoked that the *German* shou'd not be turn'd away for the Affront he had given me. I imagined that such a Crime against an Actress ought to have been as severely punish'd as High-Treason; but this disagreeable Event undeceived me, and convinced me that the World makes a great deal of Distinction between the Actors and the Parts they play. This gave me a Disgust to the Stage. I resolved to leave it and go spend the rest of my Days at a distance from *Madrid*. I chose the City of *Valencia* for the Place of my Retreat, and thither I went *incog*, with the Value of Twenty Thousand Ducats in Money and Jewels: Which I thought more than enough to maintain me the rest of my Days, since I design'd to live a retir'd Life. I hired a little House at *Valencia*, and took a Woman and a Page, who knew



no more of me than the rest of my Neighbours. I gave my self out for the Widow of one of the King's Servants, and pretended to have pitched upon *Valencia* for the Place of my Residence, because it had the Character of being one of the pleasantest Countries in all *Spain*. I contracted but very few Acquaintance, and observed so regular a Conduct, that no body ever suspected me to have been a Player. But notwithstanding my Desire of being private, I drew upon my self the Eyes of a Cavalier, who had a Castle near *Paterna*. He was a very handsome Gentleman, between thirty and forty Years old: But for all his Nobility, he was very much in Debt, which is not more uncommon in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, than in a great many other Countries.

This noble Gentleman, finding my Person agreeable enough, was willing to know if I was fit for his turn as to my Fortune. He sent his Spies out upon the Hunt, and had the Pleasure to be inform'd by them, that with a tolerable Face I was in very flowing Circumstances. Overjoy'd with this Account of me, he soon afterwards sent me a good old Woman, who told me, that being as much charm'd with my Virtue as my Beauty, he made me a Tender of his

his Faith, and that he was ready to lead me to the Altar, if I wou'd accept of him for a Husband. I ask'd three Days time to consider of it. I enquired about the Gentleman, and the good Character I heard of him, tho' I found his Affairs were but in a pitiful Posture, made me soon resolve to marry him, which I did shortly after.

*Don Manuel de Xerica*, which was my Husband's Name, carried me to his Castle as soon as we were married: It had a very ancient Look, of which he was excessive vain. He said it had been formerly built by one of his Ancestors, and from thence concluded that there was ne'er a Family in *Spain* more ancient than that of *Xerica*. But this fine Title to Nobility was almost destroy'd by Time; and the Castle, which was prop'd up in several Places, was just ready to fall. How happy it was for *Don Manuel* that he married me! Above half my Money was spent in Repairs, and the rest served to enable us to make a Figure in the Country. And now behold me, as it were in a new World, Transform'd into a Lady of a Castle, and the greatest Woman in all the Parish. What a Metamorphosis was here! I was too good an Actress not to carry my self well in the Splendor of my Rank. I put on high Theatrical Airs,

which made the poor Country-Folk believe me descended from some very great Family. What Sport wou'd there have been among them at my Expence had they known all! The People of Fashion wou'd have thrown a thousand Taunts upon me, and even the Peasants have abated of the great Respect they now shew'd me.

I had lived very happily with Don *Manuel* about six Years, when he died. He left me a great many intricate Affairs to get thro', and your Sister *Beatrice* who was then four Years old. The Castle, which was our whole Estate, was unfortunately mortgaged to several Creditors, the chief of whom was call'd *Bernard Astuto*: And well he deserved that Name! He exercised at *Valencia* the Employment of an Attorney, which he perform'd with great Ability, having studied the Law a little to be the better skill'd in doing Injustice. A terrible Creditor! A Castle in the Claws of such an Attorney, is like a Dove in the Talons of a Kite. Signior *Astuto*, the Moment he was inform'd of my Husband's Death, immediately laid siege to the Castle. He had undoubtedly blown it up by the Mines of *Chicanery* he had begun to dig, if my good Genius had not interposed its Assistance; but Fortune

tune resolved to make the Besieger my Slave. I charm'd him in an Interview which I had with him relating to our Affairs. I own I spared for nothing that I thought might inspire him with Love, and the Desire of saving my Estate made me try upon him all the Airs and Glances with which I had so often had Success. But tho' I was a very great Mistress of my Art, yet I very much fear'd I thou'd never be able to inflame an Attorney. He was so muddled in his Business, that he did not seem susceptible of an amorous Impression. Yet this Morose, this Ill-natur'd Pettifogger took more Pleasure in seeing me than I cou'd have imagin'd: Madam, said he, I don't know how to make love: I have always applied my self so diligently to my Business, that I know nothing of the Usages and Customs of Gallantry. Not that I am ignorant of the Essential Part thereof; and to come to the Point, If you'll have me, I'll stop all further Proceedings in the Suit: I'll disperse the Creditors who have join'd with me to have your Estate sold. You shall enjoy the Income, and the Property of it shall be your Daughter's. *Beatrice's* Interest and my own wou'd not give me leave to hesitate. I accepted The Proposal. The Attorney kept his Word. He



turn'd his Arms against the other Creditors, and secured me in the Possession of my Castle. This perhaps was the first time he ever served the Widow and the Orphan.

Thus I became the Wife of an Attorney; but by this new Match I quite lost my self in the Minds of the Gentry of *Valencia*. The Women of Quality look'd on me as one that had debas'd herself to the greatest Degree, and wou'd no longer see me. I was forced to take up with some City Ladies. This at first gave me some little Uneasiness, because for above six Years together I had been used to keep company with none but Women of Distinction: But I soon made my self easy in that Point. I scraped Acquaintance with the Wife of a Scrivener, and with those of two Attorneys: Their Characters were very comical. There was a Ridiculousness in their Manners, which diverted me extremely. Their Ladyships fancied they had a thousand Excellencies above the rest of their Sex. Alas! said I to my self sometimes when I saw their Extravagancies, thus is the World! All imagine they excel their Neighbours. I used to think, that only Actresses forgot themselves at this rate. But I found your City Dames  
were

were not a whit more free from Vanity. I wish, for their Punishment, they were obliged to keep in their Houses the Pictures of their Ancestors: Faith, I hardly think they would put them in the most conspicuous Part.

After four Years Marriage Signior *Bernard Astuto* fell sick and died without Children. With the Estate he left me, and that I had before, I saw my self a very rich Widow. The World gave me the Character of such; and upon this Report a *Sicilian* Gentleman named *Colisichini*, resolved to persecute me, either till he had ruined me or married me: He left it to me to choose. He came from *Palermo* to see *Spain*, and having satisfied his Curiosity, he waited at *Valencia* for an Opportunity of repassing into *Sicily*. The Cavalier was not five and twenty Years old. He was well shap'd, tho' little, and in a word his Person pleased me. He found means to have a Conversation with me in private, and I must needs own I grew passionately in love with him at our very first Interview. The young Rogue, on his Side, appear'd very much captivated with my Charms. I believe really we shou'd have married immediately, had not the Attorney's Death, who was not well warm in his

his Grave, hinder'd me from contracting so soon a new Engagement. But ever since I had taken a fancy to Marriages, I observed Measures of Decency to avoid Scandal.

We agreed therefore to defer our Marriage for some time. In the mean while *Colifichini* was very assiduous about me, and his Love, instead of cooling, seem'd to grow more violent every Day. The poor Gentleman was not overstock'd with Ready-Money. I perceived it, and took care to furnish him. Besides that I was almost twice his Age, I remember'd that in my Youth I had exacted Contributions of the Men, and I look'd upon what I gave now as a sort of Restitution which eased my Conscience. We waited as patiently as we were able, 'till the Time of my Mourning was expired. Then we went to the Altar, where we bound our selves to each other in eternal Bonds. Afterwards we retired to my Castle; where I may say we lived more like tender Lovers than Man and Wife: But, alas! this Happiness was not to last! A Pleurisy carried off my Dear *Colifichini*.

Here I interrupted my Mother. What! Madam, said I, your third Husband die too! You're a very murdering Tenement  
sure!

sure ! What wou'd you have me do, Son,  
 replied she ? Can I prolong the Days which  
 Heaven has counted ? If I have lost three  
 Husbands, how could I help it ? I mourn'd  
 very much for two of them. He that I  
 least lamented was the Attorney. As I  
 married him only for Interest, I was easily  
 comforted for the Loss of him. But, con-  
 tinued she, to return to *Colisichini*, Some  
 Months after his Death I had a mind to  
 go my self to see a Country-House near  
*Palermo*, which he had settled upon me for  
 my Dowry, in our Marriage-Contract. I  
 embark'd with my Daughter to cross into  
*Sicily* ; but we were taken in our Way thi-  
 ther by the Bashaw of *Algier's* Ships. We  
 were brought to this City. You by good  
 Fortune, happen'd to be in the Place where  
 we were expos'd to Sale. We might else  
 have fall'n into the Hands of some barba-  
 rous Master, who would have given us rigo-  
 rous Usage, and kept us perhaps in perpe-  
 tual Slavery, while you might have known  
 nothing what was become of us. This was  
 my Mother's Story. After which, Gentle-  
 men, I gave her the handsomest Apart-  
 ment in my House, with Permission to live  
 how she thought fit ; which she liked best  
 of all. She had in the whole Course of her  
 Life been so accustomed to Love, that she  
 cou'd



could not possibly do without a Husband or a Lover. At first she cast her Eyes upon some of my Slaves: But *Halley Pegelin*, a Greek Renegade that came sometimes to my House, soon attracted all her Attention. She conceived more Love for him than she had ever had for *Colifichini*, and she was so perfect a Mistress of the Art of pleasing Men, that she found Means to charm him as well as the rest. I made as if I saw nothing of their Intelligence. My Thoughts then were wholly imploy'd upon my Return into *Spain*. The Bashaw had given me leave to arm a Ship for Piracy. This took up all my Time, and about a Week before I had finish'd it, I said to *Lucinda*: Madam, we shall now leave *Algier* very speedily; we shall bid farewell to this Abode which you detest.

My Mother turn'd pale at these Words, and stood speechless. I was strangely surprized at it. What do I see, cried I? Whence can proceed the Uneasiness which appears in your Face? You look as if these Tidings gave you Affliction instead of Joy. I thought it wou'd be the highest Pleasure to you to hear that I have made every thing ready for our Departure. Are you then no longer fond of returning into *Spain*? No, Son, I no longer desire it,  
replied

replied my Mother. I have felt so much Sorrow there, that I renounce it for ever. What do I hear? cried I, amazed: Say rather 'tis Love which gives you an Aversion to your Country. How are you alter'd! When first you came hither, every thing you saw was odious to you: But *Hally Pegelin* has given you other Inclinations. I don't deny it, replied *Lucinda*: I love that Renegade, and will take him for my fourth Husband. What a Project is this! interrupted I with Horror: What, Marry a *Turk*! Do you forget that you are a Christian; or rather, are you only a pretended one? Ah, Mother, what a Project do you lay before my Eyes? You are fix'd upon Destruction. You are about to do that voluntarily, which I did only out of Necessity.

I used a great many other Arguments to dissuade her from this Folly; but my Eloquence was all in van. She had taken her Resolutions. She did not content her self with following her evil Inclination, and leaving me, to marry a Renegade; she wou'd have robb'd me of *Beatrice* too. I opposed her stoutly in this. Ah wretched *Lucinda*! said I; if nothing can persuade you, at least ruin none but your self by your rash Fury. Do not involve an inno-

cent Child in the Precipice which you are casting your self into. *Lucinda* left me without making any Reply. I fancied she had still some remains of Reason in her, which hinder'd her from persisting in demanding her Daughter. How little was I acquainted with my Mother! Two Days afterwards one of my Slaves said to me: My Lord, take care of your self. A Slave of *Pegelin* just now gave me a piece of Information, which you cannot make your Advantage of too soon. Your Mother has changed her Religion, and to punish you for having refused her *Beatrice*, is resolved to give the Bashaw Notice of your intended Flight. I did not in the least doubt but *Lucinda* was capable of doing what the Slave said. I had had Time to study her Temper, and I found that her having been used to bloody Parts in Tragedies, had made her familiar with Guilt. She'd have made no Bones of having me burnt alive, and only look'd upon it as the Catastrophe of a Play.

I was resolved therefore not to neglect the Notice my Slave had given me. I hasten'd the Preparation of my Ship. I hired *Turks* according to the Custom of the *Algerine* Pirates, that go out in quest of Prizes; but I hired no more than just enow  
to

to clear me from all Suspicion, and I sail'd out of Port as soon as possible, with all my Slaves, and my Sister *Beatrice*. You will suppose that I did not forget to carry with me what little Money and Jewels I was Master of. It might amount to about the Value of six thousand *Ducats*. When we were in the open Sea, we began to secure the *Turks*. We easily chain'd them, because my Slaves were more than they. We had so fair a Wind, that we soon reach'd the Coast of *Italy*. We arrived very happily at the Court of *Leghorn*, where I believe the whole City ran out to see us land. The Father of my Slave *Azarini* happen'd either by Chance, or out of Curiosity, to be among the Spectators. He view'd all my Slaves very attentively as they got out of the Ship; but though he search'd for the Features of his Son, yet he did not expect to find him here. What Transports, what Embraces were three between them, when they knew each other!

So soon as *Azarini* had told his Father who I was, and what brought me to *Leghorn*, the old Man forced me, and *Beatrice* too, to take a Lodging in his House. I shall omit the Particulars of a thousand Things which I was to do to re-enter into  
the



the Bosom of the Church: I shall only say that I abjured *Mahometanism* with much more Sincerity than I embraced it. After I had quite cleansed my self from my *Algerine* Itch, I sold my Ship, and gave all my Slaves their Freedom. As for the *Turks*, they were shut up in the Prisons of *Leghorn*, to be exchanged for Christians. I received from both the *Azarini's*, all the good Treatment in the World: Nay, the Son married my Sister *Beatrice*, who indeed was no ill Match to him, since she was a Gentleman's Daughter, and had to her Portion the Castle of *Xerica*, which my Mother had taken care to farm out to a rich Countryman of *Paterna*, when she form'd the Design of crossing into *Sicily*. After having staid some Time at *Leghorn*, I set out from thence for *Florence*, which I had a mind to see. I did not go thither without Letters of Recommendation. Old *Azarini* had Friends in the Court of the Great Duke, and he recommended me to them as a *Spanish* Gentleman that was his Ally. I put the Don to my Name, imitating therein a vast many mean *Spaniards*, who make no Scruple of assuming that Title abroad. I therefore called my self Don *Raphael* with a great deal of Impudence; and as I had brought from *Algier* where-

wherewithal to support my Nobility with Dignity, I appear'd at Court in Splendor. The Cavaliers to whom *Azarini* had written in my Favour, gave out that I was a Person of Quality; so that their Testimony, and the Airs I gave my self, made me easily pass for a considerable Man. I soon scraped Acquaintance with some of the principal Lords, who presented me to the Great Duke. I had the good Fortune to please him. I applied my self to study the Temper of that Prince. I listen'd attentively to what his oldest Courtiers said to him, and by that means discovered his Inclinations. I observed among other things, that he was a mighty Lover of Jest, Tales, and witty Repartees. I regulated my Discourse accordingly. I wrote, in my Table-book every Morning, the Stories I meant to tell him that Day. I had a whole Budget-full of them. But, tho' I was very careful not to be too lavish of them, my Budget began to grow empty, so that I must have been obliged to repeat what I had said before, or to let every body see that I was at the end of my Apothegms, if the Fruitfulness of my Invention had not furnish'd me with Fictions: I made out of my own Head several pretty Tales, which highly diverted the Great Duke: And, which

which is often practised by your professed Wits, I wrote down every Morning in my *Agenda*, the Jests I shou'd make use of in the Afternoon as Extempore.

Moreover, I set up for a Poet, and consecrated my Muse to the Honour of the Prince. I freely confess my Verses were good for little; neither were they criticised: But had they been better, I doubt whether they could have met with a better Reception from the Great Duke. He seem'd to be mighty well pleased with them. Perhaps the Subject hindred him from seeing their Faults. Be that as 'twill, he by degrees took such a liking to me, that the Courtiers began to grow jealous. They endeavour'd to find out who I was; but in vain. They only discover'd that I had been a Renegade. This they did not fail to inform the Prince of, in hopes to ruin me with him: But it wou'd not do. On the contrary, the Great Duke one Day bid me give him a faithful Relation of my Voyage to *Algier*. I obey'd him: And my Adventures, which I did not at all scruple to reveal, diverted him prodigiously.

Don *Raphael*, says he to me after I had finish'd my Story, I have a Kindness for you, and I will give you a convincing  
Proof

Proof of it. I will make you the Depository of my Secrets; and as an Earnest, will tell you that I am in love with the Wife of one of my Ministers of State. She is the most beautiful Lady in all my Court, but at the same time the most virtuous. She applies her self everlastingly to the Affairs of her Family, and looking no further than her Husband who adores her, she seems to be ignorant of the Noise which her Charms make in *Florence*. You will easily imagine that the Conquest of such a Lady must be very difficult: But yet, as inaccessible as she is, she has sometimes heard my Sighs. I have found means to talk with her in private. She knows my Sentiments. I cannot flatter my self so far as to think that I have inspir'd her with Love. She has given me no Cause to form so agreeable a Thought. However, I don't despair of winning her by my Constancy, and by the discreet Secrecy which I observe in my Addresses.

The Passion I have for this Lady, continued he, is known to no body but her self. Instead of following the Dictates of my Inclination without Constraint, and acting as Lord of my own Will, I keep my Love conceal'd as much as possible. I think my self bound to do thus much for  
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the sake of *Mascarini*, the Husband of her I love. The Zeal and Attachment which he shews for me, his Services and his Probity oblige me to manage with a great deal of Secrecy and Circumspection. I will not plunge a Dagger in the Breast of that unfortunate Husband, by openly declaring my self in love with his Wife. I wou'd, if possible, keep him always ignorant of my Passion; for I am perswaded he would die with Grief, shou'd he know the Secret I intrust you with. I therefore keep these my Infirmities as private as possible, and have pitch'd upon you for my Ambassador to *Lucretia*, to let her know the Miseries I endure by putting this Constraint upon my self. You shall be the Interpreter of my Thoughts. I don't doubt but you will acquit your self of this Employment perfectly well. Scrape Acquaintance with *Mascarini*. Endeavour to gain his Friendship. Get Access to his House, and use the means to talk with his Wife. This is what I beg of you, and which I am assured you will perform with all the Address and Discretion, requisite in so delicate an Affair.

I promised the Great Duke to do all that lay in my Power to answer his Confidence, and to contribute to the Success of his

his Flame. I kept my Word with him soon afterwards. I spared nothing that I thought might win me *Mascarini's* good Graces, and I easily compass'd it. Charm'd to see his Friendship sought after by one so well-beloved by the Prince, he met me half way in it. His House was always open to me. I had free Access to his Wife, and I may say without Vanity, I managed Matters so well, that he never had the least Suspicion of the Business I came upon. It is true, for an *Italian*, he was not very jealous: He confided in the Virtue of his *Lucretia*, and shutting himself up in his Study, often left me alone with her. Then I came bluff to the Point. I talk'd to her of the Great Duke's Passion, and told her that I came thither only to speak to her in favour of that Prince. She seem'd not to be taken with him; but yet I could observe that her Vanity wou'd not give her leave entirely to reject his Vows. She took Delight in hearing them, tho' she wou'd not make any Return. She was wise, but a Woman; and I cou'd see that her Virtue insensibly gave way to the Pride of having a Sovereign in her Chains. In short, the Prince had room to hope, that without using the Violence of *Tarquin*, he might see *Lucretia* in his Arms. But an Accident,

dent, which he little expected, destroy'd all these Hopes, as you shall hear.

I have naturally a good deal of Impudence with the Women. I contracted this Temper, be it good or bad, among the *Turks*. *Lucretia* was handsome. I forgot that I was only to play the Part of Ambassador. I spoke for my self. I offer'd my Services to the Lady with all the Gallantry I was Master of. Instead of seeming shock'd at my Boldness, and answering me with Anger, she said to me smiling: o' my Word, Don *Raphael*, the Great Duke has a faithful Agent of you! You serve him with an Integrity that can never be enough commended! Madam, answer'd I, in the same Tone, don't let us examine Things too scrupulously. Let's have no Reflexions, I beseech you: I know very well they are against me; but I give my self up entirely to my Love. And after all, I don't think I am the first Confident that ever betray'd his Master in point of an Amour. Your great Men often find very dangerous Rivals in the Persons of their *Mercuries*. It may be so, replied *Lucretia*: But I wou'd have you to know I have more Pride in me than that comes to: Less than a Prince must never hope to touch my Heart. Regulate your Conduct  
upon

upon this Information, continued she with a graver Face, and let us now talk of something else. I am willing to forget what is past, upon Condition you never presume to be so audacious again: If you are, you may repent it.

Though this was fair Warning, and I ought to have followed it accordingly, yet I continued to teaze *Mascardini's* Wife about my own Passion, as boldly as ever. I even press'd her more warmly than before, to make me a Return for my Tenderness, and I was so rash as to offer to take Liberties with her. The Lady growing downright angry, both at my Discourse, and at the *Turkery* of my Behaviour, observed no further Measures with me. She threaten'd to inform the Great Duke of my Insolence, and to prevail upon him to punish me as I deserved. I was provoked in my Turn at these Menaces. My Love was changed into Hatred. I resolved to be revenged of *Lucretia* for her Contempt of me. I went to her Husband, and having made him swear that he would not betray me, I inform'd him of the Intelligence there was between his Wife and the Duke, with whom (to make the Scene the more interesting) I pretended she was passionately in love.



*Mascarini*, to prevent what might happen, without making any more Noise about the Matter, lock'd up his Wife in a private Room, where he had her carefully watch'd by Persons whom he cou'd trust. While she was thus surrounded with *Argusses*, who prevented her sending any Message to the Great Duke, I told that Prince in a very woful Tone, that he must have no more Thoughts of *Lucretia*: I intimated to him, that *Mascarini* had certainly discover'd the whole Secret, since he kept so strict a Guard over his Wife; that I cou'd not conceive what had given him Cause to suspect me, who had always behaved myself before him with abundance of Discretion and Reserve; that perhaps the Lady herself had own'd all to her Husband, and so was lock'd up with Consent to avoid Addresses which alarm'd her Virtue. The Prince seem'd very much afflicted at my Relation. I was concerned at his Sorrow, and have more than once repented what I had done: But then 'twas too late. Besides, I must confess I felt a secret Pleasure in having reduced to those Straits the haughty Woman who treated me with so much Disdain.

I thus tasted with Impunity the Pleasure of Revenge, which is so sweet to all the World,

World, but chiefly to *Spaniards*, when one Day the Great Duke being with five or six Lords of his Court, and my self, said to us: In what manner ought he to be punish'd, who has abused the Confidence of his Prince, and tried to undermine him in his Mistress's Favour? He ought, says one of the Courtiers, to be torn to pieces by four wild Horses: Another was for having him beaten to Death with Sticks: The least cruel of these *Italians* said, that he wou'd only have him toss'd from the Top of some high Tower. But, says the Great Duke, what is Don *Raphael's* Opinion? I dare say the *Spaniards* are no less severe upon such Occasions than the *Italians*.

Upon this I guess'd, as you may easily imagine, that *Mascarini* had not kept his Oath with me, or that his Wife had found Means to let the Prince know what had pass'd between She and I. The Disturbance of my Mind presently flew into my Face. But whatever Confusion I was in, I answer'd boldly: My Lord, we *Spaniards* are more generous. We should upon such an occasion forgive the Confident, and by that Goodness produce in his Soul an eternal Remorse for having betray'd his Prince. Well! said the Prince, I too am capable of

the same Generosity. I forgive the Traitor. And indeed I can blame no body but my self, who was so indiscreet as to repose my Confidence in a Man whom I did not know, and whom I had reason to distrust after the Character I had heard of him. Don *Raphael*, added he, your Punishment shall be this; leave my Dominions immediately and see me no more. I retired that Moment, less afflicted at my Disgrace than overjoy'd at coming off at so easy a Rate. I embark'd the very same Day upon a Ship belonging to *Barcelona*, which was just setting sail from *Leghorn* to return home.

I interrupted Don *Raphael* in this Part of his Story. Methinks, for a Man of your Wit, says I, you committed a very great Error in not leaving *Florence* immediately after having discovered to *Mascarini* the Prince's Love for *Lucretia*. You must needs think the Great Duke wou'd soon come to the Knowledge of your Treachery. I own it, replied the Son of *Lucinda*: And therefore, notwithstanding the Assurance which *Mascarini* had given me that he wou'd not expose me to the Duke's Resentment, I did intend to be gone as soon as I cou'd conveniently.

I arrived at *Barcelona*, continued he, with the Remainder of the Wealth I had brought from *Algier*, and of which I had squander'd away the better part at *Florence* in setting up for a Gentleman. I did not stay long in *Catalonia*. I died with Impatience to see *Madrid* again, the charming Place of my Nativity, and I gratified this Desire as soon as possible. When I was come thither, I happen'd to take a Lodging in the same House with a Lady whose Name was *Camilla*. Tho' the Jade had been some time out of her Leading-strings, she had the most winning way with her I ever saw. Signior *Gil Blas* can bear witness to the truth of this, for he saw her at *Valadolid* not long after. Her Wit exceeded her Beauty, and never had any Lady of Pleasure a happier Talent for catching of Cullies. But she was not like those Coquets who buy Land with what they get of their Lovers: Had she strip'd a Man of Business, she shared the Spoils with the first Knight of the Industry that hit her Fancy.

We loved one another at our very first Interview, and the Conformity of our Inclinations tied us together so strongly, that our Effects soon became common between us both. 'Tis true, we did not over much



abound in Money; what we had we soon run out. We thought of nothing further than our Pleasure, without making the least Use of the Genius we had of fingering the Purse of our Neighbour; but Want at length awaken'd those Talents which Pleasure seem'd to have benumm'd. My dear *Raphael*, says *Camilla*, let us cease to observe a Constancy which ruins us. You may enchant some rich Widow; and I, some wealthy old Hunks: If we continue to be thus faithful, how are two Fortunes utterly spoilt? Charming *Camilla*, replied I, you are beforehand with me. I was just going to make you the same Proposal. My Queen, I consent. That we may be the better able to preserve a mutual Ardor for each other, let us try what Conquests we can make: Our Infidelity will become our Triumph.

This Convention made, we took the Field. We spent a great deal of Pains, without being able to meet with what we wanted. *Camilla* lit upon none but Fops, who have seldom a Shilling in their Pockets; and I with Women who were rather for raising Contributions than paying them. As Love proved deaf to our Prayers we had recourse to sharpening. We gave so many Proofs of our Skill in this Trade,

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Trade, that the Corregidor had Information of it; and that Magistrate, who was as severe as the Devil, commanded one of his Alguazils to seize us; but the Alguazil, who was as good as the Corregidor was bad, gave us time to depart from *Madrid*, for a little Spill of Money which we clapp'd into his Hand. We took the Road to *Valladolid*, and went and settled our selves there. I hired a House, where I lodged with *Camilla*, whom, to avoid Scandal, I call'd Sister. At first we put a Bridle to our Industry, and before we form'd any Enterprize we resolv'd to view the Ground a little.

One Day a Man accosted me in the Street; saluted me very civilly, and said to me: Signior Don *Raphael*, do you know me? I answer'd, No. I remember you perfectly well, replied he. I have seen you at the Court of *Tuscany*, and I then belong'd to the Guard of the Great Duke. 'Tis some Months ago, added he, since I quitted the Service of that Prince. I am come to *Spain* with, I believe, one of the subtlest *Italians* in the World. We have been at *Valladolid* about three Weeks. We live with a *Castilian* and a *Galician*, a couple of as honest Fellows as you shall

meet with. We subsist upon the Sweat of our Brain. We live jollily, and divert our selves like Princes. If you will join company with us, my Comrades will receive you gladly, for I always thought you a gallant Man, of a Temper not over-scrupulous, and a Graduate in our Order.

This Rogue's Frankness excited mine. Since you discover your self to me so generously, said I to him, I will do the same by you. I own therefore that I am no Novice in my Profession; and if my Modesty wou'd give me leave to tell my Exploits, you wou'd see that you have not judged too advantageously of me; but I shall omit praising my self, and conclude with telling you that I readily accept of the Place you offer me in your Company, and shall neglect nothing to convince you that I am not unworthy of it. I had no sooner told this Ambidexter that I consented to increase the Number of his Comrades, than he brought me to them and introduced me into their Acquaintance. Here it was that I first saw the famous *Ambrose de Lamela*. Those Gentlemen put some Questions to me concerning the Art of dexterously bringing into ones own Pocket the Money of one's Neighbour.

They

They did it to find whether or no I understood the Principles; but I shew'd them some Strokes of Art which they themselves were ignorant of, and much admired. They were still more surprized, when setting at naught the Dexterity of my Hand, as too vulgar a Qualification, I told them that I excell'd in those Cheats which require Wit. To convince them that what I said was true, I told them my Adventure with *Jerome de Moyadas*, and upon the bare Relation of this Story they look'd upon me as so superior a Genius, that with one Voice they chose me for their Captain. I let them see that I deserved this Honour by an infinite Number of Cheats which we performed, and in which I was, as it were, the chief Manager. When we wanted an Actress to help us out at a Shift, we made use of *Camilla*, who always plaid the Parts we gave her to admiration.

About this time our Brother *Ambrose* was tempted to pay a Visit to his own Country. He set out for *Galicia*, assuring us that he wou'd certainly return as soon as possible. He satisfy'd his Curiosity, and upon his way back going to *Burgos* in quest of some Adventure, a Host, a Friend of his, put him into the Service of *Signior Gil Blas de Santillana*, whose Affairs



he at the same time made him acquainted with. Signior *Gil Blas*, continued he, addressing his Speech to me, you know how we eased you of your Portmantle at *Valladolid*. I don't doubt but you suspected *Ambrose* to be the principal Instrument of that Theft, and he really was so. He came to us at your very first Arrival to that Town. He informed us of the Condition you were in, and the Gentlemen Undertakers regulated their Conduct accordingly. But you don't know what follow'd after that. I will tell you. *Ambrose* and I went off with your Portmantle, and mounting your Mules took the Roads to *Madrid*, without troubling our Heads about *Camilla* or our Comrades, who no doubt were as much surprized as you cou'd be at not seeing us next Day.

The second Day of our Journey we changed our Resolution. Instead of going to *Madrid*, which I did not leave without good Cause, we pass'd thro' *Zebreros*, and continued our Course to *Toledo*. Our first Care here was to put our selves into a genteel Garb. Then giving our selves out for two *Galician* Brothers that were travelling for Curiosity, we soon scraped Acquaintance with very honest Gentlemen. I  
was

was so used to act the Man of Quality that I easily pass'd for one; and as People are generally dazzled by Expence and Liberality, we threw Dust in the Eyes of the whole Town by the Treats we began to give to the Ladies. Among the Women I saw, there was one that touch'd me. She was handsomer than *Camilla*, and much younger. I enquir'd who she was, and heard that her Name was *Violante*, and that she was married to a Cavalier, who being already grown weary of her Embraces, ran after those of a Courtesan whom he loved. I wanted no more to make me resolve to establish *Violante* the sovereign Mistress of my Heart.

It was not long before she perceived the Conquest she had made. I began to follow her whithersoever she went, and to commit a thousand Follies to persuade her that I desir'd no better than to comfort her for the Infidelity of her Husband. The Dame made Reflexions thereupon, and at length I had the Pleasure to know that my Intentions were approved of. I received a Billet from her in answer to several which I had sent her by one of those old Women who are so useful in *Spain* and *Italy*. The Lady sent me Word that her Husband supp'd every Night at his Mistress's, and  
always

always came home very late. I soon comprehended the Meaning of this. I went the very same Night under *Violante's* Window, and fell into a very tender Conversation with her. Before we parted we agreed to meet again in the same manner, and at the same Hour every Night, without prejudice to all or any other Act of Gallantry, which it shou'd be lawful for us to exercise in the Day-time.

Hitherto, *Don Balthazar*, which was the Name of my Princess's Husband, had escaped Scot-free; but I was for loving more physically, and I repair'd one Night to the Lady's Window with Intention to let her know that I cou'd not live if I had not a private Meeting with her in some Place more agreeable to the Excess of my Love; which was a Favour I had not as yet been able to obtain. But just as I got thither I saw coming into the Street a Man who seem'd to observe me. In effect, it was the Husband, who happening to come from his Courtezan sooner than he used to do, and seeing a Man near his House, instead of going in, walk'd about in the Street. I was doubtful for some time what to do: But at length, I resolv'd to accost *Don Balthazar*, who knew me no more than I did him. Signior Cavalier, says I to him,

I

I beg you wou'd leave the Street to me this one Night. Another Time I will be as complaisant to you. Signior, replied he, I was just going to make you the same Request: I am in love with a young Lady who is very narrowly watch'd by her Brother, and who lives about twenty Paces off. I shou'd be glad to have the Street to my self. There is a way, replied I, to satisfy us both without incommoding either of us. For, added I, shewing him his own House, the Lady I serve lives there: We may even assist each other if either of us happens to be attack'd. Agreed, answer'd he; I'll go to my Place of Appointment, and we'll back one another if there's any Occasion. With these Words he left me; but he did it only to watch me the more narrowly; which the Darkeness of the Night enabled him to do unsuspected.

As for my own Part, I honestly went to *Violante's* Balcony, where she soon appear'd. We fell to conversing together: I did not omit pressing my Queen to grant me a private Meeting in some By-place. She at first made a faint Refusal, the more to enhance the Value of the Favour I solicited: But afterwards, pulling a Letter out of her Pocket, There, said she, throwing



ing it to me, you'll find in that Paper a Promise of the Thing you so importune me for. With this she went her ways, because the usual Time of her Husband's Return drew near. I pocketed the Letter, and hasten'd to the Place where Don *Balthazar* had told me he had an Affair. But the Husband, who plainly saw I had a Month's Mind to his Wife, met me and presently ask'd me, Whether or no I was not pleas'd with my good Fortune? I have no Reason to be otherwise, replied I. But pr'ythee how have you succeeded? Was the little blind God propitious to you? Alas! no, answer'd he, that damn'd Brother of hers was returned from his Country-House where we thought he wou'd tarry till To-morrow. This unlucky Accident has robb'd me of the Pleasure which had so flatter'd my Hopes.

Protestations of the sincerest Friendship were reciprocally made between Don *Balthazar* and my self, and to draw the Knot still closer, we agreed to meet the next-day-Morning in the Great Square. This Cavalier, after we parted, went home, and took no notice to *Violante* of any thing. The next Day he repair'd to the Place of Rendezvous, and a Moment after  
come

come I. We saluted each other with Demonstrations of Friendship as false on one side as they were real on t'other. Soon afterwards the crafty *Balthazar* communicated to me his feigned Intrigue with the Lady he told me of the Night before. He spun out a long Story of his own inventing, and all to draw me on to relate in my Turn how Matters went between me and *Violante*. I for my part fell into the Trap, and without the least Reserve declar'd what had pass'd. I even shew'd him the Letter I had receiv'd from her, containing these Word. *To-morrow I shall dine with Donna Agnes: You know where she lives. 'Tis at that Faithful Friend's House where I mean to pass a few private Moments with you. I can no longer refuse you a Favour you seem so well to deserve.*

O' my Word, said Don *Balthazar*, this Letter promises full Payment for all your past Languishings. I wish you Joy of the Happiness that attends you. As he spoke this, he cou'd not help discovering a sort of Disorder in his Face, but I was so flush'd with Hopes that I did not much mind the Deportment of my Confident, who was however fain to leave me for fear I should perceive how much he was disturb'd.

turb'd. He hasten'd away to inform his Brother-in-law of this Adventure. What pass'd between them two, I am ignorant: This only I know, that Don *Balthazar* came and knock'd at Donna *Agnes's* Door while I was at that Lady's, in Company with *Violante*. We saw who 'twas, but before he got in I had made my Escape at a back Door. I had no sooner disappeared but the Women recover'd themselves of the Fright he had put them in, and received him with such an Air of Assurance, that he suspected they had either hid me in some Hole, or let me escape at some private Out-let. I shall not tell you what he said to Donna *Agnes* and his Wife. 'Tis what never came to my Knowledge.

Mean while, without suspecting my self bubbled by Don *Balthazar*, I went my ways, giving him a hearty Curse or two, and return'd to the Great Square, where I had made an Affignation to meet *Lamela*: But he came not, having Business of his own it seems: The Rogue was more fortunate than I. Whilst I was waiting for him, I discover'd my faithless Confident, advancing towards me with an Air of Gaiety and Self-Satisfaction. Up he comes,  
and

and with a smiling Countenance ask'd me the Result of my Conversation with my Nymph at Donna *Agnes's*. Surely, said I, some Devil out of very Spite takes a Pleasure to disappoint me. For whilst I had the Lady to my self, and was pressing her to make me happy, who shou'd knock at the Door but her Husband, plague confound him. So having time to think of nothing but how to make a speedy Retreat, I flew out at a back Door, bequeathing to *Belzebub* that Son of a Whore who had broke all my Measures. I am heartily sorry for it, (cried Don *Balthazar* who secretly rejoic'd to see me so mortified.) An impertinent Puppy! adds he. Gad, if I was you, I'd give him no Quarter. Never trouble your self about that, replied I, I'll do his Business for him yet, and this very Night too, or it shall cost me a Fall. His Wife, you must know, when we parted, bid me not be dejected, but repair to her Window sooner than usual, and she wou'd let me in, but withal advis'd me by way of Precaution to procure two or three Friends; to assist me, for fear of any Surprize. Never sure was so provident a Lady! said he: I'll accompany you to her. Ah, my dear Friend, cried I overjoy'd and hugging *Balthazar* in my Arms, how shall I discharge the  
the



the Obligations you lay on me! Nay, more, replied he, there's a young Fellow I'm acquainted with, as stout as *Hercules*. He shall make one, and with such a Guard you may boldly adventure.

I wanted Words to express my Thanks to this new Friend, so transported was I at these Demonstrations of his Zeal. To conclude, I accepted of his Offer, and so resolving to meet under *Violante's* Balcony as soon as 'twas dark, we took our leaves of each other. He took his Way to his Brother-in-law who was the *stout-as-Hercules-Man*, and I went a walking till the Evening with *Lamela*, who, tho' he wonder'd to see Don *Balthazar* so eagerly espouse my Interests, yet did not mistrust him any more than I did. We fell into the Snare Hand over Head: an inexcusable Weakness in Men of our Trade I own. When I thought it was time to be going upon the intended Expedition, *Ambrose* and I, with each a good Rapier, advanc'd towards *Violante's* Windows: Under which we found my Lady's Spouse with another Man. They stood still for our coming up, and then Don *Balthazar* accosting me, and pointing to his Brother-in-law, That's the Gentleman, I recommended to you, said he. Do but you introduce us to your Mistress, and my

my Life for yours, you accomplish your Wishes.

After some Compliments on both sides, I knock'd at my Nymph's Door, which was presently open'd by a sort of a *Duegna*. In goes I, and without minding what was doing behind my Back, I proceeded on to an Apartment, where *Violante* waited for me. While I was paying my Respects to the Lady, in come the two Villains who follow'd me into the House after they had forcibly shut out *Ambrose* into the Street, and turn'd the Key upon him. So that you may well imagine I was forc'd to have a Brush for't. They both fell upon me at once; but I gave them their Belly-full. I entertain'd them both so well that I believe they repented they did not take a more certain way of being reveng'd. I run the Husband thro' the Body: Upon which his Brother-in-law scamper'd out of the Door, it being open'd by the *Duegna* and *Violante* to make their Escapes while we were fighting. I follow'd him into the Street, where I met with *Lamela*, who, not being able to get a Word out of the Women in their Flight, was at a loss what to think of the Bustle he had heard. We return'd to our Quarters, and packing up our best Moveables we mounted our Mules

Mules and scowr'd away without waiting for Day-light.

We were very sensible that this Affair cou'd not end so, and that there wou'd be made such Searchings as we were in the right to provide against. We went and lay at *Villarubia*. We were no sooner Inn'd, but a Merchant of *Toledo*, who was going to *Segorbe*, puts up at the same House. So we all three supp'd together. This Man related to us the sad Misfortune of *Violante's* Husband; and he was so far from suspecting us for having any Hand in't, that we made no Bones of asking him the full and whole Account of the Matter. Gentlemen, said he, just as I was setting forward this Morning, I heard of this dismal Accident. They were searching after *Violante*, and I was told that the *Corregidor*, who is related to Don *Balthazar*, has resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to discover the Perpetrators of this Murther. This is all I can tell of the Matter.

I was not much alarm'd at the Searchings made by the *Corregidor* of *Toledo*. But yet I resolv'd to get me gone out of *New Castile* as soon as I cou'd. I consider'd that if they found *Violante* she wou'd confess all, and consequently give them such a Description of my Person as wou'd put them

them upon pursuing me. For this Reason we the very next Day turn'd out of the high Road by way of Precaution. Happy was it for us that *Lamela* was acquainted with three Parts in four of the whole Kingdom, and knew every By-way that led to *Arragon*. Instead of going on directly to *Cuenca*, we put in among the Mountains that front that Town, and thro' many an intricate Path we arrived at a Grotto, which had the perfect Resemblance of a Hermitage. In short, it was the very same Spot of Ground where you came Yesternight to beg an *Asylum*.

While I was surveying the Beauties of that charming Neighbourhood, which afforded to my Eyes the finest Landscape I had ever seen, my Companion said to me: About six Years ago I pass'd by this Place. At that time an old Hermit made use of it for a solitary Recess. He gave me a very charitable Reception, and imparted to me what Stories he had laid up. I remember he was a Holy Man, and his Discourse had like to have wean'd me from the World. I don't know but he may be yet alive: I'll see if he be or no. With this, the inquisitive *Ambrose* alighted from his Mule, and goes into the Hermitage. After some Moments stay he return'd and calling to me,



me, Come hither, Don *Raphael*, said he, Come hither and behold a very moving Spectacle. I presently dismounted, and after we had ty'd our Mules to a Tree, I follow'd *Lamela* into the Cavern, where I saw an ancient Hermit pale as Death, and just giving up the Ghost. He lay at full length upon a sorry Bed. His Breast was cover'd all over with a white bushy Beard, and his two Hands grasp'd a large Pair of Beads. Our treading made him open his Eyes, which the Hand of Death was just going to close for ever. After he had look'd at us a Moment, *Whoever ye be*, said he, *my Brethren, make right use of this Spectacle now before ye. Forty Years I spent in the World, and Threescore in this Solitude. The former I bestow'd on my Pleasures, the latter I consecrated to Penitence. How long, alas, how long does the one Now seem to me, and how short the other! The Austerities exercis'd by Friar John, have not, I'm afraid, made sufficient Atonement for the Sins committed by the Licentiate Doctor John de Solis. He had scarce utter'd these Words but he expir'd. We were struck at this unexpected Accident. Such like Objects will make some Impression upon the greatest Libertines themselves: But it soon went off again with us. We presently*

sently forgot what he had spoken to us, and fell to taking an Inventory of the Things he had left behind him: Which was no prodigious hard Task to do: All his Goods consisting of what you might have observ'd in the Grotto. Friar *John* was not only ill-furnitur'd, but his Kitchen too was sadly deficient. All the Provisions we found in't were a few Small-Nuts, and some hard Crusts of Barly-bread, which the good Man's Gums were unable to penetrate. I say his Gums, for Tooth he had none. Every thing that was contain'd in this lonely Cell, every thing that we saw round about us contributed to inspire into us an awful Opinion of the old Man's Sanctity. One thing was indeed a Stumbling-block to us: We found a Paper folded up Letter-wise lying upon his Table: In this Paper he desires him into whose Hands it shou'd fall, to carry his Beads and Sandals to the Bishop of *Cuenca*. We were at a loss to think what sort of Spirit this Ascetic cou'd be of, that desir'd to make his Bishop such a Present. This Step, we thought, was contrary to the Nature of Humility, and it look'd like setting up for a *Beato*. Tho' perhaps after all 'twas done out of mere Simplicity. Be it as 'twill, while we were thus taken up, a pleasant Thought

Thought came into *Lamela's* Noddle. Gad, says he, let's e'en continue in this Hermitage: Let us disguise our selves like Anchorets. We'll bury Friar *John*. You shall pass for him, whilst I, by the Name of Friar *Anthony* will go and gather Alms in the adjacent Towns. Besides our being safe against the Corregidor's Enquiries (for he can never think of looking for us here) I have some old Acquaintance at *Cuenca* which we may revive and cultivate. I approv'd of this odd Proposal, not so much for the Reasons urg'd by *Ambrose* as for the Whim on't, and for the sake of acting a Part in this Farce. Thirty or forty Paces from the Grotto we dug a Hole and very decently interr'd the old Anchoret, after we had divested him of his Clothes, that is to say, a plain Gown which was fasten'd round him with a Leather Girdle. We likewise cut off his Beard, to make therewith a false one for me, and at length after his Funeral Rites were perform'd we took Possession of the Hermitage.

We far'd but indifferently the first Day. We were fain to live upon the Provisions of the Defunct: But the next Morning before Day-break, *Lamela* set forwards for *Foralba*, where he sold the two Mules, and return'd in the Evening laden with Victu-

als

als and other Things he had bought. He likewise brought along with him every Thing that cou'd contribute to our Disguise. He made himself a Frock of coarse dark-colour'd Cloth, and a little red Beard of Horse-Hair, which he so cleverly fasten'd to his Ears, that you would have sworn it was natural. There is not a more dextrous Lad this Day under the Copes of Heaven. He likewise wove Friar *John's* Beard, and fix'd it to my Face: My Cap of brown-colour'd Wooll helpt to cover the Artifice: In short nothing was wanting to our Transformation. We both of us made such comical Figures, that we could not without laughing look at each other thro' this Dress, which to speak Truth, did not over well become us. Together with Friar *John's* Gown, I had his Beads and Sandals, of which I made no Scruple to deprive the Bishop of *Cuenca*.

We had now been three Days in the Hermitage without seeing Man, Woman, or Child near us: But on the fourth Day, there came in two Countrymen, with Bread, Cheese, and Onions for the Deceas'd, whom they thought to be still living. As soon as I set Eye on 'em I threw my self on the Bed, and found it no hard Matter to 'deceive 'em. Besides



the Darkness of the Place which hinder'd 'em from distinguishing my Features, I mimick'd as well as I cou'd the Tone of Friar *John's* Voice, which I had taken notice of when he spoke his last dying Words to us. The Peasants had not the least Suspicion of their being put upon. Only they wonder'd to meet with another Hermit in the Place: But *Lamela* observing their Surprise, said to them with an Hypocritical Air, Brethren, be not astonish'd to see me here. I left a Hermitage I had in *Arragon* to come hither to assist the venerable and discreet Friar *John*, who because of his extreme Age can't well do without somebody to help him in his Necessities. The Bumkins extoll'd to the Skies this Charity of *Ambrose*, and declar'd themselves very happy in being able to boast of having two such holy Persons in their Neighbourhood.

*Lamela*, laden with a large Wallet which he took care to purchase, went out for the first Time a begging to the Town of *Cuenca*, which is not above a League from the Hermitage. What with a pious Outside which he naturally had, and the Art of making the most on't, which he likewise possess'd in an eminent degree, he did not fail of stirring up well-dispos'd Christians

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Christians to bestow Alms on him. He cram'd his Wallet with their Benefactions. Master *Ambrose*, quoth I to him at his Return, I congratulate the happy Talent you have of begetting Compassion in the Souls of Mankind. Let me die if you wou'd not serve for Alms-gatherer to the Capuchins. Pshaw, says he, I have done something else besides filling my Wallet. Know that I have discover'd a certain Nymph named *Barba* whom I was formerly in love with. I found her mightily alter'd: She too like us is fall'n into the devout Way. She lives with two or three other She Saints, who edify the World in publick, and play the Whore in private. At first she did not know me: How's this, Madam *Barba*, said I to her, is it possible you can't call to mind your old Friend and Servant *Ambrose*? Faith, Signior *Lamela*, cried she, I cou'd never ha' thought to have seen you again, at least in that Equipage. How comes it that you're turn'd Hermit? I have not time to tell you now, replied I. The Story is a little too long; but to-morrow Night I'll come and satisfy your Curiosity; and will likewise bring along with me Friar *John* my Comrade. Friar *John*, interrupted she, that good Hermit that lives hard by! You jest sure:

Why, they say he's above a hundred Years old. 'Tis true, answer'd I, he was so old, but he's grown mighty young again within these few Days. He's no older than my self. Well, bring him, replied *Barba*, I perceive there's some Wagghery stirring.

We did not fail, next Day Evening, to go to those pretended Saints, who for our better Reception, had prepar'd a noble Collation. We presently pull'd off our Beards and Hermits Accoutrements, and without Ceremony made our selves known to those Princeesses, who, not to be behind-hand with us in Frankness, did in their Turn shew us what your Hypocrites are capable of doing, when they lay aside Grimace. We spent almost the whole Night in Revelling, and got to our Grotto but a Moment before Day-break. We soon after paid them another Visit, or to say better, we did the same Thing for three Months running; so that above two Thirds of our Commodities were eaten up in Company with those Nymphs. But a certain Jealous-pated Rascal who found us out, had given Information to the Magistrates, who this Day are to send their Officers to the *Hermitage*, to secure our sweet Persons. Yesterday *Ambrose*, as he  
was

was out a-begging at *Cuenca*, met one of the She-faints, who putting a Billet into his Hands, said to him: A Woman of my Acquaintance writ me this Letter which I was going to send to you by a special Messenger. Shew it to Brother *John*, and take your Measures accordingly. This, Gentlemen, is the Billet which *Lamela* gave me in your Presence, and which occasion'd us to leave our solitary Abode so abruptly.

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C H A P. II.

*Of the Consultation held between Don Raphael and his Auditors, and of the Adventure that befel them when they were going out of the Wood.*

WHEN Don *Raphael* had made an end of his Story, which I thought a little tedious, Don *Alphonso*, like a well-bred Person, declar'd it had highly diverted him. After this, Signior *Ambrose* spoke, and directing himself to the Companion of his Exploits, Don *Raphael*, said he to him,

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consider



consider the Sun is going down. It were convenient, methinks, to consult what we have to do. You're in the right, answers his Comrade, we must pitch upon some Place to go to. For my part, replied *Lamela*, I think we had best be jogging on without any further loss of Time: Let us reach *Requena* to Night, and the next Day enter the Kingdom of *Valencia*, where we will give a Loose to our Ingenuity. Something whispers me we shall make a good hand on't there. His Comrade, who look'd on his Presages as infallible, concurr'd with his Opinion. As for Don *Alphonso* and my self, being resolv'd to acquiesce in whatever was agreed to by those two worthy Gentlemen, we silently waited the Result of the Conference.

It was in short concluded that we shou'd take the Road to *Requena*, and accordingly we began to make our Dispositions. We first eat a Meal like that in the Morning: We then loaded the Horse with the Leather-bottle, and our other Provisions. All this being done, and the Night lending us the Obscurity we stood in need of for our securer marching, we began to advance out of the Wood: But we had scarce gone a hundred Paces, when we discover'd among the Trees a Light, which fill'd us  
with

with a world of Apprehensions. What's that, cried Don *Raphael*? Are not they, think ye, some Officers of Justice sent to ferret us out? I rather think they are Travellers, quoth *Ambrose*: And that being Benighted, they are got into this Wood till Day returns: But, added he, I may be under a Mistake, I'll go and view them: Stay you three here: I'll be back in a Moment. Upon this, he moves forward to the Light, which was not far off: He steals up to it as soft as Foot cou'd fall, and putting aside the Leaves and Branches which were in his Way, he looks with all the Care and Earnestness that the Thing seem'd to him to deserve. He saw upon the Grass, round a Candle that was stuck in a clod of Clay, four Men sitting, having just eat up a Pasty, and empty'd a swinging Leather-bottle of Wine. He likewise perceiv'd a few Paces from them, a Gentleman and a Lady tied to two Trees, and a little farther off a Calash, with two Mules richly accoutred. He at first Sight concluded that the four Men must be Robbers, and their Discourse, which he overheard, confirm'd him in his Conjecture. The four Rogues discover'd an equal Desire to enjoy the Lady that was fal'n in their Clutches; at last they resolv'd to draw

Cuts for her. *Lamela*, upon this, returns to us, and made a faithful Report of all he had seen and heard. Who knows, said Don *Alphonso*, but that the Lady and Gentleman whom these Villains have tied to the Trees, may be Persons of the most considerable Quality? Shall we stand still and suffer them to fall a Sacrifice to the Barbarity and Beastliness of these Rascals? No, let us fall upon them, and knock their Brains out. With all my Heart, quoth Don *Raphael*: I'm as ready to do a good Action as an ill one. *Ambrose*, for his Part, declar'd that he desir'd no better Sport than to make one in an Enterprize, for which they were like to be so well pay'd, besides the Laudableness of it. Nor do I lye when I aver, that on this Occasion the Danger did make no Impression upon my Worship, and that no Knight-Errant ever shew'd himself more ready to serve the Ladies. But to speak the Truth without Vanity, the Danger was not great; for *Lamela* having inform'd us that the Rogues Arms were all in a Heap ten or a dozen Paces from them, it was no hard Task for us to execute our Design. We tied our Horse to a Tree, and with as little Noise as possible, we approach'd to the Place where the Rogues were sitting. They  
were

were talking with great Warmth, and made a Bustle that assisted us to surprize them. We seiz'd their Arms before they discover'd us: Then firing in their very Faces, we laid them all sprawling upon the Spot.

In doing this the Candle was extinguish'd, so that we remain'd in the Dark. For all that, we unty'd the Man and Woman, who were so frightened, that they had not Power to thank us for what we had done for them. 'Tis true, they did not at first know what to think of us, nor whether to look on us as their Deliverers, or as a Set of new Banditti, who wou'd use them no better than the former. But we hearten'd them up in telling them that we would conduct them to an Inn which *Ambrose* knew half a League off, and that there they might take all the necessary Measures for prosecuting their Journey to the Place they design'd to go to. After these Assurances, which reviv'd their Spirits exceedingly, we help'd them into their Calash, and led the Mules by the Bridle out of the Wood. The next Thing our Anchorets did, was to visit the Pockets of the Conquer'd. And then we went and took up Don *Alphonso's* Horse. We likewise seiz'd the Rogues Horses which were

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tied



tied to the Trees hard by the Field of Battle. Then taking with us all these Horses, we follow'd Brother *Anthony*, who was mounted on one of the Mules to lead the Calash to the Inn, which however we did not reach till two Hours after, tho' he had protested that it was not far from the Wood.

We thunder'd at the Door: Not a Soul but was fast asleep, from one end of the House to t'other. The Host and Hostess got up in haste, and were by no Means angry that their Rest was broken by the Arrival of a Company that look'd as if they wou'd spend more Money at their House than they really did. In a Moment the whole Inn was Illuminated. Don *Alphonso* and *Lucinda's* illustrious Son lent the Gentleman and Lady their Hands to help 'em out of their Calash: Nay, they waited on them as their Gentlemen-Ushers to their very Chambers, where a world of Compliments were pass'd on both Sides; and we are not a little surpriz'd when we were inform'd that it was no other than the Count *de Polan* himself, and his Daughter *Seraphina*, whom we had just rescu'd. It is impossible to express how much both the Lady and *Alphonso* were astonish'd when they came to know each other

other again. The Count did not mind it, he was so taken up with other Things. He began and told us how the Thieves assaulted them, and how they had seiz'd his Daughter and himself, after they had kill'd his Postilion, a Page, and a *Valet de Chambre*. He concluded with telling us that he had a lively Sense of the Obligation we had laid on him, and that if we wou'd call on him at *Toledo*, where he shou'd be in a Month's time, we shou'd experience whether he was ungrateful or not.

Nor did the Daughter of that Lord forget to thank us for her happy Deliverance. *Raphael* and my self judging that we shou'd do *Alphonso* a singular Favour if we gave him an Opportunity to talk a Moment in private with that young Widow, we accordingly made it our Business to amuse the Count *de Polan*. Charming *Seraphina*, said Don *Alphonso* to the Lady in a low Accent, I no longer complain of Fortune that constrains me to live like a banish'd Man, since I have had the Happiness to contribute to the solid Service that has been done ye. How, answer'd she, sighing, was it you that sav'd my Life and Honour! Is it you that my Father and I are so much oblig'd to! Alas, Don *Alphonso*,

*phonso*, why did ye kill my Brother? She said no more: But he sufficiently understood by those Words, and her Manner of pronouncing them, that if he was desperately in Love with *Seraphina*, he was little less belov'd by her.





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
GIL BLAS  
DE SANTILLANE.

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BOOK III.

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CHAP. I.

*What Gil Blas and his Companions did after they had left the Count de Polan: Of the important Project which Ambrose form'd, and in what manner it was executed.*

**T**HE Count de Polan, after having spent the better half of the Night in returning us Thanks, and in giving us repeated Assurances that we might depend upon his



Acknowledgment, call'd up the Host to consult with him upon the means of getting safely to *Turis*, to which Place his Journey was directed. We left that Lord to take his Measures thereupon. We went out of the Inn, and follow'd the Road which *Lamela* was pleas'd to choose for us.

After two Hours travelling, the Day o'ertook us near *Campillo*. We made directly to the Mountains which are between that Town and *Requena*. There we past the Day in taking our Repose, and in telling over our Cash, which the Plunder of the Thieves had very much increased, for we had found in their Pockets above three hundred Pistoles. We renewed our March in the beginning of the Night, and next Morning we enter'd into the Kingdom of *Valencia*. We retir'd into the first Wood that we cou'd lay our Eyes on. We went into the very thickest part of it, and came to a Place where ran a Stream of Crystalline Water, which glided slowly into the River *Guadalaviar*. The agreeable Shade which the Trees lent us, and the Grass with which the Place abundantly supplied our Horses, wou'd have inclined us to stay there, had we not already been resolv'd to do it.

Here

Here then we alighted, and prepared to spend the Day very agreeably; but when we went to break our fast we found but very little Victuals in our Budget. Our Bread began to grow short, and our Leathern Bottle was become a Body without a Soul. Gentlemen, says *Ambrose* to us, the most charming Retreats are not at all to my Tooth without *Bacchus* and *Ceres*. We must recruit our Provisions: I'll go to *Xelva* for this purpose. 'Tis a pretty Town not above two Leagues off. I shall soon dispatch this little Journey. With this, he laid the Budget and the Bottle upon a Horse, leapt into the Saddle, and rid out of the Wood with such speed as promised a very quick Return.

But he did not come back so soon as we expected. The better part of the Day past: Night it self prepared already to cover the Trees with her sable Wings, when we saw our Purveyor, whose long stay began to give us some Uneasiness. He deceived our Expectations by the Load of Things which he brought with him. He was laden not only with the Leathern Bottle full of excellent Wine, and the Budget with Bread and all sorts of roast Fowl; there was likewise upon the Horse a great Bundle of Things, which we viewed with abundance

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of

of Attention. He observ'd it, and said to us smiling: I defy Don *Raphael*, and the whole World put together, to guess why I have bought these things. In saying this he open'd the Bundle to shew us one by one the Things we had only seen in gross. He spread out a Cloke, and a very long black Gown; two Doublets with their Breeches; an Inkhorn with Pens and Ink; a Quire of fine white Paper, a Padlock, with a great Seal, and some green Wax: And when he had exhibited to us all his Wares, Don *Raphael* said to him joking; Faith, Monsieur *Ambrose*, you have made a pretty Purchase there: Might one be so bold as to ask what use you mean to put it to? An admirable good one, replied *Lamela*. All these Things cost me but ten Dubloons, and I dare engage we make five Hundred of them. You may depend upon what I say. I seldom load my self with Things that are of no Use; and to convince you that I was no Fool for making this Purchase, I will communicate to you a Project which I have form'd.

After having stock'd my self with Bread, continued he, I went into a Cook's Shop, where I ordered them to lay down to the Fire six Partridges, and as many Pullets and young Rabbits. While these were  
roasting,

roasting, there enters a Man in a very great Passion, who complaining loudly against the Usage that a Tradesman of the Town had given him, said to the Cook: By St. *Jago*, *Samuel Simon* is the impudent'st Fellow in all *Xelva*. He just now affronted me in his open Shop. The Rascal wou'd not trust me with six Ells of Cloth. Yet he knows that I am a very creditable Tradesman my self, and that there is no danger in trusting me. Don't you wonder at this Fellow's Temper? He'll trust you a Person of Quality with all his Heart. He had rather run a Risque with them, than oblige an honest Neighbour with whom there is none to run, like a *Jew* as he is! May it fall upon him double, I say, and I'll warrant it will before 'tis long. There are a great many 'Tradesmen of my Mind.

Hearing him say this and a great deal more, there was something within me as it were, which told me I shou'd cheat this *Samuel Simon*. Friend, says I to the Man who complain'd of that Tradesman, of what Character is the Person you speak of? Of a very ill one, replied he bluntly. He's a damn'd griping Usurer as any this Day in *Spain*, tho' he affects to be thought an honest conscientious Man. He was formerly



merly a *Jew*, but is turn'd Catholick; tho' in his Soul he is still as great a *Jew* as *Pilate* himself, and abjur'd his Religion only for Interest.

I lent a very attentive Ear to all this, and when I went out of the Cook's Shop did not fail to enquire out the Habitation of *Samuel Simon*. A Man shew'd it me. I view'd his Shop very narrowly, and my Imagination, always ready at a Pinch, produced a Plot worthy the Valet of Signior *Gil Blas*. I went to a Broker's Shop where I bought these Habits which you see, one to play the part of an Inquisitor in, the other that of a Register, and the third to personate an *Alguazil*.

Oh my dear *Ambrose*, interrupted Don *Raphael*, transported with Joy, what a glorious Idea presents it self! What a beautiful Plan! I am jealous of the Invention. I wou'd give the greatest Master-pieces of my Life, to have been the Author of so happy a Thought! Yes, *Lamela*, continued he, I conceive, my Friend, the whole Richness of thy Design. You need not be uneasy about the Execution of it. You will want two good Actors to back you, and here they are. Thou hast a Hypocritical Face of thy own, and wilt play the Inquisitor to a Miracle. I will be the Register;

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gister; and Signior *Gil Blas* shall, if he please, represent the *Alguazil*. The Parts you see are given out already; to-morrow we will act the Farce; and I'll warrant the Success of it, unless there interferences some of those Cross-bites, which sometimes dash to pieces the best-concerted Designs in the World.

I had as yet but a very confused Idea of the Project which Don *Raphael* so much admired; but at Supper they explain'd it more fully to me, and then I began to like it my self. After having dispatch'd part of our Meat, and given a vigorous Attack to the Leathern Bottle, we stretch'd our selves out upon the Grass, and soon fell to sleep. Up, up, cried Signior *Ambrose*, at break of Day! People that have great Undertakings to execute ought not to be so sluggish. How alert you are, Mr. Inquisitor, cries Don *Raphael* gaping! This bodes no good to Monsieur *Simon*. I own it, replied *Lamela*. Nay, which is more, added he laughing, I dreamt in the Night that I was twiching Hairs out of his Beard. This is but a scurvy Dream for him, is not it, Mr. Register? These Pleasantries were follow'd by a thousand more, which put us into a very good Humour. We breakfasted merrily, and afterwards fell to preparing  
our

our selves to act our Parts. *Ambrose* put on the long Gown and Cloke, so that he look'd exactly like a Commissary of the Holy Office. Don *Raphael* and my self too dress'd our selves in such a manner that we were not very unlike a Register and an *Alguazil*. We spent a good deal of time in disguising our selves, and it was past two o'Clock in the Afternoon when we got out of the Wood in our way to *Xelva*. 'Tis true, there was no great haste, for we were not to begin the Play till towards Night; therefore we travell'd but slowly and stopt at the Gates of the Town to wait for Evening.

When that was come, we left our Horses there under the Guard of Don *Alphonso*, who was very glad he had no other Part to act in this Business. Don *Raphael*, *Ambrose*, and my self, did not go directly to *Samuel Simon's*, but to a Tavern hard by his House. Mr. Inquisitor march'd first. He enters and says gravely to the Landlord: Master, I wou'd talk with you a little in private. The Host carries us into a Parlour, where *Lamela* seeing him alone with us, says to him; I am a Commissary of the Holy Office, and am come hither upon a very important Affair. At these Words, the Man of the House turn'd pale; and  
answer'd

answer'd with a trembling Voice, that he did not know he had given the Holy Inquisition any Cause of Complaint against him. Neither does she mean you any Harm, replied *Ambrose* in a gentle Voice. God forbid she should not make a Distinction between Guilt and Innocence. She is severe, but never unjust. In a Word, nobody feels the Weight of her Anger but those who have deserved it. It is not upon your Account that I am come to *Xelva*. It is upon that of a certain Tradesman call'd *Samuel Simon*. We have had a very ill Character of him. They say he is still a Jew, and has embraced Christianity only for secular Ends. I charge you on the part of the Holy Office to tell me what you know of that Man. Take care you don't go about to excuse him, as being his Neighbour, and perhaps his Friend; for let me tell you, if I see the least Prevarication in your Evidence, you are ruined your self. Come, Register, continued he, turning to *Raphael*, do your Duty.

Mr. Register upon this pulls out his Ink-horn, opens his Paper, sits down to a Table, and prepares with the most serious Face in the World to write down the Deposition of the Landlord, who on his side protested that he wou'd tell nothing but the



the Truth. Well then, says the Inquisitor to him, let us begin. All you are to do is to answer the Questions I shall put to you. Does *Samuel Simon* go to Church? Truly I never minded, says the Tavern-Man. I don't remember I ever saw him at Church. Good, cry'd the Inquisitor. Write down that he was never seen in a Church. I don't say that, Mr. Commissary, cry'd the Host. I only say that I myself never saw him there. He may be in a Church where I am and I not see him. Friend, replied *Lamela*, you forget that you are not to excuse *Samuel Simon* in your Answers. I have told you the Consequences of so doing. You are only to tell those things which make against him, and not a Word in his Favour. If so, Signior *Licentiate*, answer'd the Host, you won't learn much by my Deposition. I am not acquainted with the Man; I know neither good nor ill of him; but if you wou'd be inform'd how he lives in his own House, I will call you his Man *Gaspar*, and you may interrogate him. He drinks now and then at my House. An eternal Talker! He'll tell you his Master's whole Life. I'll warrant him he makes work enough for your Register.

I like

I like your Freedom, says *Ambrose*, and I see you are zealous for the Holy Office by your telling me of one who is acquainted with the Manners of *Samuel Simon*. I shall inform the Inquisition of it. Make haste then, continued he, and call this *Gaspar* you tell us of: But do Things with discretion; don't let his Master know a Tittle of what has past. The Tavern-Man acquitted himself of his Commission with a great deal of Secrecy and Dispatch. He brought the Servant along with him. It was just such a talkative young Fellow as we wanted. You are welcome, my Lad, says *Lamela* to him. You behold in me an Inquisitor commission'd by the Holy Office to take Informations against *Samuel Simon*, who is accused of Judaizing. You live with him, and consequently are witness to most of his Actions. I don't think 'tis necessary to tell you that you are oblig'd to declare all you know of him, when I command you to do it on the part of the Holy Inquisition. Signior *Licenciate*, replied the young Fellow, I shou'd be ready to satisfy you upon this Head, even tho' you did not command me to do it, on the part of the Holy Office. If my Master were to give me a Character, I dare swear he wou'd not spare me; no more will I him:

him: First and foremost, therefore, be inform'd that he is such a surly old Cuff there's no knowing where to have him; that he affects the appearance of a Saint, tho' at the bottom the Devil a bit of Virtue is he possess'd of. He goes every Night to a Trull that — I am very glad to hear this, interrupted *Ambrose*, I find by what you say that he is a Man of an ill Life. But answer directly to the Questions I shall put to you. 'Tis chiefly Religion that I am to discover his Opinions in. Tell me: Do you eat any Pork in your House? I don't think, replied *Gaspar*, We have had it above twice in the whole Year I have lived with him. Very well, said Mr. Inquisitor, write down Register, that they never eat a Bit of Pork in *Samuel Simon's* Family. But then, continued he, no doubt you have Lamb sometimes? Yes sometimes, replied the young Fellow; for Example, we had a whole one last *Easter*. The Date is very lucky, cried the Commissary; write down, Register, that *Simon* observes the Passover. So far so good. These Informations will come to something, I see.

Tell me further, Friend, continued *Lamela*, Did you never see your Master caress and fondle young Children? A thousand times, replied *Gaspar*. Whenever he sees

sees a little Boy going by the Shop, if he is but indifferently pretty, he presently stops him, and makes much of him. Write down, Register, interrupted the Inquisitor, that *Samuel Simon* is violently suspected of wheedling the Children of Christians into his House, in order to murder them. A brave Profelyte this! The Holy Office, Mr. *Simon*, will have a Word or two with you, I dare swear. Don't imagine that she will suffer you to perform your bloody Sacrifices with Impunity. Go on, honest *Gaspar*, says he to the Servant, and declare all: demonstrate to us unanswerably that this false Catholick is more strict than ever in observing the Customs and Ceremonies of the *Jews*. Is not he one Day in the Week in a perfect Inaction? No, replied *Gaspar*, I cannot say that: I only know that there are Days on which he locks himself up in his Closet where he stays a long while. There's the Thing, cried the Commissary: he keeps the Sabbath, or I am no Inquisitor. Set down, Register, set down that he is a rigid Observer of the Fast of the Sabbath. Abominable Wretch! I have but one Question more. Does not he often talk of *Jerusalem*? Very often, replied the young Fellow. He tells us the History of the

Vol. II. O *Jews*,



*Jews*, and how the Temple of *Jerusalem* was destroy'd. Right, Right, replied *Ambrose*. Register, be sure you don't forget this Particular: Write in Capital Letters, that *Samuel Simon* thinks of nothing but the Restoration of the Temple, and that he is plotting Day and Night how to re-establish the Nation of the *Jews*. I'll hear no more; there's no occasion for any further Questions. The Deposition of the veracious *Gaspar* is enough to burn a whole Jewry.

When Mr. Commissary of the Holy Office had finish'd his Interrogatory, he told *Simon's* Man he might be gone, but charged him not to say a Word to his Master of what had happen'd. *Gaspar* promised to obey and went his ways. We were not long after him. We marched out of the Tavern with the same Gravity as we came in, and went and knock'd at the Door of *Samuel Simon*. He himself open'd it to us, and was very much surprized at the sight of three such Figures as we made; but he was much more so, when *Lamela*, who was the Spokesman, said to him in a haughty Tone: Master *Samuel*, I command you, on the part of the Holy Inquisition, whose Commissary I have the honour to be, to give me this Moment the

Key

Key of your Closet. I will see if I cannot find there something that may justify the Accusations which have been presented to us against you.

*Samuel Simon*, horridly terrify'd at these Words, started two Steps backwards, as if somebody had given him a Punch in the Stomach. Far from suspecting any Trick in us, he really imagined that some secret Enemy had informed against him to the Holy Office, and perhaps, knowing himself to be no very good Catholick, he had reason to apprehend such an Information. Be that as 'twill, I never saw Man so disturb'd. He obey'd without the least resistance, and with all the Respect it is possible for one to have who dreads the Inquisition. He open'd us his Closet. However, says *Am-brose* going in, I am glad to find that you receive the Commands of the Holy Office without being obstreperous: but, added he, retire into another Room, and leave me to do my Duty. *Samuel* opposed this Order no more than he did the first. He stay'd in his Shop, and we all three enter'd into his Closet, where without losing our time we fell to ransacking for his Cash. We soon found it. It was in an open Coffer, where there was a great deal more than we cou'd carry off. It consisted in a great many

O 2

Bags

Bags heap'd one upon another; but all in Silver. We thou'd have been better pleas'd with Gold; but Things being as they were, we were forced to be satisfied with what we cou'd get.

We fill'd our Pockets with Ducats. We cramm'd them into our Breeches and every where else, where we thought they wou'd be private enough. In short, we loaded our selves soundly, and hid our Booty so cleverly that there was no peceiving any thing of the Matter; which was done by the Art of *Ambrose* and *Don Raphael*, who thereby convinced me that there's nothing like being a Master of one's Profession.

We came out of the Closet, after having made so rare a hand on't; and then, for Reasons which the Reader will very easily guess, Mr. *Inquisitor* drew out his Padlock, and fix'd it himself upon the Door. Afterwards he put the Seal upon it. Then he said to *Simon*: Master *Samuel*, I command you, on the Part of the Holy Inquisition, not to dare to touch this Padlock, nor the Seal that's upon it, which you ought to respect, since 'tis the proper Seal of the Holy Office. I shall be here again to-morrow at the same Hour, to take it off and bring you further Orders. With these Words he order'd the Door to be

be open'd, and out we marched transport-  
ed with Joy. When we were got about  
fifty Steps from the House, we began to  
go on with so much Speed and Lightness  
that we scarce touch'd the Ground, not-  
withstanding the Load we had about us.  
We soon got out of the Town, and mount-  
ing our Horses, spurr'd on to *Segorbe*, re-  
turning Thanks to God *Mercury* for our  
happy Success.

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C H A P. II.

*Of the Resolution which Don Al-  
phonso and Gil Blas took after this  
Adventure.*

WE travell'd all Night according to  
our laudable Custom, and at the  
Rising of *Aurora* we found our selves  
near a little Village about two Leagues  
from *Segorbe*. Being all very much fa-  
tigated, we gladly quitted the common  
Road to go to some Willows which we  
spied at the Foot of a Hill ten or twelve  
hundred Paces off the Village, at which  
we did not think proper to stop. We  
found



found that these Willows gave an agreeable Shade, and that a purling Stream wash'd the Foot of those Trees. We liked the Place and resolv'd to pass the Day there. We alighted therefore. We unbridled our Horses that they might feed, and we lay down upon the Grass. There we rested our selves a little, and then we quite emptied our Budget and our Bottle. After a hearty Breakfast we fell to telling over all the Money we had taken from *Samuel Simon*. It amounted to three thousand Ducats. So that with this Sum, and that which we had before, we might boast of not being very much out of Cash.

As we were oblig'd to think of getting more Provisions, *Ambrose* and *Don Raphael*, after having quitted their Habits of Inquisitor and Register, said they wou'd take that Care upon themselves; that the Adventure of *Xelva* had only given them a greater Relish for more, and that they were very desirous to go to *Segorbe*, to see whether any Occasion wou'd offer of making another Prize. As for you, adds the Son of *Lucinda*, you may stay for us under these Willows. We shall be with you again in the twinkling of a Bed-staff. Signior *Don Raphael*, cried I laughing, if once you get out of our Sight, we may stay

stay long enough if we stay till you come to us again. This Suspicion is very offensive, replied Signior *Ambrose*; but we deserve it from you. You are excusable in distrusting us, after what we did for you at *Valadolid*; and 'tis therefore no wonder you shou'd imagine we will make no more Bones of leaving you than the Comrades whom we gave the Slip to in that City. But yet you are deceiv'd. The Gang which we quitted there, was made up of Fellows of very ill Tempers, and whose Society began to grow insupportable to us. All the World must do this Justice to Men of our Profession, that there are very few Societies in civil Life seldomer divided by Interest than we are: But when there is no Conformity of Inclinations among us our good Intelligence may be broken like that of the rest of Mankind. Therefore, Signior *Gil Blas*, continued *Lamela*, I beg you and Signior Don *Alphonso* to have a little more Confidence in us, and to be entirely at ease as to my having a Mind to go to *Segorbe* with Don *Raphael*.

But we may quickly remove the very Cause of their Uneasiness, says Don *Raphael*. Let them have the Money in their own Hands. They will then have a very good

good Security for our returning. You see, Signior *Gil Blas*, added he, I come directly to the Point. By this means you will be safe; and as for *Ambrose* and my self, I'll assure you we shall be in no Apprehension of your carrying off the Cash. Won't you trust us after such a Mark as this of our *bona Fides*? Yes, yes, Gentlemen, replied I; you may now go where you please. They went their ways that Moment, taking with them the Leathern Bottle and the Budget, and left me under the Willows with Don *Alphonso*, who said to me after their Departure; Signior *Gil Blas*, I cannot help unbosoming my self to you. I abhor my self for having had so much Complaisance as to come thus far with these two Rogues. You cannot imagine how often I have repented it already. Yesterday Night, while I watch'd the Horses, I made a thousand mortifying Reflections; I consider'd that it is not agreeable to the Principles of Honour I imbibed in my Infancy, to live with such vicious Fellows as Don *Raphael* and *Lamela*; that if, which may very easily happen, the success of a Cheat shou'd unluckily prove to be such as to bring us into the Hands of Justice; I shall then have the Shame to be punish'd with them as a Thief. These Images are incessantly

fantly offering themselves to my Mind, and I must needs own to you I have taken a Resolution to part with them, that I may no longer be an Accomplice in their ill Actions. I dare say, continues he, you don't disapprove my Design. Far from it, replied I: Tho' I acted the Part of an Alguazil in the Farce of *Samuel Simon*, yet I would not have you imagine that I like such Performances. I call Heaven to witness that while I was playing this honourable Part, I said to my self, Faith, Monsieur *Gil Blas*, if a true Alguazil shou'd come now and take you by the Collar, you wou'd richly deserve the Reward you wou'd go near to meet with. So that really, Signior Don *Alphonso*, I have no more Inclination than you to stay in this honest Company: If you please, I'll go with you. When those Gentlemen return, we will demand our Share of the Stock; and tomorrow Morning, or this very Night, we will bid them Farewel.

The Lover of the charming *Seraphina* agreed to my Proposal. Let us go to *Valencia*, says he, and embark for *Italy*, where we may enter our selves into the Service of the Republick of *Venice*. Is it not better to bear Arms, than to lead the base ignoble Life which we now lead? We shall



shall be in a Condition to make a tolerable good Figure with the Money we have. Not that I make use of such ill-gotten Wealth, adds he, without a great deal of Remorse: But besides that Necessity forces me to do it; if ever I have the least good Fortune in the Wars, I swear I will reimburse *Samuel Simon* the Money we have wrong'd him of. I assur'd *Don Alphonso* that my Sentiments jump'd exactly with his, and we resolv'd to leave our Comrades the very next Morning before break of Day. We were not in the least tempted to take Advantage of their Absence, I mean to go off with the Money: The Confidence they had reposed in us in leaving it in our Power, did not suffer us to have so much as a Thought of doing it.

*Ambrose* and *Don Raphael* came back from *Segorbe* about Evening. The first Thing they said to us was, that their Journey had been very successful; that they had laid the Foundations of a Trick, which in all Appearance wou'd be more profitable to us than the former. With this the Son of *Lucinda* was going to give us a full Account of it; but *Don Alphonso* interrupted him, and declared the Resolution he had taken to leave them. I, on my Side, let them know that I had embraced

braced the same Design. They used all their Arguments to persuade us to accompany them in their Expeditions ; but in vain : We took our Leaves of them the very next Morning, after having made an equal Partition of our Stock, and directed our Course to *Valencia*.

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### C H A P. III.

*The disagreeable Accident, after which Don Alphonso attained to the height of his Wishes, and Gil Blas to very happy Circumstances.*

WE travelled on briskly to *Bunol*, where a Misfortune obliged us to stop short. Don *Alphonso* fell sick. He was taken with a violent Fever, with such frequent Repetitions that I began to fear his Life. But by good Luck there were no Physicians hereabouts, and so I escap'd with only a little Fear. He was out of Danger at the end of three Days, and my Care set him quite upon his Legs again soon after. He was extremely sensible of all that I had done for him, and as we had

a reciprocal Kindness for each other, we swore an eternal Friendship between us.

We renew'd our Journey, still resolv'd, when we came to *Valencia*, to catch hold of the first Opportunity that offer'd of passing into *Italy*. But Heaven disposed of us otherwise. We saw at the Gates of a fine Castle several Peasants of both Sexes dancing in a Ring, and making merry. We drew near to them, in order to see their Sports; but Don *Alphonso* little expected the Surprise with which he was suddenly struck. He perceived the Baron *de Steinbach*, who knowing him again, ran to him with open Arms, and said to him in a Transport of Joy: Ah Don *Alphonso*, is it you! Agreeable Accident! While you are search'd for over the whole Kingdom, Chance presents you to my Eyes, where you were least expected.

My Companion leapt immediately from his Horse, and ran to embrace the Baron, whose Joy seem'd immoderate. Come, my Son, says the good old Man to him, you shall now know who you are, and enjoy a happy Destiny. Having said this, he led him into the Castle. I enter'd with them; for while they were embracing, I lit from my Horse and ty'd him to a Tree together with that of Don *Alphonso*.

*phonso*. The Master of the Castle was the first we met. He was about fifty Years old, and of a graceful Aspect: My Lord, says the Baron *de Steinbach*, presenting him Don *Alphonso*, you see your Son. At these Words, Don *Cæsar de Leyva*, which was the Name of the Master of the Castle, threw his Arms about Don *Alphonso's* Neck, and shedding Tears of Joy: My dear Son, said he, know in me the Author of your Birth. If I have left you ignorant of your Quality thus long, believe that I did my self in it the most cruel Violence. I have a thousand times sigh'd for Grief at my being forced to do so; but I cou'd not possibly help it. I married your Mother for Love: She was of a Birth very much inferior to mine. I lived under the Authority of a harsh Father, which obliged me to keep secret a Marriage contracted without his Consent. The Baron *de Steinbach* was the only Person I trusted with this Secret, and he brought you up at my Desire. At length my Father is dead, and I may now own you for my Heir. This is not all, adds he: I intend to marry you with a young Lady, whose Nobility equals my own. My Lord, interrupted Don *Alphonso*, do not make me pay too dear for the Happiness you have inform'd me



me of. Can I not know that I have the Honour of being your Son, without hearing at the same time, that you intend to make me miserable. Ah, my Lord, be not more cruel than your own Father! if he did not approve your Love, at least he did not force you to marry against your Will. My Son, replied Don *Cæsar*, I don't intend to play the Tyrant over your Desires. But be so complaisant as to see the Lady I design'd for you. This is all I require from your Obedience. Though she is a very beautiful Woman, and wou'd be an advantageous Match, yet I give you my Promise not to constrain you to marry her. She is now in the House. Follow me. You your self shall own that nothing can be more lovely. So saying, he conducted Don *Alphonso* into an Apartment, into which too I crowded with the Baron *de Steinbach*.

Here we found the Count *de Polan*, with his two Daughters, *Seraphina* and *Julia*, and his Son-in-law, Don *Fernando de Leyva*, who was Nephew to Don *Cæsar*. There were other Ladies and Gentlemen in the Room. Don *Fernando*, as was said before, had run away with *Julia*, and it was upon occasion of the Marriage of these two Lovers, that the Peasants of the Neighbourhood

hood were got together to make merry. So soon as Don *Alphonso* appear'd, and his Father had presented him to the Company, the Count *de Polan* got up, crying out, Welcome my Deliverer. Don *Alphonso*, continued he, behold the Power which Virtue has over generous Souls: If you killed my Son, you also saved my Life. I sacrifice my Resentment, and give you this *Seraphina*, whose Honour you have preserved. This is the Return I make for the Obligations I lie under to you. The Son of Don *Cæsar* did not fail to let the Count *de Polan* know how sensible he was of all his Favours; and I believed he rejoiced less at having discover'd his Birth, than at hearing he shou'd have *Seraphina* for his Wife. And indeed, this Marriage was ty'd fast some Days afterwards, to the great Content of the Persons most concerned it it.

As I too was one of the Count *de Polan*'s Deliverers, that Lord, who knew me again, said he wou'd take upon himself the Care of making my Fortune: But I thank'd him for his Generosity, and chose rather to stay with Don *Alphonso*, who made me his Steward, and honour'd me with his Confidence. He was hardly well married, when having at Heart the  
Trick

Trick which had been put upon *Samuel Simon*, he sent me to carry him all the Money we had robb'd him of. I went to *Xelva* therefore to make this Restitution, which was beginning the Office of a Steward where it ought to end.

*The End of the Second Volume.*

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